Box 516

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 1, 1899.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.45, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.41, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.46, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, 8.44, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.05, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 3.57, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.37 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.50, 7.10, 7.55, 2.25, 8.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 7.35, 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Supt.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
AND CONTRACTOR.
Pipe fitting of all kinds.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

IT IS TIME

To commence to take some kind of Spring Medicine to brace up after the cold and sickness of Winter, and prepare for the languor and weakness of early Spring. Try

Nervo-Celery Compound.

We make it. It has proved a success. **It costs 50 cents.**

PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.

The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
MARKET
Has a Big Stock of
Juicy Roasts, Tender Steaks, Tongues, Choicest Vegetables and Fresh Fruits of all kinds.
Prices Very Low.
Special attention is paid to the prompt delivery o all goods.
GEORGE DURWARD.

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street. WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE PROMISE OF THE PAST.

'Tis but of fleeting years a score
Since father used to call:
"My son, 'tis time you got to bed.
Come, say good night to all."
Ah, how unwelcome were the words,
And how they spoiled the fun!
I wasn't tired, why, not a bit!
Our game was not half done.

But time has flown, and I'm a man,
And heavy loads I bear,
For wearily the lagging hours
Drag on, held back by care!
Too long, too long, are now the days,
And things are different quite;
How gladly would I now respond
To father's call each night!

Somehow the thought occurs to me
That this same rule may hold
When I shall find my race is run
And life's bright fires grow cold;
May not the somber messenger,
Whose call I now would dread,
Come at the last, a welcome friend,
To bid me to my bed?

—Kansas City Independent.

THE SECRET OF THE ABANDONED SHIP

By W. Clark Russell.

He was the smallest man I ever saw in my life. He paced the floor quickly with a short lookout step, his hands deep buried in his little pockets.

He was a dry and harsh old man, like to a parched pea, with 50 years of seafaring. I called upon this sailor, believing that he alone could solve the mystery, and he answered the instant I inquired if he could do so:

"Yes, sir," and pulled a piece of worn newspaper out of his side pocket.

"This is the piece," he began, "they put in about it. They make her an American. Lie number one. They call her a brig. Lie number two. I ought to know, for I was her second mate.

"She was a black bark of 700 tons belonging to Liverpool, and the piece they put into the papers about her was this," said the little sailor man, putting on a pair of glasses.

"Ten years ago a British merchantman saw a vessel with all sails set, yet something was wrong. They boarded her. Everything was in order, fire burning in the galley, dinner untasted and scarcely cold, cargo intact, the well dry, no one living or dead was on board. The log had been written up to within a short time of the period of her being boarded. There was not a drop of blood, a lock of hair, a disordered cabin or anything to show the sign of a struggle. From that day not the slightest clew has been obtained. Yet she has been a lucky ship ever since.

"Now," said the little sailor with excitement, slapping the sheet of paper, "I have contradicted this yarn over and over again. I have given the public the truth, and still the papers will insist upon inserting this piece just as if I didn't exist or had no right to speak.

"We had been out a fortnight homeward bound, when a man in the morning watch, coming aft to me, says:

"'There's a queer sight to be seen in the fok-sle, sir.'

"'What is it?' said I.

"'Rats on the booze.'

"The weather was quiet, and I thought I could safely leave the deck for a few minutes, and, going forward, I stepped as requested into the topgallant forecastle and saw two rats moving about in a strange fashion.

"They seemed to grope and reel, and even as I watched another huge black rat came out from somewhere in the dusk, and this beast moved, swayed and clutched at the deck as it crawled slowly.

"The morning light had broken, a good light was made by the forecastle lights, and the rats were distinctly visible. Several of the watch on deck stood looking on.

"'They appear to me to be blind,' said I.

"'That's just it, sir,' said the man who had called me forward, and, stepping up to the nearest rat, he passed his hand over its eyes, and this he did to the other and to the third rat, but none showed signs of fear.

"They were blind.

"'Very queer—all three of them too. Must have poisoned themselves somehow,' said I. 'Better catch and fling the beasts overboard,' and with that I returned to the poop.

"The name of the ship was the Middlesex.

"We were a company of 15 men forward. The master was Captain Martin; James Fairman, first mate, and Alfred Tarbush is my name, second of her, as I think I told you.

"About a week after this incident of the rats the mate said to me, when I came on deck to relieve him:

"'The carpenter and the cook are both complaining of their sight.'

"The disease was wonderfully rapid with the poor fellows, for putting it that they complained on the Monday they were helplessly blind on the following Friday, sitting and crying, unable to move without being led.

"Now began the truly awful part of this tremendous incident of the ocean. It was not enough that Captain Martin should go dark that night, losing his sight till, as he told me, he couldn't see the flame of the cabin lamp as it swung in the little cuddy.

"At two bells in the middle watch, two nights after, it being my lookout, the poor unfortunate man came on deck and stood in the companionway, calling for the officer of the watch. I ran to him and asked him what I could do. He said:

"'Give me your hand, Tarbush, and lead me to the ship's side abaft and clear of the mizzen channels. What's the vessel's rate of going?'

"'About seven, sir. A handsome, regular sea, and the main royal on too. But is it so bad with you, captain,' said I, as I led him to the rail according to his request, 'that you can see nothing?'

"'I'm blind,' he gasped. 'I'm blind. Look after the ship, sir. I'll call you when I wish to return below.'

"I never suspected his intention, and the habit of duty amounts to an instinct in a seaman. I had no sooner reached the weather side of the deck than the man at the wheel yelled out:

"'He's jumped!' and I heard a splash sound clear through the smooth shining of the foam alongside. The captain had sprung overboard.

"I fled to the rail.

"He was as much lost to us as though he had been a thousand miles off, and with a sick heart I kept the ship sailing on her course.

"The news had gone quickly enough in the past days that the captain was stricken with the disease of the eyes.

"But the suicide—for the giving up of a captain is like the giving up of a ship—was such a message of utter despair to them, with four or five already stone blind in the forecastle, fed and helped by their mates who could see, that some five or six of the men, with the boatswain at their head, came aft, seeing the mate and me talking together, and, after a deliberate, most earnest stare round the sea line, stepped up to us.

"'Mr. Fairman,' said the boatswain respectfully, 'we're for asking of your leave to go away from this ship in that there longboat while we've got our sight.'

"'It's natural—it's natural,' said the chief mate with a sort of generous warmth. 'But consider, men, you are the main body of us who can see. If you go away in that longboat and those you leave behind you turn blind, what's to become of us if nothing heaves in sight to take us off?'

"'But we shall be turning blind along with the rest,' said the boatswain, 'if we stay. It's only a question of more or less blind men washing about in a ship.'

"'Could we stop the disease by jettisoning the cargo?' said I.

"'It would be sending the men,' answered the mate, 'into the thickness of the poisonous steam itself—no.' Then, working his hands with strange motions of agitation, he muttered, 'My lads, it's an awful situation.'

"'Come along with us, sir,' said one of the men, 'you and Mr. Tarbush.'

"'And leave those who are blind?'

"'I hate the thought of it myself,' shouted the boatswain, 'but if I go blind my wife and children will starve, and I must sit in the workhouse and be led around as if I was an old village idiot, and curse me if that thought ain't more frightful than the cruelty of leaving one's mates to perish.'

"'Go,' said the mate, turning his back upon them. I followed, and together we slowly swept the ocean for a sail.

"That same day of the threat of the men to leave in the boat they went. They provisioned her handsomely, watered her almost to the wash strake, so careful were they.

"I think it was about 2 o'clock when they hoisted their lug and sailed away from the ship's side in a silence that seemed like the blindness that was in and upon the ship.

"I forget how many left the vessel in her, but I can recollect that when she was gone all that were left with the power of vision remaining in their eyeballs were Mr. Fairman, myself and three honest, stout hearted English seamen, who said: 'Blast them if they was going to leave their mates to die of starvation through blindness. It might come to them; be it so, it should come a-finding of 'em doing of their dooty anyhow.'

"I shook hands with those three men. They were seamen to sail round the world with—princes of their species. I don't say they are growing fewer. I do say they were always scarce.

"It was very light, fine weather. We kept the ship under small sail ready for a shift, troubled as we were and very short handed, and the lie comes in here again and again," said the little sailor, tapping his heart where he had stowed the newspaper, "when they speak of the vessel with all plain sail set having been fallen in with.

"We took turn and turn about to wait upon the poor blind men in the forecastle, and we fed them and led them about the decks, and we cut up tobacco for their pipes.

"Lord!" said he, "it was shocking to watch them staring at you with their eyes wide open, seeing nothing, then to feel that you might be the next!

"It was a dreadful shock to me four days after the longboat had left us, when, at about five bells in the first watch, a quiet night and the ship clothed in white stealing very softly through the gloom, the mate came to my cabin and said to me in a low voice of horror:

"'Tarbush, I am getting the blindness—it is coming on me!'

"'Oh, don't say it!' I cried, springing out of my bunk.

"I turned up the lamp. 'Look at that, is it clear?'

"'No, it is a wavering, bluish flame. We ought to have left the ship,' he said, 'and taken the blind men with us.'

"He quitted my cabin in the groping way which was now familiar to me, and when I had dressed myself I went out expecting to find him on deck; instead, behold the poor man sat with his face lost in his arm upon the cuddy table.

"I touched him and told him to cheer up his heart.

"He never looked up. He just groaned as though he was dying of a broken heart and I passed up the steps to look after the vessel.

"The hush of the darkness was upon the ship, and I felt the blindness of the men in her, too, when I saw that the helmsman had let go of the wheel, letting the ship come to, so that she lay aback without way, with a little silky whispering of waters alongside.

"The man sat on the grating, and held his hands to his face. I grasped his shoulder, and he looked up and moaned almost just as the mate had.

"'Gracious powers!' thought I, 'another visitation. It will be my turn next.'

"Terror possessed me, and I ran forward to get into the main shrouds and climbed as high as the maintop, which I believed would be out of the reach of the fumes, and I lay in that top till daybreak, looking down upon the glimmering decks, wondering that the other three—three, I believe, kept their sight, but I will not be sure—did not show themselves that I might hail them and invite them to keep me company.

"However, it turned out as I had dreaded, for when at sunrise I went down on to the deck I found that the man who was stricken at the wheel had made his way to the forecastle and that the three whom I had imagined sight whole were seeing things through that same swimming, dusky, fluidlike medium which the others complained of.

"The mate was in the cabin and required to be fed.

"The men forward needed food. I turned to and lighted the galley fire and cooked a plentiful breakfast and distributed the food so that the men could easily come at it, and then as speedily as I might, with my own share of breakfast in my pocket, I sprang again into the main shrouds for the safety of the top and had scarce arrived there when afar I beheld the smoke of a steamer.

"I watched that black film with dreadful eagerness.

"I thought I might turn blind even as I looked.

"Then, recollecting that no color was at our peak, I sank to the deck on a stay, rushed to the flag locker, sent aloft our biggest ensign inverted and made again, with the swiftness of the fear of the blindness and of death in my heart, for the maintop.

"The steamer was alongside of us in little more than an hour.

"She ranged close, imagining us derelict. I hailed her from the maintop and gave the captain our yarn, and he at once sent boats and took all hands of us off.

"That steamer's name," said the little sailor, "was the Eagle of Middlesbrough.

"And this is the sequel of this extraordinary story. Scarcely had the Eagle sunk the hull of the Middlesex out of sight, leaving her lying just as she had been left throughout the night from the moment when the helmsman lost his grip of the spokes, when another steamer called the Sea Queen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, heading in the wake of the Eagle, fell in with the bark and boarded her.

"Here, then, came in the mystery.

"A fine ship was found deserted in midocean, signs of breakfast recently cooked in the galley, and eaten by men in the forecastle and by one or two aft, the galley fire still alight and making a good smoke in the mouth of its chimney, but not a soul aboard.

"Not a stain of blood to supply the riddle with a tragic solution. Her hold was tight.

"Her mate went aloft and hunted about the ocean everywhere in search of a boat. But nothing was visible save the fading trace of a steamer's light smoke or some delicate streak of cloud in the northeast.

"The galley fire burning was the puzzler. They took the bark in tow and carried her to a port, but the story," said the little sailor passionately, "is always wrongly told when it's written about.

"And now I hope, since you've taken it in hand, that the public will stick to my version of the puzzle, seeing that I was second mate of the bark and had to boss the blooming show at the end."—New York World.

Resting Their Muscles.

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example. Birds spread their feathers and also yawn, or gape. Fowls often do this. Fish yawn; they open their mouths slowly until they are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen and the gills open.

Dogs are inveterate yawners and stretchers, but seldom sneeze unless they have a cold. Cats are always stretching their bodies, legs and claws, as every one knows who has had a cat for a pet.

Horses stretch violently when and after indulging in a roll, but not as a rule on all fours, as stags do. A stag when stretching sticks out his head, stretches his fore feet out and hollows his back and neck as though trying to creep under a bar.

Most ruminant animals stretch when they rise up after lying down. Deer do it regularly; so do cattle. This fact is so well known that if a cow when arising from lying down does not stretch herself it is a sign she is ill. The reason for this is plain—the stretch moves every muscle of the body, and if there is an injury anywhere it hurts.—San Francisco Examiner.

Fooling the Public.

"I'm about bushed in the matter of curiosities," mused the owner of a small store. "It's a bad habit—this idea of drawing trade by making a museum of the window, but I can't stop now—business won't allow it."

A few hours later the soda water trade was rushing. The crowd outside the window gazed until it was thirsty at the remarkable bird that hung in a big cage. The card attached bore a handful of the alphabet hysterically put together and designed for a scientific name. After it were the words, "From Samoa."

A few days later the "curiosity" was feeding in the back yard with the rest of the bantam hens.—Detroit Free Press.

Ostrich "Telephoning."

When the eggs on the ostrich farms of California are at the point of hatching, says Charles F. Holder, a curious tapping of the shells may be heard. This the keepers call "telephoning." The sound is caused by the chicks inside the eggs endeavoring to break out. Those which cannot easily emerge are assisted by the mother bird, which will sometimes break an egg from which the telephoning is heard by pressing it carefully and will then aid the chick to get out. At the Pasadena farm the sight of a boy riding an ostrich as he would a pony may sometimes be seen.

It must be so. The leading chefs of the country, the men who cook for the famous clubs and hotels cannot all be mistaken, and they unreservedly declare that they have found nothing to equal

Keystone Silver White Gelatine

"I use it wholly," says M. Fellard, chef to John Jacob Astor, "all others are discarded."

Keystone Silver White Gelatine has won this recognition only because it stands superior to every other make of gelatine in the world. Superior because purest, whitest, strongest, goes further, remains firmest. Has every virtue that a good gelatine should possess: Not a single weakness of the common kind.

If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free, with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.

MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS,
Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

Short on Beauties.

To one woman who is a picture you will find three who are caricatures. This unhappy state of things is not entirely due to the stingy way in which Dame Nature doles out divine shoulders and perfect noses and Cupid's bow mouths. It is more often a general lack of understanding of grooming and gowning. Add to this the painful ignorance concerning the care of the health and methodical treatment of the hair and complexion, and you have the main reasons why the world is so short on beauties and long on plain women.

One of the greatest words in the English language is "fitness." The man who knows the meaning of this word and profits by his knowledge usually comes out well in business matters and domestic ones too. The woman who is equally well informed as to what is in good taste and "fitting" is not only beloved by friends and acquaintances, but she is well poised in character and always good to look upon.

The girl who is 5 feet 1 inch in her bedroom slippers and who invariably invests in a top heavy hat that would be becoming only to a woman of ample, stunning proportions and regal carriage is one of the many to whom the word "fitness" has no more meaning than the yowls of a yellow cat or the peeps of a canary bird.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Soap For Car Fare.

An amusing incident happened on a Carondelet street car the other afternoon. The car was going south. At Lami street a big, portly woman got aboard. On her arm she carried a large market basket that apparently was filled with "bargain" purchases from some department store. Three minutes after she had sat down and deposited the basket between her feet on the floor the conductor came along with the usual cry, "Fare, please."

The old lady opened her purse and began rummaging through the various pockets for a nickel. Again and again she went through it, but no change was to be found. Then she turned to the conductor and said:

"I was sure I had saved car fare, but I cannot find it. I live at the end of your line and will pay you then."

"That won't do; must have your fare now," said the fare collector.

"Well, I haven't the money."

"Well, give me something the value of a nickel, and you can redeem it at the end of the line."

The old lady hesitated a moment, then put her hand down into the basket and drew out a bar of laundry soap and handed it to him.

Everybody in the car laughed, but the conductor took the soap and rang up her fare.—St. Louis Star.

A Saving That Is Loss.

Isn't it possible to have too much economy? If we scrimp and pinch every bit of sweetness out of life, what a heavy price we pay for economy! Often one may lose a friend or catch a disastrous cold or miss a train for some little miserable point of economy. People often laboriously save at an actual loss. A woman will press her way to a bargain counter at danger to life and limb and pickpockets and go away radiant with a pair of 59 cent gloves which will last about three wearings. The same woman will go to an incompetent dressmaker and have her new gown ruined in the name of economy. "Economy is wealth," sayeth the wise saw, but the poor make believe economy which overreaches itself defeats its own purpose and leads to nothing but the direst poverty of spirit and purse. Before rashly deciding on a point of economy it is fully worth while to sit down and figure out which is the more profitable, to leave the gas burning or waste matches.—Carrie E. Garrett in Woman's Home Companion.

The Result.

Greene—Why did they discharge the messenger boy?

Brown—Well, you see, Dr. Bungle sent him to the drug store with a prescription, and on his way there Scribbles, the author, gave him a poem to take to The Daily Bugle. The boy got the two mixed, and Bungle's patient received such a mixture that he died.

Greene—What became of the prescription?

Brown — Oh, it was printed as Scribble's poem and made such a hit that he got $500 for it, and the paper signed a contract to take all he can write for a year at $10 a line.—Cleve-

A VERY HOT PATIENT.

HE LIKEWISE WAS A MAN WITH A VERY QUEER TASTE.

The Singular Case of a Genius Who Was In Good Health Apparently While the Thermometer Registered His Temperature at 125.

"There are any number of malingerers in town," began the attending physician at an east side hospital. "They have the ability to feign diseases, throw fits on the street, get picked up by the ambulance and sometimes they impose upon the house physician and the nurses and are allowed to stay a little while in a hospital. I knew of one man who was really an expert at the business. He puzzled the doctors and lived for the greater part of three years at various hospitals. I was one of his dupes.

"I had a hurry call to a house on Second avenue. On the second floor I found my man lying unconscious, with blood upon his mouth. I felt his pulse and found there wasn't anything unusual about that. Then, in tearing off his clothes to make a hurried examination, I found that his ribs on the left side were all pasted up with court plaster, in strips, just as any doctor would fix up broken ribs.

"'That's where the blood comes from,' I said at once. 'One of the fractured ribs has slipped and punctured the lung.'

"I gave him something to stop the bleeding and a hypodermic injection to bring him out, and then I bound up an open bruise I discovered on his elbow. While he was recovering consciousness I took his temperature and I found it away up—108 and 109. Now, the normal temperature of a human being is 98.4. In the worse cases of pneumonia we don't expect to find it over 105.

"Just then the man came to and tried to make me understand what had happened to him. I got a German in from across the hall to interpret. The patient said he had fallen through an open hatch on a schooner bound from Baltimore to New York about a month ago; that he had been attended by a physician on his arrival here and had got along all right until now when he had suddenly collapsed. His temperature showed me that I had a serious case on my hands, though I couldn't tell for the life of me what was the matter with him.

"I hurried him into the hospital, put him to bed and explained the extraordinary feature of his case to the 'house.' The 'house' took his temperature again, and it was 111! Then we drugged him and drugged him and gave his feet cold baths and took his temperature again. It had run up to 113. And there didn't seem to be anything the matter with him outside of that.

"Everybody in the hospital got to talking about the case. When the 'attending' went through the ward the 'house' hurried him by that German. He didn't want to confess that he was staggered. The patient didn't grow any worse. He maintained a constantly high temperature anywhere between 110 and 125, and we kept up the drugs and the cold foot baths.

"One day the 'attending' noticed the case and asked how long that man was going to be kept in bed to cure a sore elbow. Then the nurse told him. 'Take his temperature,' said the 'attending.'

"The nurse put the thermometer in the man's mouth under the tongue and the doctor watched narrowly. All of a sudden he walked up to the bed. 'Get out of here! Get up and dress and don't let me see you again,' he said sternly to the patient.

"And in half an hour the man was out on the sidewalk. You see that doctor was an older man than any of us. He saw the man was faking, that he manipulated the thermometer in his mouth so that by friction he could run it up as high as he pleased.

"The next day this same man was picked up on the street and taken to another hospital, and the same doctor who was attending at both places caught him there the very first thing. For three years I heard of that German, off and on, always with the same patched ribs, sore elbow and extraordinary temperature. Why, one doctor up in Connecticut wrote a paper for a medical review in which he said he had found a man apparently in normal health with a temperature of 137! It was our malingerer.

"It couldn't have been any fun either. The doctors were always at him with hypodermics, cold water and so on. He had a queer taste."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Good Rum, Bad Palm Wine.

There is no doubt in the African mind of the want of alcohol being a real one, living as they do in saturated forest swamps reeking with malaria, their damp mud walled houses frequently flooded, they themselves spending the greater part of their time dabbling about in the stinking mangrove slime, for five months in the year wrapped in the almost continual torrential downpour of the west African wet season, which is followed in the delta by the so called "dry," with its thick morning and evening mists, and the air never beyond dew point. Their food is of poor quality and insufficient quantity, and notably deficient in districts near the coast of meat of any kind. I think their desire for spirits quite reasonable, and that alcohol taken, as it usually is, in moderation, is anything but deleterious.

When the African cannot get white man's spirit, "min makara" as he calls it in Calabar, he takes to black man's spirit, "min eflik." This is a palm wine, and, although it has escaped the abuse heaped on rum, it is worse for the native than rum, for he drinks a disgusting quantity of it, for, from the palm wine, he does not get the stimulating effect so quickly as from gin or rum, yet the intoxicating effect is ultimately severe, and the enormous quantity consumed at one sitting will distribute its effects over a week. You can always tell whether a native has had a glass too much rum or half a gallon or so too much palm wine. The rum he soon recovers from, while the palm wine keeps him a disgusting nuisance for days, and the constitutional effects of it are worse than those of rum, for it produces a definite type of renal disease, which, if it does not cut short the life of the sufferer in a paroxysm, kills him gradually with dropsy.—National Review.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 6, 1899.

THE NEW SCHOOL BUILDING.

As near as we can figure it out the movement for a new High School building received its quietus at the conference of the City Council and School Board on the evening of Sept. 28. It may not have been quite as bad as that, but the plan certainly got a serious setback, and what the next step will be, if any, can only be conjectured.

An unexpected opposition to erecting a building at the present time was developed at the conference, and it was strong enough to cause a postponement of the whole matter. There it rests.

That more and better school accommodations are greatly needed in this city is undeniable. That the general plan of the school and municipal authorities was a good one is equally true. The uncertainty of the future of the leather business in this city was urged by several members as a reason for postponing the subject. It was a weak one. Should all the leather factories here be removed the city would not cease to grow and additional school room would soon become imperative.

The trouble with the new schoolhouse scheme was the way it was launched and subsequently engineered. Too much star chamber work was done on it, and that aroused public suspicion.

But the people want the school building now, or in the near future, and a new start on plans generally approved will be likely to succeed and the congestion in the schoolrooms obviated.

STATE CONVENTION.

The Republicans of Massachusetts, by their delegates, over 2,000 in number, are in convention assembled today in Boston for the purpose of placing in nomination candidates for State offices, from Governor down, the same to be voted for in November next.

Last week the JOURNAL, during a temporary fit of mental aberation, announced the date of this convention to be September 29, and thus subjected itself to many scoffs and jeers from the people. That the treatment which it received for its faux pas was deserved the JOURNAL does not attempt to deny.

That the convention today will nominate a good ticket there is no reason to doubt. The business is in the best of hands.

The names of the candidates and the places for which they are nominated will be placed at the head of the JOURNAL's Editorial columns next week and remain there until they are all safely landed on "Canaan's happy shore."

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Middlesex Republican County convention was held at Cambridge last Wednesday, Oct. 4. The whole business was done in just one hour and 20 minutes.

Levi S. Gould of Malden was unanimously renominated for County Commissioner, and John R. Fairbairn of Cambridge was unanimously nominated for Sheriff.

The following County Committee were chosen: James Pierce of Malden, Edgar R. Champlin of Cambridge, Alvah S. Wood of Woburn, Henry W. Pitman of Somerville, Wm. F. Wilder of Lowell, George J. Burns of Ayer, Arthur G. Pollard of Lowell, Wm. M. Flanders of Newton, Fred W. Dallinger of Cambridge, George W. Stetson of Medford and Wm. J. Schopelry of Everett.

The nominees are good men and will be elected by big majorities.

COUNCILLOR CONVENTION.

The Republican Councillor convention for this District will be held at 2.30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 10, in the Board of Trade Rooms, Essex street, Lynn.

Representative Charles E. Haywood of Lynn is a prominent candidate for the Councillor nomination, and his friends claim that a majority of the delegates chosen will vote for him in the convention. From all accounts he is well fitted for the position. His ability and integrity are vouched for by the best men in Lynn.

BY ACCLAMATION.

Hon. Howard K. Sanderson was nominated for a second term at the Middlesex Essex Republican Senatorial convention held at Lynn last Monday by acclamation. He deserved the honor, for he is an able man and credit to the District and State.

After the convention adjourned Senator Sanderson entertained the delegates with a fine lunch given at his residence on Park street, which is his way of doing things.

OUT OF IT.

Last Monday Col. Guild's managers issued a statement in which they acknowledged the defeat of their candidate for the nomination and withdrew his name from the contest.

That left a clear field for Speaker Bates, who will be nominated today for the office of Lieut. Governor.

AT WASHINGTON.

The great Washington Dewey celebration opened on last Monday evening with a parade, music, fireworks, and other grand doings, and was continued through Tuesday.

The Admiral must have felt greatly relieved when it was all well through with.

☞ At last accounts local Democrats were trying to find a candidate for Representative to the Legislature. Several names had been mentioned but no one of them adopted because, in the first place, of a lack of unanimity of choice; and secondly, the difficulty of getting a good man to accept a nomination. An appeal had been made to Mr. Robert J. W. Phinney to accept the honor and he took the matter under advisement. Mr. D. W. Bond declined absolutely to heed the Macadonian cry of the Democratic leaders, giving as an excuse a pressure of business. Mr. Henry S. Aldrich, Mr. J. Frankesford Trull, Mr. Joe Henry Parker, and perhaps others, have been thought and spoken of for candidates, but up to the present time little or no progress has been made towards a choice.

NO RACE.

Wind gave out again yesterday and there was no race. Columbia considered the better craft.

☞ In the person of Mr. Arthur B. Roberts the Republicans of the town of Reading have selected one of its best and most worthy citizens for the office of Representative to the General Court from this District. He is highly spoken of by his neighbors, and the fact that he has for some time been Chairman of the Republican Town Committee is proof that he is politically sound. That Mr. Roberts will be elected by a handsome majority admits of no doubt. Woburn will endorse Reading's choice heartily and unanimously.

☞ Mr. Elwyn G. Preston, the Secretary; Mr. Wallace F. Robinson, the President; ex-Mayor Hall of Cambridge, and others, represented the Boston Chamber of Commerce at a meeting held on Wednesday last to make arrangements for the reception and entertainment of Admiral Dewey on Oct. 14. Besides the Chamber, the State, City, and Home Market Club, were represented. The meeting adjourned to Thursday noon for the organization of committees. Boston will do the handsome thing by Dewey.

☞ The international yacht race for the champion's cup which was sailed last Tuesday by the Shamrock of England and Columbia by the New York Yacht Club was a fluke, that is to say, neither won. The wind was not favorable for a good race. It was made to appear that the Shamrock was the better craft in a light breeze, and the Columbia in a stiff one. It was however a very close contest so far as it went.

☞ The Dewey celebration in New York passed off gloriously. All accounts agree in saying that the crowd of people there on Friday and Saturday was simply immense. The enthusiasm was in proportion. Nothing was too good for Dewey. Next to him the biggest man in the city was Governor Roosevelt. Strange to say no serious accident occurred to mar the joy of the great affair.

☞ The boundary arbitration case between Great Britain and Venezuela, which has been in progress in Paris since last June, and in which ex-President Harrison was senior counsel for Venezuela, was decided last Tuesday. The award was in the nature of a compromise, the South American Republic failing to get all she claimed, while England loses territory in the interior and on the coast.

☞ It is reported that Capt. John P. Crane will run as an independent candidate for Representative at the next election. He is one of the most prominent and highly esteemed citizens of Woburn, and we call to mind that whenever he has been up for the suffrages of the people he has always run ahead of his ticket.

☞ Admiral Dewey is to reach Boston on the evening of Oct. 13, or Saturday morning, Oct. 14. The Hub is in a flutter of excitement.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. L. R.—Fair.
J. Leathe—To Let.
M. T. Holt—Citation.
Sproul—Macullar Co.
City—Evening School.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
JOURNAL—Piano For Sale.
C. D. Adams—Prob. Notice.
Richardson Bros.—Shirts etc.
Pettengill & Co.—Dr. Greene.
Alumnae W. Coll.—Rehearsal.

— Nellie Moore has returned to Elmhurst, N. J.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— It is about time to be thinking of banking up houses.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— Sheldon pears at $1 a bushel hadn't ought to go begging.

— There was great hustling for furnace fires last Monday morning.

— Anna B. Tidd and Alice Murray are students at Boston University.

— Yesterday was another Old Testament day, fair and beautiful.

— Note carefully the notice of the Registrars of Voters in this paper.

— Very heavy Wool Hose, 25c. per pair. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Bear in mind the concert at the Baptist church next Tuesday evening.

— Mr. George E. Fowle is improving the Dow houses on Church avenue.

— Brewster Colony, Pilgrim Fathers, enjoyed a fine entertainment last evening.

— Angelo Crovo, 339 Main street, has full lines of the best fruit in the market.

— Nothing definite has been heard from the proposed football team in this city.

— Water Registrar Wade had the October bills from his office distributed on time.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce has been substituting for Mr. George S. Hudson this week.

— Bowling will begin by Towanda Club on Oct. 18, and entries will close on Oct. 14.

— Mr. Belcher is quite sick at his home in Boston. Dr. Bartlett of this city attends him.

— Blue flannel outside shirts, 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Lawyer Curran went to New York with his family yesterday to see them off for Europe.

— Records show that last Monday was the coldest second day of October ever known in these parts.

— Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, member of the School Board, is a guest at The Tavern, New Boston, N. H.

— A good share of the chestnuts that are sold in this market grow in Burlington and other towns nearby.

— Read the School Board's proclamation concerning the Evening School in this paper. They mean business.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England — including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— A whist and dancing party was given by the St. Charles C. T. A. S., at their quarters last Tuesday evening.

— The concert to be given at the Baptist church next Tuesday evening, Oct. 10, will be the best of the season.

— More than $100,000 will be expended in building and repairing roads in Winchester in the next twelvemonth.

— The Fair of St. Charles Parish will soon open. A great deal of work is being bestowed on the preliminaries

— Contoocook A Shirts and Drawers, all sizes, at $1.25 per garment. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— By calling at the JOURNAL office the particulars concerning the sale of a fine piano may be learned. See ad.

— Interviews with leading dealers lead to the conclusion that business is better in this city than it was a year ago.

— Last Tuesday evening the Board of Health elected Dr. James H. Conway Chairman. He'll make a good one.

— A good many Woburn people went to Wilmington Wednesday evening and participated in a great cake-walk.

— Call for our Derby Ribbed Shirts and Drawers when purchasing underwear. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— We received a polite and cordial invitation from Senator Sanderson to attend the Senatorial convention at Lynn last Monday.

— Woburn is represented in the Republican State convention today by 17 delegates. A body of that size ought to make its influence felt.

— Read the advertisement of the Baptist church concert to be given next Tuesday evening. Mark the quality of the talent that will give it.

— Last Sunday, although carrying a sharp air, was one of the fairest days of the season. September took its leave in an agreeable manner.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— Mayor Davis and Madam Davis gave a brilliant party at their elegant home last evening. It was a very large one, and the guests were splendidly entertained.

— Mr. J. Leathe advertises to rent to responsible parties the Leathe homestead on Arlington Road. It is a good place, and will be let at a reasonable price. See ad.

— It will be for everybody's advantage to read what Mr. F. P. Brooks, Ph. G., says about "Japol Tablets," a sure cure of colds, throat troubles, etc., in his advertisement.

— A few days ago Ald. Timothy Calnan went to a private hospital in Boston to have a surgical operation performed. At last accounts he was nicely and doing well.

— Read about the grand concert to be given on Oct. 10 at the Baptist church in an advertisement in this paper. We can assure our readers that it is going to be a good one.

— The icemen's ball last Wednesday was a social affair long to be remembered. There were many fair and gallant dancers, the music was fine and everything passed off delightfully.

— Mr. Waterman Brown saw a flock of wild geese flying south on Sept. 9. How was that for high? It meant something not to the advantage of the denizens of this region of country.

— Col. A. L. Richardson will please accept our thanks for copies of Philadelphia papers containing full accounts of the glorious reception of the Ancient and Honorables in the Quaker City.

— The terms of three members of the School Board expire this year, namely; Mrs. V. B. Dow, Charlie A. Jones, Herbert S. Riley. It is said that Mrs. Dow declines a re-election.

— During the season the Flower Mission Department of the Woburn W. C. T. U. have sent to Boston by Hart's Express (free) 5651 bouquets. We doubt if any surburban place has done as well.

— Mr. W. M. Rice, who has been secured for Banjo Soloist at the forthcoming grand concert at the Baptist church, is a pastmaster on that instrument. He is an expert. He stands at the head of the class. He is the best there is. Banjoists in Boston, Cambridge, Lowell, etc., give him the right of way.

— We have a full line of Fall and Winter Underwear placed on our counters for your inspection. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— The Boston *Globe* reporter has had an interview with a member of the School Board and learned from him that operations in behalf of the new schoolhouse would begin at once. Important if true.

— Captain L. E. Hanson established a recruiting station for the 43d Regiment at Malden last Monday where he will remain as long as men are to be found who want to enter the military service of Uncle Sam.

— W. Frank Fowle, the Salem st. saw manufacturer, has got back from a successful hunting trip in the forests of New Brunswick. He was down there several weeks during which he got as rugged as a bear.

— The October number of *Donahoe's Magazine* contains a contribution from the smoothe pen of our gifted townswoman, Miss J. Gertrude Menard, on some French Canadian superstitions. It is admirably written, and a highly entertaining piece of composition.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— At the county convention held by the Socialist Labor Party at Stoneham last Monday, Joseph V. Schuegel was nominated for County Commissioner, and John Curley was elected a member of the County Committee, both of Woburn.

— Mr. L. R. Wallis, Supt. of the Woburn Light, Heat & Power Co., is building a house on Bacon street at the rear of the new Wedgemere station.—*Winchester Star.* Hope Woburn is not going to lose Supt. Wallis, who is a good citizen.

— The Food Fair, which is now under full headway at Mechanics Building, Boston, is said by those who have seen it to be the biggest yet held. Thousands of people attend it every day. The concerts are the best ever given in Boston.

— Next Wednesday night, Oct. 11, the Auditorium will resound to the strains of orchestral music and the tread of merrily dancing feet. The Grocers' Clerks of this city will give a ball at that time and place, and if what we hear about it is true it is going to be a rouser.

— There are 285 pupils in the High School, and 175 in the 9th grade, which leads Supt. Emerson to think that the number in the High School next year will reach 400 or over. Higher education has come to stay in this city, and is growing, hence the necessity for the new schoolhouse.

— The Republican Representative convention of the 28th District, composed of Woburn and Reading, with two Representatives, will probably be held on or near Oct. 12. There will be no contest; Messrs. Wetherell and Roberts will meet with no opposition from any quarter.

— The Christian Endeavor Society connected with the First Congregational Church invites members of the congregation and friends to the reception given on the evening of Oct. 13, to Rev. and Mrs. James L. Fowle, who are soon to resume their missionary duties in Turkey.

— Read carefully the notice and keep in mind the date of the administrator's sale of the Hunt estate on Warren ave., which takes place at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon, Oct. 12, on the premises. Mr. E. Prior is to be the auctioneer. The location makes it valuable property.

— Mr. Frank Hervey, who is to read at the grand concert at the Baptist church next Tuesday evening, Oct. 10, is one of the finest elocutionists in Massachusetts. To hear him will be worth more than the price of admission. He never fails to bring down the house. Don't fail to be there.

— Remember that Oct. 24-27th is the date of the Fair to be held in Stoneham by Evergreen Rebekah Lodge. Fancy booths representing the different nations are to be loaned by Jordan, Marsh & Co., and will be an especial attraction. An entertainment will be given each evening. Come one, come all.

— An everlasting throw of Woburn people attended the Cattle Show and Fair at Wakefield last week. It closed on Saturday and was an immense success. There is an attraction about a Cattle Show not easily accounted for, and people will go to them when they won't go anywhere else for amusement.

— Dr. J. H. Conway, who has kept a record for nearly a quarter of a century, says that snow has never, in that period, fallen so early in the fall as Oct. 2, that being the date for 1899. And yet, it is fair to presume that there is an Indian Summer to come yet and many warm beautiful days ere the advent of the merry Christmas season.

— Mr. M. A. Burnes, the furniture dealer on Main st., bought the Belcher residence at a mortgagee's sale last Monday and will make it his future home. John W. Johnson, Esq., was assignee of the mortgage. The dwelling house is a good one, for which, and the ground, Mr. Burns paid a reasonable price.

— When Vermont celebrates Dewey Day it will not be surprising if some of the Admiral's Woburn relatives are there to see. It is a laudable desire on their part to want to shake hands with "Cousin George." He has kinsmen all over the Union. One of them, a brother or cousin, died at Sheffield, Illinois, near our old home, the other day.

— Inquiries are rampant concerning the motive that actuated Mayor Davis in substituting Mr. J. Fred Brown for Mr. B. Frank Waldron on the Board of Health. Mr. Waldron was Chairman of the Board, and it was supposed he was an efficient officer. The appointment of Mr. Brown was a good one, but people are asking, why the change?

— Captain George W. Nichols, the watchmaker, is about to open an office at Wakefield, for which he has made satisfactory arrangements. He has carried on the watch and jewelry business in Woburn 20 years and always sustained an enviable reputation for doing firstclass work. His patronage has been largely among the wealthiest people in this city and vicinity.

— There is to be no change in the firm of L. E. Hanson & Co. on account of the absence of Captain Hanson in the military service of the country. Mr. Willis L. Varney, the Junior member, will carry on the business, for which he is in every respect perfectly competent, having had valuable experience as a jeweler and watchmaker, and as a dealer. The house has a fine patronage which Mr. Varney will retain.

— The Rev. Ludwig Akeson left last Monday evening for New York and New Jersey. He will visit his former pastorate at Dover, N. J., and attend the Swedish Eastern Ministerial Conference held in New York City the 12th and 13th inst., returning Saturday the 14th. The conference comprises all of the Swedish Congregational churches in New York State and New Jersey, and is the largest held by the denomination.

— In the space allotted to them for business purposes Hammond & Son publish a report of the "Word Contest" advertised by them on Sept. 22, to which attention is respectfully directed. Ernest C. Dearborn (1), Clarence W. Carlisle (2), Clarence E. Gage (3) won the handsome prizes. These young gentlemen cannot be praised too highly for their ingenuity in word-making from "Hammond Son."

— It is said that the Woburn School Board will make no further attempt to secure the new High School building from the present City Council, but will reserve its efforts for an early campaign with the Council of 1900. On account of the great expense of filling in the Kelley lot to establish a foundation it is the general belief that this lot should be abandoned, as there are others more desirable which can be purchased and prepared at a much less cost.—*Boston Herald.*

— Decker of East Boston, who for 25 years has made tri-weekly visits to Woburn as vender of Squire's meat products, and has turned barrels of money into the coffers of that concern, a fairly good sort of a man, by the way, awoke the echoes in this city in great style last Tuesday, all on account of Speaker Bates's victory for the Lieutenant Governorship. Bates is an East Boston resident, hence Decker's wild conduct here over his success at the caucuses.

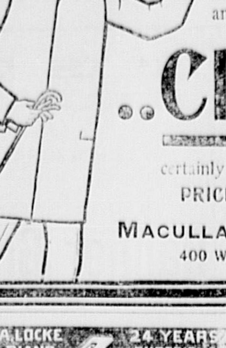
— Dr. Frank W. Graves, Surgeon of the Company, and Col. A. L. Richardson, accompanied the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company to Philadelphia and Gettysburg last Saturday. They were at the latter place on Sunday, over 300 strong. It was the annual outing of the Company. They are a noble band of warriors. Next year they receive and will entertain royally the Honorable Artillery Company of London, England, for which extensive preparations are already under way.

— People who were out of bed by 6.30 last Monday morning found the temperature from 4 to 6 below the freezing point. It was a cold morning. Flowers and foliage plants were killed and their late lofty heads lay low. It was rather a melancholly sight. There was snow in the air on Monday, and an occasional flake found its way to the ground. As a harbinger of winter it was a success. Fires on the hearths and steam heat and things of that kind were a necessity. Winter is close at hand.

— Within a week or so the deadly bicycle has been getting in its work hereabouts. A boy on the West Side had a hip broken and was taken to the Mass. Gen. Hospital a few days ago; a rider was thrown from his wheel on South Main street, and struck against a hydrant by which he was greatly injured; another was rendered insensible by a collision; and all of these accidents have happened since last Saturday. What vehicle in our streets is so dangerous as the bicycle as it is too often rode?

— Mr. James Durward, Jr., has sold the Metropolitan Market to his brother George who took possession on Monday morning and is now at the helm. James has carried it on for ten years or more and has had a large patronage. George, since his return from the Spanish War, has delivered goods for the Market, is well known, and popular in the community. Both are honest men, and the business will be kept up to its present standard by the new proprietor, for whom the JOURNAL bespeaks a liberal patronage. As heretofore, firstclass meats, vegetables, fruits, etc., will be kept on hand, and fair prices may be relied on.

The Coming Man



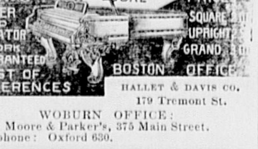
will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere.
PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

A PERFECT BATH ROOM
is essential to perfect comfort and health.
Our estimates on putting in
Plumbing Work
and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.
We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

— Lawyer John P. Feeney has bought the homestead on Scott st. of Lawyer Francis P. Curran, with the furniture which the house contains, and all other appurtenances, if any, thereto belonging, and will take possession of it in the course of a week or two. It is a fine residence, desirably located in the best part of the town. It was built by Mr. Curran a few years ago, and is sold by him for the reason that his family are to be in Europe the next two years, during which period it will be better for him to board than keep house.

— It is always a pleasure to us to speak a good word for Copeland & Bowser, dry goods merchants in this city. They are worthy of praise from their manner of doing business. They are, and have been for years, the leading dry goods dealers in Woburn. They reached the position by fair play and successfully responding to the demands of the public. The best conditioned women of this city and neighboring communities always buy their wares at Copeland & Bowser's, and never complain of goods, prices or personal treatment. This is why Copeland & Bowser flourish.

— Autumn leaves are falling fast, but not so much so as entirely to rob the trees of their beauty. We do not, in this neck of timber, get the glorious effects of "the hectic of a dying year" on the foliage of the groves and forests that charm the beholder in regions farther north, and yet, even here they are not to be sneezed at. In upper New England, just now, the exhibition is nothing short of magnificent, tree covered hills looking like huge bouquets, and great stretches of red, orange, purple, and other glowing colors meeting the view in every direction. We do not often have it like that here; there is too much steam in the atmosphere for it.

— The Winchester gentleman who gave the phonographic concert at Lyceum Hall last Saturday must have gotten a wrong idea into his head as to music and musical talent in Woburn. Phonographic music and oratory do very well for Winchester; indeed, it is said they are doted on in that rustic burg, but Woburn is different. Woburn ladies and gentlemen do not take kindly to machine music and oratory. Even the children eschew it. Success of phonographic concerts in Winchester does not mean success in Woburn. Far from it. Ours is a musically cultivated community, and therefore our people do not go wild over phonographic concerts.

— It seems quite likely that what is known as the Place property on Salem street will be more seriously considered by the committee in their next move to secure a schoolhouse site. By the removal of about four buildings, none of them very valuable, it would make a desirable lot for the purpose, and the cost of preparing it for the edifice would be but trifling as compared with that of the Kelley estate, which now seems to be abandoned by the authorities. We have no information on the subject but think it likely that Mr. Place would sell the property at a fair price, and his offer of it for the schoolhouse is certainly worthy of consideration, now that the Kelley land, as we understand it, is no longer considered available.

— The JOURNAL's regular tennis reporter failed to come to time with a story of the contest last Saturday on the Woburn Court. We have in times gone by printed racy reports from his pen, but it may be that his hand has lost its cunning, or words to that effect. A participant told us that things were lively at last Saturday's meeting, and that the old boys were brimful of skill and ginger, demonstrating that some things can be done as well as others. How the games ended we cannot say; indeed, if the results were given by us in professional language the public would be none the wiser for it, because the tennis vocabulary is as obscure as that of golf, and neither is understood by common people..

P. S. An esteemed occasional correspondent has kindly sent us a graphic story of last Saturday's contest which appears in another column.

— Mrs. Francis P. Curran and her daughter Eileen and son Frank left here yesterday for New York from whence they will sail tomorrow for Paris for a European residence of at least two years. Their object in going is for the purpose of completing the art education of Miss Eileen, who has been a student of Mr. Albert Thompson for some time past, and their home while away will be in Paris, although it is not improbable that the young lady will do some of her polishing off at other European art centres. Mr. Thompson gives her credit for being a very bright pupil, and predicts for her a brilliant future in the profession. Frank, who is a promising lad, will attend Paris schools, and the pater will go over later for a more or less protracted stay with his wife and children. It is not likely that the family will come back here to live, as urban life is more to their taste than suburban or country living.

— Mrs. Waldo Richards, who is to give a dialect rehearsal in Music Hall at 8 o'clock Friday evening, Oct. 27, is no common or ordinary reader or person. She has won fame in London, Paris, Berlin, and the large American cities, and stands at the head of her profession. The nobility of the Old Country, and even royalty, have been among her most enthusiastic patrons and admirers, and leading American journals and people of note in literary and social circles speak in the highest terms of her professional accomplishments. The Wellesley College Alumnae of this city and vicinity were fortunate in securing Mrs. Richards for an evening's entertainment. Of the many complimentary press notices of this distinguished lady's reading we select the following from the Boston *Journal*, with a promise of more later on: "Before Mrs. Richards spoke her first word her audience was with her * * * The union of refinement and strength, and a magnatism and fascination of address, distinguish Mrs. Richards from other readers. In her special field she stands alone."

— Supt. French is putting lower Main street into good shape and appearance. If the city would give him money enough he would make some roads that we wouldn't be ashamed of.

— The automobiles that occasionally sail down Main street in this city look neat, natty and comfortable.

Lawn Tennis.

On last Saturday afternoon some of the older tennis players took possession of the courts and indulged in a tournament. It was played under the Haven system, so called. By this method of play each contestant plays with every other player, and the one securing the most events is the winner.

The official score gives the following results:

	Won.	Lost.
E. F. Johnson,	4	1
J. F. DeLoria,	4	1
W. L. Murdock,	3	2
F. B. Richardson,	2	3
W. E. Blodgett,	1	4
E. G. Preston,	1	4

From which it appears that Johnson and DeLoriea were tied for first honors and Blodgett and Preston will have to cut for the booby prize.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 2, 1899.
Pupils will kindly arrange for Hours Early. Miss Bancroft respectfully calls attention to her Method, which has proved to be of great PRACTICAL value, developing with ease, the technical as well as the musical side of modern piano playing.
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
ADDRESS:
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.
...n given to beginners. ...essons can be made on or after Sept. ...

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Are You Aware
What a Good
Coffee
We are selling for
15c. per lb.
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahoe, pastor M. E. Church, South, Pt Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so-called 'specifics,' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Influence of Public Institutions on the Individual." Sunday School at 12 M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Preaching Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Doctrine of Atonement." All are welcome.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "The Relation Between Suffering and Glory." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "Little Foxes." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH cor. Montvale and Greenwood Aves., services as follows:
At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Rev. John Udd, of Worcester.
At 5 P. M., Communion Service.
At 7 P. M., Preaching in English by Rev. S. Adriance of Winchester.
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
LUDWIG AKESON, Pastor.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—19th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

Married.

In this city, Sept. 12, by Rev. Henry C. Parker, Charles L. Foster and Sarah Emma Nichols, both of Burlington.

In this city, Sept. 28, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, Robert Hammond and Matilda Madison, both of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 1, by Rev. James F. Doherty, Roger J. Connolly and Bridget N. Ryan, both of Woburn.

In Wilmington, Sept. 30, by Rev. Elijah Harmon, Carl A. Cady and Alice G. Lindley, both of Wilmington.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 4, Lillian V., daughter of John F. and Mary E. Kenney, aged 3 years, 3 days.

In this city, Oct. 4, George W., son of Charles and Elizabeth Woodman aged 1 year, 5 months, 15 days.

You Can Buy a House

For $500 or $50,000, and they are both houses. Just so, you can buy Clothing perhaps, for a trifle less money than ours, and its "clothing," but it is no more like ours than the hut is like the mansion.

Our goods are well made and well trimmed. They fit perfectly, hold their shape, and hold your trade.

Prices exceedingly low.

See our Fancy Worsted Suits with Double Breasted Vests $12, $15, $18.

Blue Serge Winter Weight Suits at $10.

Clay Worsted Suits at $10, $12, $15, $18, $20.

No advance in our prices regardless of the advance in woolens, as our orders were all placed before the rise.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers, Hatters and Furnishers,
403 Main St., Woburn.

Established 1851

The excellency of our LADIES'

Ready-made Garments

has been proven by our customers in past seasons. This year we have changed and enlarged this department. Our stock of Dress Skirts, Petticoats, Shirt Waists, Golf Capes, Dressing Sacques, Bath Robes and Flannelette Wrappers is larger than ever before, and we desire to show our assortment to every lady in the city who has a need of these goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

THE BOMB

That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.

EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

For Sale in Woburn by Gordon Parker, H. A. Wilcox, Kelley & Callahan.

Word Contest.

The following gentlemen kindly consented to the examination of words presented by the contestants.

Mr. L. H. Owen, Principal of High School.

Mr. E. S. Watson, Ass't Principal of High School.

Mr. Frank E. Wetherell, Editor of *News*.

The largest list of English words made from the letters in the two words Hammond Son was presented by Ernest R. Dearborn, North Woburn and contained 193 correct words.

The second largest number of words was presented by Clarence W. Carlisle, 13 Scott street, Woburn, and contained 184 correct words.

The third largest number of words, was presented by Clarence E. Gage, 8 Sherman Place, and contained 163 correct words.

Master Dearborn is entitled to the Suit.

Master Carlisle is entitled to the Trousers.

Master Gage is entitled to the Hat.

We congratulate the winners upon their success.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers, Lyceum Hall B'ld'g, Woburn.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

City Council.

The Board held a special meeting on Thursday evening, Sept. 28. President Cottle occupied the Chair.

A communication was received from Mayor Davis announcing the appointment by him of Mr. Fred J. Brown as a member of the Board of Health for a term of 3 years.

A conference of the Council and School Board was then held over the purchase of a site for a High School building. The Mayor presided. Speeches were made for and against an indefinite postponement of the subject, by President Cottle, Mayor Davis, Thomas J. Feeney, George F. Bean, Chairman Charlie A. Jones of the School Board, Dr. J. P. Bixby, Thomas J. Hevey, H. S. Riley, Dr. Robert Chalmers. Postponement prevailed.

During the winter of 1897 Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, Clay Co., W. Va., struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swoolen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also used several kinds of liniment and two and a half gallons of whisky in bathing it, but nothing gave any relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought almost a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that had he not used this remedy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequaled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

President Tuttle.

The following compliment was paid to President Tuttle by the Maine and Boston papers last week Thursday. It was worthily bestowed, for he is not solely a great railroad President, but has brains that would achieve success in any walk of life requiring intellectual strength and acumen. This, along with other things, is what the papers said:

President Lucius Tuttle, of the Boston & Maine Railroad, will be elected President of the Maine Central to succeed Mr. Wilson. This statement is made by Mr. Manley, who also says that the choice of Mr. Tuttle will not mean the ultimate consolidation of the Central with the Boston & Maine. Mr. Manley further says: "Lucius Tuttle is one of the ablest railroad men in this country. He is not only great in his special line, as a railroad manager, but is a broad-minded, spirited gentleman."

For Congressman.

There is every indication that Hon. William S. Knox will be a candidate for Congress next year. He finds Congressional life congenial and realizes that length of service makes him more valuable to his constituents. If the people of the District want him he will be a candidate, but he is not selfish and will not stand in the way of any one else whom they may select. Mayor Eaton of Lawrence was said to be a candidate, but he says he is for Knox and will do what he can to have him renominated. He believes Knox is eligible for the position because of the experience he has had.

It is said that Judge Johnson of Woburn will also be a candidate, but the rumor is indefinite. In Lowell we have a candidate in Hon. Frederick Lawton. He has been mentioned as Mr. Knox's successor and has the assurance of that gentleman's support when he retires from the contest. If Mr. Knox is nominated again it will be for the fourth term, and the irony of Mayor Eaton's remark about the interest Lowell has in Lawrence will be made more apparent.—*Lowell Journal*.

It is generally understood that Judge Johnson will be in the Congressional race next year, and his friends in the District think he will win it.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcalona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

WINCHESTER.

Congressman McCall and wife have gone to Europe.

The vinegar cruet which "Echoes" runs in the *Star* is still on tap.

We hear no more about the McKay manufacturing establishment leaving this town.

The McKay machinists will give a concert and ball Friday evening, Nov. 17, in the Town House.

The Men's Meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was eloquently addressed by Rev. Dr. March of Woburn last Sunday.

The Republican voters of this town did the handsome thing by Mr. Samuel W. Twombly at the caucuses last week. It is considered on all hands that the honor could not have been more worthily bestowed. A large majority of the people evidently felt that way and gave him an overwhelming majority of the caucus.

"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrœa Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine," says W. W. Massingill, of Beaumont, Texas. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of dysentery and cholera infantum who must also feel thankful. It is for sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Mr. Lentz of Ohio is wise in resisting the blandishments of our Anti-Imperialist leaguers, who want to send him as an envoy to Aguinaldo. The ex-Congressman might find it difficult to get back into our lines, and a free diet of rice, with the sight of an occasional decapitation of an obnoxious Colonel or General in the Tagal camp, is scarcely an agreeable winter's prospect.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

We think we have some politics in Massachusetts, but that meeting of 75,000 people which Gov. Roosevelt addressed in Ohio the other day, opening the State campaign for the Republicans, was something about seven times beyond our experience.

JAPOL TABLETS

are a marvelous remedy for the QUICK CURE of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness,

Sore Throat

and "That tickling in the Throat."

10 & 25c. packages.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Literary Notices.

Three notable series of articles are begun in the October LADIES' HOME JOURNAL: Her Boston Experiences, analyzing Boston society; The Theatre and Its People; The Autobiography of a Girl. The American Girl is a charming creature. Two pages are worthily filled with pictures and anecdotes of Admiral Dewey. The incidents of The Last Years of Washington's Life are recorded by William Perrine, covering a most interesting period of his career. Edward Bok writes of The Fee of the Doctor, and Barton Cheyney shows how to secure Positions under Uncle Sam. In The Candy Pull System in the Church Ian Maclaren protests against turning the church into a place of second-class entertainment. The conclusion of Captain Dieppe, The Widowhood of Mrs. Bunn and The Fire on Her Wedding Morn are the fiction features of the October JOURNAL. Pictorial pages show the prettiest houses in California. Attractive Ideas for Boys' Rooms, Tables Set for Special Occasions, Some Small Greenhouses, Fifty Delicious Dishes, and the final peep into Nature's Garden. The fall and winter fashions of the feminine wardrobe are considered, as is, indeed, every need of the home. By The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

"Perhaps, the most remarkable and ludicrous evidence of the animus of the special correspondent was in his portraiture of the different persons interested in the trial, their attitude, gestures, dress, characteristics, moral, mental and physical," says a writer in the October number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, reviewing Phases of the Dreyfus Case. The Apostles of Unbelief is an earnest, forceful papers by Rev. J. T. Roche. Chattanooga, the scene of one of the most deadly battles of modern times, is the subject of a finely illustrated paper. Gertrude Menard describes Some Canadian Superstitions, giving her readers an entertaining half hour in the study of Canadian myth lore. A pleasing paper is Justin McCarthy's Cheerful Yesterdays, a collection of biographical sketches from his Reminiscences lately published. Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Lowell, John Boyle O'Reilly, General Sheridan, and other prominent men Mr. McCarthy met during his American tours are written of in most kindly strain. There are two very interesting symposiums, Sound Policy for Democrats, and College Journalism. The fiction of the number is notably strong. The department matter as usual is instructive and entertaining, and People in Print presents a number of fine portraits and sketches.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE gives prominent place in its October issue to articles having a special connection with the Boston meeting of the International Congregational Council. Rev. Morton Dexter's account of Congregationalism in America is well supplemented by an article on Congregationalism in England, by Dr. John Brown of Bedford. Mr. William H. Cobb, librarian of the Congregational Library, writes of The Congregational House. Many fine exterior and interior views of the building are shown. The beautiful Berkshire region never loses its charm as a theme for poets and prose writers, and tourists do not soon exhaust its pleasures. No better brief account of its thriving business centre has yet been written than Mr. Clinton Q. Richmond's article on Adams, and North Adams, the illustrative material used is also worthy of special attention. Under the title Forty Years of Musical Life in New England, Mrs. Martha Dana Shepard, the well-known pianist, gives reminiscences of the days when, as accompanist in concerts and conventions conducted by Carl Zerrahn, she was associated with all of the best-known solo singers and performers in New England. Several valuable portraits of these celebrities accompany her article. Mr. William Howe Downes writes of the excellent work being done by one of our younger sculptors, Mr. Cyrus E. Dallin, a Utah boy who received early training under the best Boston sculptors. Several of Dallin's best-known works are reproduced in excellent half tones in the article. A Lady's Reading Eighty Years Ago, by Ruth Huntington Sessions, gives a glimpse into the life of a woman of cultivation in the early part of the century. The Story Torrance Did Not Tell is well told by Mrs. Helen Campbell; Mrs. A. E. P. Searing's Faithful Wife of Duck Peter is well portrayed; and there are several poems of merit. The Editor's Table is devoted to the Transvaal question in particular, and British imperialism in general, with lessons and warnings for America.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Gordon Parker, druggist, will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

In view of Great Britain's attitude toward the Transvaal, the British delegates to the Congregational convention in this city could not have dissented from Dr. Lyman Abbott's bold declaration that wars are not at an end.

A Sure Cure For Howls.

"I say, mamma," said Charlie, who was watching his mamma bathe the new girl baby, "what would happen if you would put her in the bathtub and go away off and leave her to wash her ownself, like me?"

"I'm afraid," said mamma, "that little sister would get water in her mouth and drown."

"Would it fill her all up full with water so she couldn't howl no more?" inquired Charlie.

"Yes, I'm afraid it would," said mamma, pleased with the interest Charlie was taking in his sister's welfare.

"I say, mum," exclaimed Charlie enthusiastically, "let's put her in right away."—Providence Telegram.

He Knew Her.

Von Blumer—How is it you are taking luncheon alone? I thought I saw you going down town with your wife this morning.

Witherby—You did. But she saw something in a window that she wanted to look at, and I told her I would wait outside. I'm going back late this afternoon to catch her as she comes out.—Detroit Free Press.

A Neat Selection.

"That's a nice umbrella you have there."

"Ain't it? Reflects credit on my taste, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does. Where did you get it?"

"Picked it out of a bunch of seven that were standing in the boarding house hall this morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Work For the Jaws.

John Bulwer, a quaint writer of the seventeenth century, recommends the following three dinner rules: Stridor dentium, altum silentium, rumor gentium, which has been humorously translated, "Work for the jaws, a silent pause, frequent ha-has."—What to Eat.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matceless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Grand Concert

— IN THE —

First Baptist Church,

Under the auspices of the Young People

Tuesday Ev'ng, Oct. 10, 1899,

When the following talent will offer a programme of unusual attraction:

MISS JENNIE HILL, Soprano.
MISS STELLA HANSCOMB, Contralto.
MRS. ANNIE SOULE LEWIS, Pianist.
MR. F. PERCYVAL LEWIS, Pianist.
MR. PERCY ROLFE ZEIGLER, of Boston, Bass Soloist.
MR. W. M. RICE, of Lowell, Banjo Soloist.

ASSISTED BY
MR. FRANK HERVEY, Reader.

A Chickering Concert Grand Piano will be used in this Concert.

Tickets 25c. each.

For sale at Wilcox's Drugstore.
Doors open at 7.15. Concert at 8.
Secure tickets early to avoid disappointment.

Dialect Recital

— BY —

Mrs. WALDO RICHARDS,

Under the patronage of the Woburn Alumnae and former students of Wellesley College.
In aid of the Wellesley College Endowment Fund,

Friday Eve'g, Oct. 27, 1899,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

Music Hall, - Woburn.

TICKETS, 50 CENTS.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.
E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6 to 8.

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on Friday, October 6th 1899, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, October 7, will draw interest from October 1, 1899.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Sept. 26, 1899.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.
POSITIVELY
WAY DOWN EAST
LAST 3 WEEKS
EVERY EVENING
MATINEES WEDNESDAY & SATURDAY

To Let.

No. 138 Arlington Road: house of 13 Rooms: 1 Acre of Land: To Let to Responsible parties. Enquire of

J. LEATHE,
425 Main st. Woburn.

For Sale.

Upright Piano, nice Mahogany Case, rich tone, splendid condition. Made expressly by the manufacturer for his own use, heavy sacrifice, easy terms. Apply at this office.

THOUSANDS of people use Bay Rum, Shampoo Mixture, Tooth Powder, and Cologne, but not one in a thousand know how to make them. Full instructions how to make the best, sent you on receipt of TEN CENTS. Address, C. B. LEATHE, Box 810, Norwood, Mass.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

CITY OF WOBURN.

..FREE..

Evening School.

THE SCHOOL WILL OPEN ON

MONDAY, October 9, 1899,

In the High School Building, Main Street,

and will be in session on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday of each week, from 7.30 to 9.30 P. M.

Instruction will be given in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, book-keeping, stenography, and typewriting.

Classes may be formed in Latin, French, German, advanced English, history, civics, freehand and mechanical drawing, chemistry, or physics, provided a sufficient number of pupils request it.

All persons desiring to attend this school are requested to hand their names, on or before October 9, to the Superintendent of Schools, who will receive applications at his office, Room 10, Savings Bank Building, each week day, except Saturday, from 7 to 8 P. M.

Per order of the Committee,
THOMAS EMERSON, Secretary.

Woburn, September 29, 1899.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with the provisions of Chap. 548, Acts of 1898, be in session at their office in Municipal Building, Common street, to receive applications for registration for the State Election, on the

Evenings of Oct. 13, 14, 16 and 17, at 7 o'clock,

And from 12 m. to 10 p. m., on October 18.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of October 18.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sect. 47: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, or a certificate from the assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

☞ Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 26, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Josephine Pierce, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, certain instruments purporting to be the last will and testament and a codicil of said deceased have been presented to said Court, for probate, by George W. Pierce, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the tenth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-first day of September in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of John Quealy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased

WHEREAS, John G. Maguire, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the seventeenth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Celia V. Folkins, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edgar C. Folkins of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Allen, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Milton T. Holt, of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Dexter Carter, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN M. SCRIBNER, Adm.
86 Marshall st. Somerville.
Sept. 26th, 1899.

Administrator's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE

In Woburn, Mass.

The undersigned, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Charles Porter not already administered, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, will sell at public auction, the five parcels of real estate hereinafter described, all situated in said Woburn, on

Thursday, October 19th, A. D., 1899,

the sale of each lot will take place upon the respective premises and at the hour specified below:

Lot 1. At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, a certain parcel of land, with buildings thereon, situated on Warren Avenue, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Warren Avenue (formerly Warren street) and at land now or late of Cannon; thence the line runs westerly by land last named about one hundred twenty-six and 7-10 feet to land now or late of Meehan; thence turning the line runs southerly by said land last named about seventy-six (76) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs easterly by other land belonging to the estate of said Charles Porter designated as lot number two about sixty-one and one tenth (61.1) feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs again southerly eleven (11) feet to a corner of fence at land of Daniel T. Porter; thence turning the line runs again easterly by land of said Daniel T. Porter and land of Catherine A. Meehan as the fence now stands seventy-six and two tenths (76.2) feet to said Warren Avenue; thence turning the line runs northerly by and with said Avenue about one hundred fifteen and eight teeths (115.8) feet to the point of beginning.

Lot 2. At half past two o'clock in the afternoon of said day a certain parcel of land, with the double dwellinghouse standing thereon, situated on the northerly side of Porter street bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on said Porter street at land of Daniel T. Porter; from thence the line runs northerly by land of said Daniel T. Porter as the fence stands and by other land of said Charles Porter described as Lot No. one, seventy-one (71) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs westerly by said other land designated as lot number one sixty-one and one-tenth (61.1) feet to land now or late of Meehan; thence turning the line runs southerly by said land now or late of Meehan sixty-five (65) feet to said Porter street; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said Porter street about sixty four and nine-tenths (64.9) feet to land of said Daniel T. Porter and the point of beginning.

Lot 3. At quarter of three o'clock in the afternoon of said day, a certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situated in said Woburn on the westerly side of Main street bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Main street and at land now or late of one Keith; thence the line runs northwesterly by land now or late of said Keith fifty-six and two-tenths (56.2) feet to land of Mary W. Lyons; thence turning the line runs southerly by land last named as the fence stands twenty-two and five-tenths (22.5) feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs a little south of west by said land of Mary W. Lyons as the fence stands seven (7) feet; thence turning the line runs southeasterly by other land of said Charles Porter designated as lot number four through the partition between the building standing on the lot herein described and the building on said lot designated as number four about forty seven and five-tenths (47.5) feet to said Main street; thence turning the line runs northeasterly by and with Main street twenty-one and four-tenths (21.4) feet to land of said Keith and the point of beginning; reserving to the owner of lot number four the right to allow the eaves on the building now standing on said lot number four to project over and upon the above described lot as they now exist for a period of ten years from the date of sale.

Lot 4. At three o'clock in the afternoon of said day, a certain parcel of land, with the factory buildings and boiler house standing thereon, situated on the westerly side of Main street bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stake at the intersection of Hudson street with said Main street; thence the line runs northeasterly by and with said Main street twenty-four and nine-tenths feet to an angle in said street; thence continuing in the same general direction by and with said Main street about sixty and four tenths (60.4) feet to a stake at other land of Charles Porter and designated number three; thence turning and running northwesterly by and with said other land and designated as lot number three about forty-seven and five-tenths (47.5) feet to land of Mary W. Lyons; thence turning the line runs westerly by said land of Mary W. Lyons and by land of James Murray et. als. about fifty-one (51) feet to land of one Gallagher thence turning the line runs southerly by land of said Gallagher about ninety-five and eight-tenths (95.8) feet to said Hudson street; thence turning the line runs easterly by and with said Hudson street about thirty-two and six-tenths (32.6) feet to the point of beginning; together with the right to maintain the eaves on the north-easterly end of the building as now constructed over and upon the lot designated as lot number three for a period of ten years from date of sale.

Lot 5. At four o'clock in the afternoon of said day a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn on Washington street, containing about one quarter of an acre and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of McDonough; easterly by the Canal; southerly by land now or late of Mulhern; westerly by said Washington street.

Each of said parcels will be sold sparately and will be conveyed subject to all taxes assessed thereon for the current year, and to all sewer assessments, and other liens if any exist thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser of each of said lots at the time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Charles Porter not already administered.

Woburn, September 19, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles S. White of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, now deceased, dated August 24th, A. D., 1878, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1489, Page 300, and assigned by Waldo Thompson, legatee under the will of said Leonard Thompson, to Leonard Thompson by assignment dated March 4th, A. D., 1885, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1802, Page 291, and afterwards assigned by Maria L. Thompson and Lewis Waldo Thompson, Executors of the will of the last named Leonard Thompson, deceased, to John G. Maguire of said Woburn, by assignment dated September 20th, A. D., 1899, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2764, Page 401, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, October 23d, A. D., 1899,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed (except a portion thereof released from said mortgage, and which is hereinafter described), and bounded substantially as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue; thence the line runs easterly on and by the southerly side of Montvale Avenue twelve rods to a passage way; thence the line turns and runs by and on said passage-way southerly one hundred and sixty (160) feet; thence the line turns and runs easterly by land of Mrs. Bean fifty (50) feet; thence the line turns and runs southerly by land of J. D. Porter, eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of John Burke eighty (80) feet; thence the line continues southerly by land of Mrs. Hinds eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of Mrs. Onion one hundred and sixty (160) feet to a stake and stone by my other land; thence the line turns and runs by my other land westerly about fifteen (15) rods to a stake and stones at land of J. G. Flagg; thence the line turns and runs by land of J. G. Flagg northerly about fifty (50) rods, to the point of beginning.

The portion released from said mortgage as above stated is described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake at land of John G. Flagg and other land described in said mortgage and which stake is four hundred feet and three-tenths of a foot (400.3) from the southerly side line of said Montvale Avenue measuring on the division line between the land of said Flagg and said homestead; thence the line runs easterly by other land described in said mortgage one hundred and nine (109) feet to a stake; thence northerly still by same land one hundred and ninety (190) feet to a stake; thence again easterly by the end of a passageway and land of M. E. Pierson and Bean one hundred forty-four and three-tenths (144.3) feet to a stake; thence southerly by lands of Burke, White, Onion, and others four hundred sixty-six and eight-tenths (466.8) feet to a stake at other land described in one other mortgage given by said White to Leonard Thompson; thence westerly by said other land one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet to a stake; thence northerly by land of Flagg three hundred and twenty-four (324) feet to the point of beginning.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, sewer assessments and liens if any exist thereon.

$100 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., September 28th, 1899.

E. PRIOR, - Auctioneer.

Administrator's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE

AT AUCTION.

By virtue of a license from the Probate Court of Middlesex County, I shall sell at Public Auction on

Thursday, October 12, 1899,

at two o'clock P. M., all and singular the real estate of the late David A. Hunt. This property consists of the lot of land numbered 18 Warren Avenue with a two-story dwelling house thereon. The lot of land is about seventy feet on said Avenue and has a depth of about one hundred feet. The house was erected and occupied by Mr. Hunt; consists of eight rooms, with bath room and all modern conveniences. The desirable situation and healthful location of this property on "Academy Hill" makes this sale a very desirable opportunity either for its purchase as a residence or for an investment. Terms will be made known at the time and place of sale.

EDWARD G. FROTHINGHAM,
Administrator with the will annexed of the estate of David A. Hunt.

P. S.—Immediately after the sale of the real estate the household furniture and personal effects of the late David A. Hunt will be sold at public auction.

A Broken Ring.

Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

Optical Specialist

Is making his regular professional visits to the Academies and Colleges of Northern New England.

He will return to Massachusetts about Oct. 1st, and will be at his office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

For Four Days. Exact Dates to be announced in this paper,

Where he will be pleased to meet all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

☞ Especial attention given to the eyes of students and school children.

Mr. Worthley's wide experience in this class of cases enables him to treat the eyes of young persons correctly in every case.

Remember the Place Watch for the dates.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

Baked Beans Saturday Evening

Hot BROWN BREAD and BUNS delivered at your house Sunday mornings.
A good plate of Beans served at our Lunch Counter; also, Hot Coffee, Ham Sandwiches, Frankfurts, etc.
Hot Rolls and Buns for supper.
Our Bread is good.

J. C. FINNEGAN'S BAKERY,
476 Main St., Woburn,

Fast Friends.

People who once buy their
GROCERIES
of us are our fast friends ever after. We treat everybody fairly and liberally. We want their trade always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Joseph Linnell

Choice Meats — AND — Provisions

406 Main Street.
Telephone, 14-2.

TENEMENT To Let.

Nine Rooms at 7 Davis street. Modern Improvements. Steam heat. Gas. Sewer connection.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
421 Main street.

Home Again.

All Disabilities OF THE Feet

Skilfully treated by the latest Scientific Methods.

S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,
Office: 414 Maint St., Woburn.

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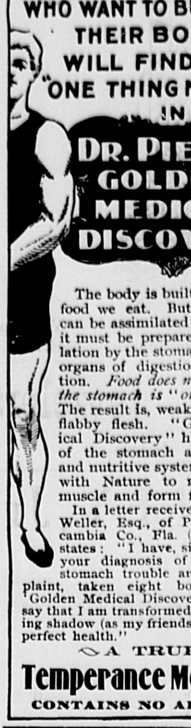


FLABBY FELLOWS WHO WANT TO BUILD UP THEIR BODIES WILL FIND THE "ONE THING NEEDFUL" IN

DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

The body is built up from the food we eat. But before food can be assimilated by the body it must be prepared for assimilation by the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition. *Food does not feed when the stomach is "out of order."* The result is, weak muscles and flabby flesh. "Golden Medical Discovery" heals diseases of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system. It works with Nature to make manly muscle and form firm flesh.

In a letter received from A. D. Weller, Esq., of Pensacola, Escambia Co., Fla. (Box 544), he states: "I have, since receiving your diagnosis of my case, as stomach trouble and liver complaint, taken eight bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and must say that I am transformed from a walking shadow (as my friends called me) to perfect health."

A TRUE

Temperance Medicine.

CONTAINS NO ALCOHOL.

REST.

Not with the ears I hear,
Not with the eyes I see;
Night and the day are near,
Yet they are naught to me.
Green grows the grass above,
Birds to my graveside come;
Only the feet I love
Thrill through my lonely home!

Naked to God's clear eyes
Since the warm vesture died,
Here, where the body lies,
Here doth the soul abide;
Bred of the heart and brain,
Child of their marriage—how
Frail was its garb of pain!
God's peace enwraps it now.

When to my soul you come,
Missing the body so,
Think not that I am dumb—
All of your grief I know;
It is my voice you hear,
When, loving life so well,
You feel no passing fear
With my glad soul to dwell!

Here, in this narrow bed,
God gives me clearer eyes;
All that I did and said
Lives on for paradise!
So simple heaven is—
Life is but truly blest
When death in speechless bliss
Holds wide the door of rest!

—Fred G. Bowles in Literature.

PHASES OF A CRIME.

A Conspiracy That Remained Unpunished For a Quarter of a Century.

The recent trial in Marseilles, France, of Jules Ducraix for an alleged assault on his wife, Marie, led to the discovery of the real perpetrators of a great crime committed 25 years before and to the exoneration of an innocent man. The story of the trial, as told in a French newspaper, is dramatic.

Ducraix dealt in ship's stores and was supposed to be in good circumstances. In his defense he swore that his wife assaulted him with a knife, and he showed the unhealed wound on his left arm, made by the weapon when he endeavored to ward off what might have otherwise been a deadly blow. At this juncture in the trial a note was handed to the defendant's counsel. With permission of the court, he read the note, and asked to be excused for a minute or two. He followed to the corridor the man who had handed him the note and speedily returned. At his request the woman was recalled and questioned by him as follows:

"Where were you born, madame?"

"In Paris, I believe."

"Were you ever in Poitou?"

"Never!"

"Were you ever in Brittany?"

"Never!"

"Did you ever know or see a man named Jacques Saupier?"

"I never did!"

"Were you never married to a man of that name?"

"Never!"

"You swear that you were never married to one Jacques Saupier and never saw or knew him?"

"I do so swear."

Counsel turned and, glancing round the audience that filled the courtroom, he cried:

"Jacques Saupier!"

Amid deep silence and with all eyes fixed upon him, a man was seen moving forward from the outskirts of the crowd. He was tall, dark, clean shaven, with a sloping forehead and a receding chin.

"This way, Jacques Saupier!" counsel said, and the stranger moved slowly forward, with his eyes fixed upon the woman. Within three or four feet of her he stood and looked at her with a steady, unflinching gaze. She crouched and turned away her head. Then counsel questioned her.

"Do you know this man?"

"Yes, yes; I do."

"Is this Jacques Saupier?"

"Oh, yes, I believe so."

"Is he your lawful husband?"

"Yes, yes! Oh, let me go!"

"What has become of your paramour, Lacruse?"

"He is in prison for life—dead to me, dead!"

"What has this to do with the case?" the court asked.

"This woman is a criminal," answered the counsel, "and I ask you to detain her on a charge of a double murder, committed 25 years ago."

The complaint against Ducraix was dismissed, and the woman was handed over to the police. The narrative which follows is gathered from a report of the proceedings already mentioned.

Marie Rozan was the associate of a thief, sometimes called Crascras, but whose real name was Lacruse. Early in May, 1873, Lacruse and one Pascot planned a robbery at Lemans, province of Maine, where Pascot had once been employed as a coachman. Marie accompanied them. Pascot was arrested and Lacruse fled and abandoned Marie to her fate. She managed to escape from the neighborhood and wandered on, suffering from want and exposure, until she reached Morlaix in Brittany. She continued on up one of the valleys until she came upon a comfortable homestead, where lived Henri Saupier with his wife and only son. M. Saupier owned some 20 acres of land adjoining his home and was in good circumstances, being considered, in fact, the wealthy man in the district. The son, Jacques, was not particularly bright and had earned a bad reputation in the neighborhood, having twice stolen money from his parents and gone off with it. He was never fond of work, the truth of the matter being that he had been spoiled in the bringing up.

Just before dusk on the evening of May 30, 1873, Saupier sat in the garden smoking. Looking up, he saw a miserably clad woman, standing with her hand on the gate and her eyes directed toward him.

"Wife," said Saupier, calling to Mme. Saupier, who was in the house, "see what this poor woman wants."

Apparently encouraged by the kindly tones of the old man, Marie—for it was she—opened the wicket and entered the garden. To husband and wife she told her story, saying that her name was Marie Rozan, and telling how her father, a fisherman, was drowned, and how her brother was in the navy a great way off, and how she had no friends or relatives, and, being unable to get work, was penniless and starving.

Mme. Saupier took the young tramp in, gave her the means to wash herself, provided her with decent clothes and treated her with the utmost kindness. The wretched outcast was soon transformed into a rosy faced, handsome, cheerful young woman. She won her way into the hearts of the old people by her handiness and diligence, and it was soon understood that she was to stay and receive wages as a domestic. Jacques began before long to cast his eyes on Marie, and, as she was well behaved and industrious, his parents offered no objections. In September of the same year, Jacques and Marie were married and continued to live at the homestead.

Within a month of the wedding, Marie showed her husband a letter, which she said was from her brother, announcing his arrival at Cherbourg.

"Oh, how I should like to see him!" she exclaimed. "It is years since I last saw him."

"Ask him to pay us a visit," the husband said, and so in a short time a dark skinned, fairly good looking young man arrived, whom Marie introduced as her brother, Louis Rozan. Marie embraced him affectionately, and for a week or more they were constantly together, Mme. Saupier relieving her daughter-in-law from much of the household work to enable her to stroll around with her brother. At the end of ten days Louis left, saying that he must return to his ship. On Dec. 1 Marie received a letter from him, saying that his ship was ordered on a long cruise and that he intended to visit her once more before he sailed. On Dec. 15, Jacques informed his wife that a man in sailor garb had met him and told him that Louis had met with an accident and was detained at Morlaix and wanted his sister to come and nurse him. Marie said that she was not well enough to undertake the task, and urged her husband to go and do what he could to help her brother. He readily consented and started for the train at Morlaix the same evening.

The next morning, Dec. 16, some laborers passing the Saupier homestead were surprised to find the place closed and no one about, as usual. Looking around, they saw the hand of a woman waving at an open window. The men entered the garden and found the front door open. They went in and heard groans proceeding from a room up stairs. Ascending, they entered the apartment from which the groans proceeded and found Marie lying on a bed close to the window. She was gagged, and her feet and left arm were bound to the bed. The right arm she had apparently got partially at liberty. The men released her, and she exclaimed:

"They've murdered M. Saupier and his wife!"

Then she went off in a faint. The laborers found in an adjoining room Saupier and his wife lying on the bed, ruthlessly hacked to pieces, the ax which had done the foul deed lying on the floor. While they were gazing on the dreadful scene Marie entered and in a frenzied manner asked:

"Have they murdered my brother too?"

Marie accompanied the men while they searched around. The strong box in which the old man kept a considerable sum of money was open, the key being in the lock. Everything of value was gone. While the search was going on a knocking was heard, proceeding, as it was found, from the stable.

"Oh, that must be my brother!" Marie said. "The murderers must have locked him in the stable."

The stable was found locked, but Marie discovered the key lying on the ground a few feet away. The door was opened, and a young man appeared, whom Marie embraced with much effusion, saying:

"Oh, my dear brother, I was afraid they had killed you too!"

"I heard you scream," he said, "and ran up stairs. I was sleeping on the couch in the kitchen, you know. When I reached your room, I saw two men gagging you, and one of them with a pistol in his hand seized me, forced me down stairs and into the stable and locked me in."

"Yes," Marie said, "I was awakened by a noise in the bedroom occupied by M. Saupier and his wife, and as I was in the act of getting up to see what was the matter two men entered and seized, gagged and bound me. I recognized one of the men as my husband by his voice. I heard him say:

"'I've settled the old folks, and that's all I care for.'

"'I'm sure it was Jacques,' Louis added, 'for in the struggle I tore off the tail of his coat, and here it is.'"

The story told by Jacques Saupier on the trial of Marie presented a very different condition of things. Jacques swore that when he got about half way to Morlaix, which took him some time, as the night was stormy and the roads were bad, he found that he had lost through a hole in his pocket all the money he started with, except a few sous. This fact and the increasing severity of the storm induced him to turn back, and it must have been 11 o'clock when he reached the homestead. To his surprise, he found the door open and a light in the kitchen. As he stood wondering, he saw Louis and Marie coming down the stairs and he slipped into the pantry that opened into the kitchen, which they entered. Louis carried Mr. Saupier's japanned money box and a leathern bag in which Jacques knew his father kept gold of large denominations. Louis said:

"The job's done, and we must clear out."

They talked together in a low tone, and Marie seemed considerably alarmed. Louis said:

"Don't you see that when Jacques finds out that your brother isn't there he'll start back home, and there is no chance such a night as this of any one's having identified him, as all the inns in Morlaix will be closed long before he gets there?"

"Well," said Marie, "but he will say, 'Where is my wife? She must either have been murdered, too, or have had a hand in this?'"

"My God! I never thought of that," Louis said. "Anyhow, we must get off at once and be as far away as possible by daylight."

Louis was in the act of turning his head, when Jacques, to prevent his being discovered, closed the pantry door, leaving only the space of an inch. The door creaked. Louis started, drew a pistol and said in a frightened whisper:

"What was that?"

"It came from the pantry," Marie said.

"Then here goes for it, whatever it may be," said Louis as he raised his pistol.

"For the good Lord's sake, don't fire," Jacques cried, coming from his hiding place.

It was the turn of Louis and Marie to be astonished, but both soon recovered their composure, for they had been together in as bad a fix before and more than once.

"Look here," Louis muttered savagely, "we want no spies upon us. Say your prayers, for in a minute you'll be a dead man."

"Wait and hear me," said Jacques. Then he explained the cause of his unexpected return.

"Now we have you," Louis said. "You, Jacques Saupier, have murdered your father and mother and robbed them. You pretended you were going to Morlaix to see me, because a messenger had brought you word I was ill. That messenger was your accomplice."

"My accomplice?"

"That's it exactly—your accomplice in this double murder. He has escaped. We have got you. After pretending to start for Morlaix, you returned after we—Marie and I—were fast asleep. While you murdered the old man and woman with an ax your accomplice gagged and bound Marie. Then when I was aroused and came up the stairs your accomplice met me with a pistol and drove me into the stable, and you locked me in, removing the key. Then you were about to decamp with the money when I came upon you and shot you—thus!"

He raised the pistol. Jacques fell on his knees and entreated Louis to spare him.

"On one condition," said Louis. "Clear out, decamp, put yourself out of the way forever; never return to this place, leave France. Go straight to Brest and find one Santeur, at the Red Gantlet, on the quay, near the custom house. Say 'I am the friend of Crascas, who desires you to put me across.' He will understand."

Louis opened the leather bag and took out several goldpieces and handed them to Jacques.

"Here," he said, "this will pay your fare. Never set foot in France again, for if you do you will go to the guillotine. Remember, you twice robbed your father before and escaped. This time you won't escape, unless you do as I say."

Jacques was thunderstruck. As already said, he was not over bright, and to him the situation, as described by Louis, was overwhelming. He had robbed his father before. It was well known not only to people around, but to the police also. That would go far to condemn him. Still he hesitated.

"See," said Louis, "here is a piece of your coat which I tore off when I was struggling with you."

Louis exhibited the rag; this settled the case. Louis took the money and departed. He found his way to Brest, discovered the man he wanted and was landed at Jersey. Thence he was transferred to a town on the south coast of England. Later he came to this country and then went to Hongkong, where he managed to make money. Thence he sailed to England and afterward made a journey to South Africa, where he increased his fortune. Next he visited India, and on his way by the Suez canal back to England, landed at Marseilles. It was merely a matter of curiosity that led him into the courtroom, where he recognized in the person of Mme. Ducraix his wife Marie.

The statement as made by Jacques Saupier was corroborated in every particular by Louis Lacruse, released from prison to testify, who gave a full account of the murder of Saupier and his wife just as it happened. As for the messenger, he was a confederate of Louis who used him to get Jacques out of the way. Louis locked himself in the stable and threw the key through a hole in the door. The money was hidden away, and after the funeral of the old people and the failure of the police to trace Jacques, Marie sold all she could sell, and she and Louis departed, not forgetting to take the money with them. Their future career is not necessary to the sequel.

As the judge on the trial of Marie said, the plot to murder the old man and his wife was at once clumsy and shallow, and any ordinary detective ought to have been able to see through it. Marie is undergoing the punishment due to her crimes.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Appropriate.

Assistant—How would you designate a paper devoted to palmistry?

Editor—Call it a hand organ.—Chicago News.

Where There Is No Twilight.

The days and nights at Guayaquil are of equal length. The sun knocks off promptly at 6 o'clock in the evening and gets up at 6 in the morning with equal regularity the whole year around. There is no twilight, no gloaming, no interval whatever between daylight and dark—only a brilliant illumination, the sudden disappearance of a red ball into a blue ocean, a spread of flame color over all the western sky for a few minutes and a purple haze in the east.

Then the surface of the ocean, like the heavens, is lighted with millions of strange and shifting stars, for the water is so impregnated with phosphorous that each tiny wave is tipped with light, and the foam that follows in the wake of the vessel is often like a stream of fire. Sometimes you can see porpoises swimming along the bow of the vessel livid with phosphorescent light and followed by a streak of sparks like a comet's tail.

The Southern Cross, with the right arm tipped out at proper angle, lies straight ahead in the midst of myriads of unknown worlds that look strange to those accustomed to the northern constellations. Under the left arm is a large black spot in the heavens, brightened by only a single modest star, which the sailors call "the devil's dinner bag." Over the stern of the vessel in the early evening you can plainly distinguish the familiar constellation of the Great Bear, but it goes to bed with the children.—Chicago Record.

THE very word "operation" strikes terror to a woman's soul.

Nearly always these operations become necessary through neglect.

If the menses are very painful, or too frequent and excessive, get the right advice at once and stop taking chances. It will cost you nothing for advice if you write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for it, and if you let the trouble run along it will surely cost you a great deal of pain and may mean an operation.

WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS

MISS SARAH J. GRAHAM, Sheridanville, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had suffered for several years with female troubles and doctored until I was discouraged. I felt wretched and tired of living. I had disease of kidneys, bladder trouble, dropsy and bloating, had womb trouble and a large tumor had formed; in fact all my organs were out of fix.

"Seeing a woman's letter praising your remedies, I wrote to her and she begged of me to try it, telling me all that it had done for her. I bought six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now cannot express my gratitude to you. The tumor began to come away in pieces and I got better all the time. I believe now that I am entirely cured.

"My doctors could not believe it at first, as they all had told me that my case was a hopeless one, and no human power could do me any good. They were astounded. If I can say anything that can help other women, I shall be glad to."

It is not safe to wait until the last moment. Head off trouble by prompt attention to it. Don't be satisfied without Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

The Worship of Serpents.

The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its Temple of Serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upward of a thousand serpents of all sizes, which they feed with the birds and frogs brought to them as offerings by the natives.

These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads pointing downward and in all sorts of strange contortions. The priests make the small serpents go through various evolutions by lightly touching them with a rod, but they do not venture to touch the largest ones, some of which are large enough to enfold a bullock in their coils.

It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have the greatest difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punished with death, and if a European were to kill one the authority of the king himself would scarcely suffice to save his life. Any one killing a serpent unintentionally must inform the priest of what has occurred and go through the course of purification which takes place once a year.

Languages Useful to Travelers.

So far as languages are concerned, English is far superior to all the rest and will carry one through nearly every part of the world. Next to that is either French or Spanish. The popular belief that French has a much wider vogue than Spanish is far from accurate, for the latter tongue is spoken in Mexico, in the Central and South American republics, the West Indies, the islands of the Atlantic, on the west coast of Africa, on the African coast from Morocco to the Kongo, by the traders of Macao and the people of the Philippines.

There are Spanish merchants in nearly every city, as well as a Spanish consul and consular agent.

French is spoken in every consulate excepting those of the United States of America, while German is becoming more widely spoken every year and will carry a traveler almost as far as English, this being due to the excellent policy of the empire, which compels every consular official to speak English and practically obliges every commercial traveler to speak the language of the country with which he desires to do business.—New York Telegram.

Birthplace of Queen Margaret.

While her father, Charles of Orleans, was Duke of Angouleme, Margaret of Valois was born within its walls—the sister of Francis I, the grandmother of Henry IV, the Margaret of the "Heptameron," la Marguerite des Marguerites. Ravaillac, the assassin of Henry IV, was also born there, and Jean Louis Balzac—the Balzac of the seventeenth, not of the nineteenth, century—and to match Montaigne, the great essay writer whom Perigueux honors, Angouleme boasts of the great maxim maker, La Rochefoucauld, whose ancestral castle still exists only a few miles away.—Century.

Pangs of Conscience.

"I'm sorry I stole the preserves, ma."

"Ah! Your conscience is troubling you, is it?"

"I don't know exactly. Where is my conscience, ma?"—Yonkers Statesman.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Pretty Lively Fooling.

I was out walking in Kingston, Jamaica, one afternoon, and while on a narrow side street I came upon two black women, each apparently in a towering rage. Each woman's tongue was going at a phenomenal rate, but not a word of their screeching jargon was intelligible to me.

Finally one of the women scooped up a double handful of the ever present Kingston dust and flung it over the other woman with a wild shriek of laughter. The dust covered woman retaliated by taking a tin pan she had in her hand and scooping up a couple of quarts of the dirty water in the gutter by the roadside drenched her assailant with it, while all that part of Kingston resounded with the mad laughter. The two women then closed in on each other and proceeded to engage in a prolonged wrestle, which resulted in both of them falling to the ground, where they rolled over and over in a cloud of dust and finally stood upon their feet, facing each other in a state of dirt and disorder beyond description.

Fearing that they would make a second onslaught on each other and wishing to play the part of peacemaker, I stepped forward and asked:

"What is the trouble?"

Courtesying low, one of the women said in a soft, drawling voice:

"No trouble at all, mastah; we's jess foolin."—Harper's Bazar.

The Only Place to Put Them.

"I say," said a friend the other day, "you are an old hand at it. I have only just got married and don't understand much about the business. I should like to know whether a married man has any rights left when he takes unto himself a wife?"

"Rights? Yes, lots. He has a right to pay all the bills"—

"Stop! I mean this. Let me give you an instance. Every box, every chest of drawers and portmanteau and in fact every available receptacle of every description is stuffed full of my wife's property, and when I want to put away a few cuffs and collars"—

"Hold hard. I know what you mean. Listen, young man. If your bedroom were 200 yards long, lined from the door to the ceiling with shelves, and you wanted a place to stow away a couple of shirts, you couldn't find a nook that wasn't full of hairpins, scent bottles, odd gloves, pieces of ribbon, odd feathers and artificial flowers, little bits of tape and buttons galore, with pins and needles thrown in, so just accept the inevitable. Wrap your personal property in an old newspaper parcel and hide it under the bed."

He grinned ironically, but passed on a sadder and wiser man.—London Tid-Bits.

Fruitless.

"Maria, at last it has come!"

The hitherto careworn face of the middle aged husband had taken on a new brilliancy, and his whole attitude was expressive of some sudden joy.

"Yes," said he triumphantly, "after a lifetime passed in ceaseless endeavor for your sake I am at last rewarded. My invention has been sold and a fortune awaits me. Think, Maria, of what this means to you! You will never have to make me another shirt or cravat as long as you live!"

His wife looked at him with reproachful glance.

"James," she said tenderly, "I hope I shall never be too proud for that. No matter, James, how rich you shall be it will always be my greatest pleasure and privilege to make your shirts and ties."

Her husband did not reply, but a few moments later, alone in his own room, he bowed his head over his clasped hands and muttered in bitter anguish:

"Alas, the labor of a lifetime spent for naught!"—Town Topics.

Nature's Color Box.

Onions, from leeks to Bermudas, are bleaching to the skin, and so are lemons, asparagus and celery. Spinach is the broom of the stomach, as the French say, and sorrel, in soup of puree, as they cook it in the provinces and at the students' restaurants in the Latin quarter, is a great beautifier. Dandelion, lettuce and all the salads will bring out the red and white tints of the skin.

Beets, carrots, tomatoes, strawberries, raspberries, cherries and blackberries are red and bloodmaking, developing infantile loveliness in cheeks and lips if eaten, not now and then, but three times a day. This is the fruit cure or garden of Eden breakfast, and it will be remembered that Eve had no patent medicines, cosmetics or doctors.

Pineapple is good for the stomach and air passages. Rice, all cereals and white vegetables, such as cauliflower and parsnips, are wholesome. But pickles and pie crust, hot cakes and too many sweets will make one look pasty, because they lack the acids and salts which nature needs to cleanse her machinery. Oil she must have, too, from the olive and nut, to keep the internal wheels revolving.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 8.

Text of the Lesson, Est. iii, 1-11. Memory Verses, 5, 6—Golden Text, Rom. viii, 31—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1899, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. "After these things did King Ahasuerus promote Haman, the son of Hammedatha, the Agagite, and advanced him and set his seat above all the princes that were with him." This wicked man and other wicked men, placed in positions of power and authority, make us think of Dan. iv, 17, "The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men and giveth it to whomsoever He will and setteth up over it the basest of men." We have seen in the book of Ezra how the enemies of God and His people were permitted to prosper up to a certain point, but were in due time overcome. In this book of Esther we see the enemy prospering wonderfully for a time, but sudden and fearful was his downfall.

2. "And all the king's servants that were in the king's gate bowed and reverenced Haman, for the king had so commanded concerning him, but Mordecai bowed not nor did him reverence." Here is a man who, like Daniel and his friends, fears not the face of man because he fears God, and to an enemy of God he will not bow, let the result be what it may. Because of Amalek's rebellion against God and His people it had been determined to blot out the remembrance of him from under heaven (Ex. xvii, 16; Deut. xxv, 17-19). Had Mordecai bowed to Haman he would have done so to an enemy of God, and this he would not do.

3. "Then the king's servants which were in the king's gate said unto Mordecai, Why transgressest thou the king's commandment?" These servants knew no king but Ahasuerus. Like the Jews in the time of Christ, they would say, We have no king but Caesar (John xix, 15). How many who bear the name of Christian would have to confess if they spoke truly? O Lord, our God, other Lords besides thee have dominion over us (Isa. xxvi, 13). Many there are who continually break the first commandment, Thou shalt have no other gods before me (Ex. xx, 3). Mordecai could truthfully say: The Lord is my lawgiver, the Lord is my judge, the Lord is my king. He will save me (Isa. xxxiii, 22).

4. "Now, it came to pass, when they spake daily unto him and he hearkened not unto them, that they told Haman to see whether Mordecai's matters would stand, for he had told them that he was a Jew." Mordecai was established and therefore unmoved by the continual words of the king's servants. He believed God, for that is the only way to be established (II Chron. xx, 20; Isa. vii, 9). The word for us is, Be ye therefore steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord (I Cor. xv, 58). We should say with Paul: With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment. He that judgeth me is the Lord (I Cor. iv, 3, 4).

5. "And when Haman saw that Mordecai bowed not nor did him reverence then was Haman full of wrath." Just so did Nebuchadnezzar act when Daniel's friends bowed not to him. It is all of satan when any one wants to be worshiped or reverenced instead of giving all the glory to God. He wanted even the Son of God to worship him (Math. iv, 9), and his followers have the same spirit, making out that they are some great ones to whom others must bow down (Acts v, 36; viii, 9). This spirit, which has been so fully seen since they said at Babel, Let us make us a name (Gen. xi, 4), shall be finally and most fully seen in the antichrist, or man of sin, or lawless one of the last days (Dan. xi, 36, 37; II Thess. ii, 4, 8, etc.).

6. "And he thought scorn to lay hands on Mordecai alone, * * * wherefore Haman sought to destroy all the Jews." Death is the devil's weapon (Hab. ii, 14). Therefore Cain killed Abel, Pharaoh killed the male children of Israel, Herod killed the babes in Bethlehem, and so it goes and will go till the last enemy, death, shall be destroyed (I Cor. xv, 26). It is the nature of the wicked to watch the righteous and seek to slay him, but the Lord will not suffer it unless it is for the highest good and greatest glory of the righteous (Ps. xxxvii, 32, 33).

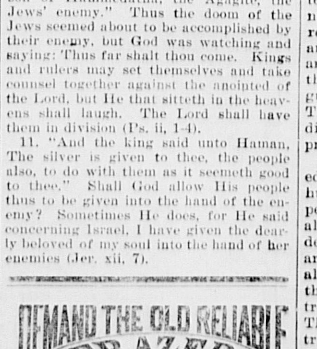
7. It would seem from this verse, when compared with chapter ix, 24, that for about a year Haman was plotting and planning the destruction of the Jews. It is said of the wicked that they devise mischief upon their beds and set themselves in a way that is not good (Ps. xxxvi, 4). It is bad enough when enemies speak evil of us, whisper together against us and devise our hurt, but it is worse if those who were our familiar friends turn against us, yet even that is but a phase of our fellowship with Christ (Ps. xli, 5-9; John xv, 20, 21).

8. "And Haman said unto King Ahasuerus, There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of the kingdom, and their laws are diverse from all people; neither keep they the king's laws. Therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them." Thus were the Jews slandered to the king when the temple was being builded (Ez. vi, 12, 13). The testimony against Paul and Silas was, These men, being Jews, do exceedingly trouble our city and teach customs which are not lawful for us to receive, neither to observe, being Romans (Acts xvi, 20, 21). But nothing was ever said about any one quite so bad as that which our Lord's enemies said about Him, the pure and holy Lamb of God.

9. "If it please the king, let it be written that they may be destroyed, and I will pay 10,000 talents of silver to the hands of those that have the charge of the business to bring it into the king's treasuries." What a truly devilish plot this was to destroy thousands of people so as to be avenged upon Mordecai!

10. "And the king took his ring from his hand and gave it unto Haman, the son of Hammedatha, the Agagite, the Jews' enemy." Thus the doom of the Jews seemed about to be accomplished by their enemy, but God was watching and saying: Thus far shalt thou come. Kings and rulers may set themselves and take counsel together against the anointed of the Lord, but He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh. The Lord shall have them in division (Ps. ii, 1-4).

11. "And the king said unto Haman, The silver is given to thee, the people also, to do with them as it seemeth good to thee." Shall God allow His people thus to be given into the hand of the enemy? Sometimes He does, for He said concerning Israel, I have given the dearly beloved of my soul into the hand of her enemies (Jer. xii, 7).



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Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., the most successful of all woman's physicians, is the best adviser of sick and ailing women. He invites women to write him freely about their cases, without money and without price. Thousands of women by seeking his sympathy and advice have been restored to health, and no suffering woman should neglect this sure means of cure, but write at once for his advice and counsel.

Woman's Prayer for Health Answered by Dr. Greene's Nervura

OFFICIAL PAUL PRYS.

POSTAL SNEAK THIEVES OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Delicate Methods Employed by Them In Opening Letters—With a Little Patience They Overcome Gum, Sealing Wax or Metal Fastener.

The incident which occurred in the French chamber concerning the violation of the secrecy of a letter addressed to M. Delcasse by a high official of the ministry of marine has stirred the public, which is surprised that such proceedings take place under the third republic. Created in 1830, the cabinet noir was a permanent office under Louis Philippe and Napoleon III, who used and abused it in order to learn the political secrets of their opponents. It was generally believed by the public that the office had long been suppressed by the present government. But after the incident mentioned those who still believe in the secrecy of the post, of the telegraph or of the telephone exhibit an incredible credulity which is extremely rare at this fin de siecle. Those who are so imprudent as to write their inmost thoughts concerning any politician in power will be wise no longer to imagine that a letter which arrives at its destination apparently unopened has not been read by a third party. As is well known, it is also easy for an official to learn the secrets of the telephone by applying his ear to the receivers at the central office, and by so doing to intercept phrases which are both instructive and amusing. It now appears that the postoffice officials also give themselves up to the delicate pleasure of satisfying their curiosity.

They employ 20 different methods in order to assuage their professional inquisitiveness. If an envelope is closed in the ordinary manner by a thin layer of gum, they have the choice of two systems—when the paper is tough and strong they slip with great precaution a very thin but not cutting blade between the two gummed parts, and with a little practice they are soon able to separate the paper without any tear; when the envelope is thin and brittle they open it by the primitive and homely means of steam. These proceedings are extremely simple, and the correspondence of many masters and mistresses has often been slyly treated in the same way by an inquisitive domestic. This industry requires very little skill, and the only capital necessary is a small amount of patience. The more suspicious individuals fasten their letters with sealing wax and imagine that they are consequently perfectly safe from any surreptitious attack. The officials of the cabinet noir, however, are not so easily defeated. By judiciously bending and twisting the part of the paper surrounding the seal they gradually detach the latter, which finally remains unbroken in their hands with a very thin layer of paper adhering to it. After examining the contents of the letter they replace the seal intact at the exact place which it previously occupied, and both the sender and receiver of the letter remain in blissful ignorance of their maneuvers.

Other correspondents, even more suspicious, are not satisfied with gum and wax, but supplement them by a small metal fastener, which is guaranteed by its inventor to render any tampering with a letter impossible. This, although its efficacy is far from that promised by the stationers, certainly complicates the work of the intruding official. He rises to the circumstance, however, and after carefully removing the stamp and making a cross cut on the square from which it has been removed he introduces a small steel instrument with a special hook at the extremity. This hook grips a corner of the letter, and by carefully twisting the sheet round the stem of the instrument it can be finally extracted without any apparent injury. If by chance the note paper is refractory and cannot be twisted owing to its stoutness, the operator cuts the entire length of one side of the envelope. The contents are easily obtained in this manner, but the reclosing of the envelope requires much delicacy of workmanship and is, in fact, almost worthy of an artist. About a millimeter of each of the cut edges is carefully folded inward, gummed and pressed together until dry. This phase of the work, although rather difficult to a novice, is soon acquired by practice.

There are many other tricks employed, some of which speak volumes for human ingenuity. It sometimes happens, nevertheless, that a letter baffles all the skill and experience of the entire department. In that case their means are rough and ready—they suppress it altogether. The exterior appearance of the letter addressed to M. Delcasse betrayed the work of the Cabinet Noir. This proves not lack of skill of those intrusted with such an important but underhand duty, but simply negligence.—London Globe.

The Shiphouse.

An interesting landmark of Germantown, Pa., is the "Ship House," in Main street, above Washington lane, a short distance from the battlefield of Germantown. The building received its odd name on account of a plaster of paris model of a ship which has been on the lower gable of the house from time immemorial. This model is supposed to have been placed there by a former owner, a sea captain. The rear of the building was the first hall in Germantown and was used for prayer meetings and singing schools. The front part was erected about 1760, and the hall was built afterward.

A Name.

"Why do you call your house The Blockhead?"

"Simply because it is the first in our row."—Boston Courier.

A Baboo Pleader's Eloquence.

The following is given as a specimen of a baboo pleader's eloquence:

My learned friend, with mere wind from a teapot, thinks to browbeat me from my legs. But this is mere gorilla warfare. I stand under the shoes of my client and only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your honor's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet anchors of my case. Your honor will be pleased enough to observe that my client is a widow, a poor chap with one post mortem son. A widow of this country, your honor will be pleased enough to observe, is not like a widow of your honor's country. A widow of this country is not able to eat more than one meal a day, or to wear clean clothes, or to look after a man. So my poor client had not such physic or mind as to be able to assault the lusty complainant."

Proceeding, the pleader said his learned friend had thrown only "an argument ad hominy" upon his teeth that his client's witnesses were all her own relations. But he continued:

"Their relationship is only homeopathic. So the misty arguments of my learned friend will not hold water. At least they will not hold good water. Then, my learned friend has said that there is on the side of his client a respectable witness—viz, a pleader—and since this witness is independent, so he should be believed. But, your honor, with your honor's vast experience, is pleased enough to observe that truthfulness is not so plentiful as blackberries in this country. And I am sorry to say, though this witness is a man of my own feathers, that there are in my profession black sheep of every complexion, and some of them do not always speak gospel truth. The witness cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush. So, trusting in that administration of British justice on which the sun never sits, I close my case.—Westminster Gazette.

Russia and Religious Liberty.

The only dissenters that the Orthodox church has ever tolerated with any degree of good will have been the actual pagans from the frozen north and the Mohammedans. Neither of these can be charged with the crime of attempting to pervert others from the Orthodox faith. To speak plainly, the vaunted toleration of the Russian government has always been of a peculiar character. No dissenting body has suffered more than the Uniats, and yet they differ from their Orthodox brethren only in acknowledging the supremacy of the pope of Rome. M. Leroy-Beaulieu tells us that "everything was put in operation against them—fines, imprisonment, flogging, confiscation of their property, exile and torture." We are a Protestant people, and the martyrdom of the Uniat church appealed but slightly to British sympathies. It is otherwise with the martyrdom of the reforming bodies.

About the same time (1877) as the Uniat persecution, the persecution of the Stundists began and has continued, increasing in cruelty, to the present day. The Stundists are, roughly speaking, 250,000 of peasants; the Jews are 5,000,000 or 6,000,000. Mr. Thompson tells the pitiful tale of Jew baiting with sympathy and moderation. Here the Russian government have appealed to what is worst in human nature, and though they have escaped being sent to Coventry by the French and English Hebrew capitalists they have not escaped economic punishment. The harrying of the Jews is generally admitted to be one of the causes of the growth of poverty of the Russian people. M. Ewera mentions that, after the expulsion of the Jews from Moscow, the rate of interest in private pawnshops rose from 25 to 200 per cent per annum.—Academy.

A New Way to Propel a Boat.

To be alone in a boat which is in the very middle of a great lake, and to have neither oars nor any sort of substitute for oars with which to propel that boat to shore, would seem about as awkward a predicament as could well be imagined. But should there happen to be a coil of rope lying in the bottom of the boat, and provided that this short article has been read there should be no need for despair.

Tie the rope to the after thwart and give a series of jerks in a direction parallel to the keel and the boat will begin to move forward, slowly indeed, but surely. And this is the explanation: The tug on the rope contracts the length of the boat and makes its sides bulge out. When the rope slackens for a moment, the boat regains its normal form, and in so doing there is a push of the nose of the boat forward and of the stern of the boat backward, but the water offers less resistance to the motion forward of the bow than of the stern. So, on the whole, with each jerk there is a slight progress forward. By continuing the series of jerks long enough the boat may be brought to shore. A speed of two or three miles per hour can be obtained by this means. Try the experiment when you are next on a fair sized piece of smooth water.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Critic Answered.

An acute critic calls attention to what he styles an inelegance in a leading article of The Pilot. It is that in which the following sentence occurs: "And Paul said, 'But I was born so.'" We are sorry it is inelegant, but it must stand as it is, for it happens to be the exact words of the New Testament, chapter xxii, verse 28, of the Acts of the Apostles. The Pilot never tries to improve upon the language of holy writ. Some afternoon when we have reformed all the wrongs in the world and pointed out all the faults of all our neighbors for their reformation we may sit down and revise the New Testament, but it will not be this year nor next year. Somewhere along about 1998 we shall inaugurate these important reforms.—Boston Pilot.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 2, 1899.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.50, 7.10, 7.55, 2.25, 8.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 7.35, 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Supt.

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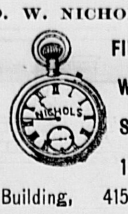

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Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
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IT IS TIME
To commence to take some kind of Spring Medicine to brace up after the cold and sickness of Winter, and prepare for the languor and weakness of early Spring. Try
Nervo-Celery Compound.
We make it. It has proved a success. It costs 50 cents.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

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Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
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Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
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MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street. WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 430 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE SINGERS.

He struck his harp a sounding stroke,
And high in heaven the music rang;
The echoes in the skies awoke
Fluting the mighty note he sang.

And no one paused to greet his thought;
Life was too swift and love too sweet;
He sang his lofty stave for naught,
The throng went by with hurrying feet.

But one who loitered by the way,
Who wore no singing robe at all,
Lifted a warble light and gay
As a child's laugh, a throstle's call.

And half beneath the breath his strain
Seemed full of tunes all men had heard
Long, long ago, sweet falls of rain,
The love song of the mating bird.

The rustling leaf, the murmuring dove,
They heard in that melodious sigh;
The whisper of first trembling love
They heard and their first lullaby.

Within their hearts they sang his lay
Again. They kissed his garment's hem
And threw their laurels in his way
That he might set his feet on them.
—Harriet Prescott Spofford in Independent.

The Doctor of the Swamp

The Swamp Swallowed the Locomotive, and the Lake Swallowed the Swamp.

BY MORLEY ROBERTS.

Copyright.

It was undoubtedly a swamp.

"There ain't no shadder of a doubt of it," said the railroad men when they cut sods from the moss with short handled shovels.

North of them stretched the mighty prairies, not yet yielding corn, for half a thousand miles. Beyond the prairie lay the muskeg, the barren lands of northern Canada, haunt of the red eyed, matted musk ox, of the moose and caribou.

South was Lake Superior, a silver green sea, quiet, unruffled and tremendous. Upon its shores thousands of men were working at the making of a railroad, part of Britain's steel girdle round the world.

But now it was on the anvil, and the nature of things was bucking against the intention of man, and every now and again Fate pipped a card played by the engineers, and this happened sometimes just as the C. P. R. man was reaching out his hand to collar the stakes.

"A swamp, it is true," said the surveyor, "but nothing serious. Let the engineers look to it."

They shifted ahead and measured the rotund earth and left the swamp behind them. And a spell of dry weather took the engineers in. It even took Archer in, who was not truly an engineer, but a man who understood things generally and often was hardest driving when he was as invisible as steam in the cylinder.

"Get on, get on," said Archer, who was a real chunk of millstone grit, originally from Yorkshire and Americanized till he bit like a file into any opposition.

"I just mean having it done," was Archer's motto, and it was forever in his mouth.

"He meant having it done" should be his epitaph and perhaps will be by and by when it gets done finally.

So when the swamp spread out he jumped on it and declared decisively that it wasn't a swamp at all, or, if it was, it wasn't much of a one. And if it was much of a one he didn't care.

"The railroad goes over it," said Archer, for he wanted that section through, and in his mind was the notion of the driving of the last spike, which represents heavenly attainment and paradise to railroad men.

And the railroad did go over it, and then Archer said:

"I told you so. Hurry up, now; hurry up."

As everybody had been hurrying up till the horizon danced the men grunted a little. And Archer slid east on a train on business and wasn't back for three days. As he returned it rained in a gentle, insinuating way, good for crops and soothing to the farmer's mind, as it was a long time from harvest. But it did not soothe Archer, who wanted nice, dry, warmish weather, as he knew men, if they worked at all, never worked as well in rain, for when a man is thinking about himself it takes his mind away from his shovel, and he who would shift 15 cubic yards of "dirt" in ten hours will come down to shifting only 12 or less.

He got out at Nepijon.

"It's a bit damp, Mr. Archer," said a man loafing there on the platform.

"Humph!" said Archer.

"And they do say there ain't no railroad on that swampy patch," said the Nepijon man.

"What?"

"No railroad on that swamp piece, I said," returned Nepijon, spitting. "Gone through!"

"The deuce!" cried Archer, and, going to his office, he found a few telegrams, reading:

1. "Swamp looks very shaky."
2. "Swamp too soft. Can hardly run the gravel train over it."
3. "Road gone in. Locomotive gone with it. Wire instructions."

Archer went outside and shook his fist at Nature and swore a little very softly and a little not loud and, getting on the locomotive with the engineer, went like the wind on a visit of inspection.

"I own it freely," said the man, with his hand on the lever as the engine fled west like a squattering duck. "I own it freely, Mr. Archer, but I never had no confidence in that swamp."

"Nor me," said the fireman.

The engineer shut his left side subordinate up with a frown of surprise which was like a blow with a clinker rake.

"You didn't, eh?" said Archer. "And why not?"

"Waal, Mr. Archer, it's this way," returned the engineer: "I felt that she didn't trust it. And when a man's engine don't trust the road, but gets on a nervous tremulation, like a horse on a plank bridge that's bendy, a man hasn't the proper confidence neither."

"Humph!" growled Archer.

"That's so," said the engineer as he peered ahead through the rain, which was now coming down "kersplosh."

The lake was lost under a black squall, but here and there it showed a thunderous green, like live swamp, green and mucky, in hard dried fen. The road's ditches were full of water, and so were the drain culverts running athwart the road.

"It's got to be tried with all weathers," said the engineer, who was rather religious. "The Almighty says that about all things, Mr. Archer, and railroads ain't no exception and haven't no especial gifts of grace. It's good works put the railroad through. We find salvation on the bedrock."

But Archer had no love for theology then or at any time, and he growled.

"Here we are, sir," said the sententious man at the lever.

They pulled up at a bit of a wayside shanty that is now a dandy station, and Archer lit off the locomotive into a puddle.

He found a gang of melancholy makers of railroads awaiting his coming. They looked very much ashamed of themselves.

"So you've let her through, have you?" cried Archer reproachfully.

And Scott, the chief of them, nodded. The others nodded, too, like automatic Chinese mandarins.

"We've let her through, sir," said Scott; "that's a fact."

Archer nipped him by the arm just above the elbow.

"Come in and let's have a look," said Archer. And he went out of the shelter into the rain.

Behind them tailed the gang of subdued subordinates. A dozen of the men came out of their tents and followed.

"Think bully Archer can cure her?" asked one.

"He's a rustler."

"Rustles us."

"And himself, sonny. But this yer swamp! Dr. Archer can cure swamps and give new life and tone to the whole railroad system of the C. P. R. Do not delay till it is too late. Mention this advertisement."

The tail of Archer's group laughed at the joker. But Archer overheard, for he had ears.

"You heard that?" he said to Scott. "Young Wade is saying I'm the swamp doctor. If so, it's my first case."

They came down to the creek or little river which bounded the swamp. The bridge was wrecked, and the rails gradually disappeared into bubbling slime on the far side of the water. And right across the swamp which now glimmered in pools lay a broad band of this same black slime, marking where the road to the Rockies and beyond had once been.

"Oh, British Columbia!" said Archer to himself; "oh, British Columbia, must you wait?"

He spoke out.

"So the gravel train went through?"

"Yes," said Scott, with the curt American affirmative, "it did so."

"Then she's deep?"

"She is so," said Scott, pulling his mustache.

"We'll report this when we've cured it," said Archer. "Oh, hang this rain! How shall we cure it?"

Scott put the end of his mustache into his mouth and chewed it.

"Mr. Archer, it's my opinion that it was a mistake to take this line. It would have paid us to go up yonder."

"Extra miles cost dollars, Mr. Scott," snapped Archer, "and never mind about the ought. What's to be done now? For I just mean having it done, and that settles it."

He sat down on a baulk of pine lying on the ground and motioned Scott to sit beside him. The others retreated.

"He says 'he just means having it done,'" said Charley Wade. "He's a tough, isn't he? I'll bet drinks he does it too."

And he and his crowd argued all the way back to camp.

"A swamp can be drained," said Archer.

"This one drains itself," replied Scott. "We're sitting beside the drain now."

"Then we want another."

"I don't see how it's to be done, sir."

"I just mean having it done!" cried Archer. "But for raising difficulties give me your expert. This man who knows too much knows too little."

"And the man who knows too little often knows too much, sir," said Scott sharply.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Archer. "I'll cure this swamp or bust. It's late now and getting dark, and I'm wet to the skin. But tomorrow I'll go through this swamp and fix it. I tell you I mean having it done. Think it out, Scott. I'll give a month's pay to any man who makes a feasible suggestion, whether it works or not."

He went back to the camp and staid by himself, sweating over the swamp problem, while the crew of engineers and the men argued till the night fell on the lake and the vast fertile northern prairie. And it rained mightily till dawn, when the sky cleared in the east and the sun came up from Ontario to see how the work got on.

It found little Archer sitting over his swamp, thinking it out, and went on to inspect the Rocky Mountain division, where 10,000 human ants strove among the great hills. And when the sun came round again it still saw the man who meant having it done sitting over his swamp, thinking it out.

He called all the engineers up one after the other and found them fixed in cursing the surveyors for having struck this swamp in fine, dry weather. But none of them had any notion of clearing up the difficulty without delay.

"I mean having it done and without any more waste of time," he said to Charley Wade, who was as bright as the best of them. "If this swamp stays, there's a reason for it. What is it, Wade?"

"It's not so much above the lake level, sir," said Charley, "and maybe there's a connection between the two."

"Come here," said Archer, and he walked the young fellow far down the bank of the creek. "Isn't this a good enough drain?"

"Only it don't drain it," answered Wade.

And then Archer clipped him tight by the shoulder.

"I've got it, Wade. Look at the creek and read it and tell me what you read."

Wade knitted his clear young brows and stared at the black and gloomy stream. But he read nothing.

"You see nothing?" laughed Archer. "Then I'll show you engineers what's wrong. I told you I meant having it done, and when I say so something's got to give. Go and get me the boat up here from the shore. You'll find me here when you get back."

And while Wade ran for the boat Archer strode alongside to the camp.

"Give me an iron rod," he demanded of the storekeeper, "and let me have it quick. One ten feet long, and stiff at that. Steal it, take it, get it, man alive!"

And as he stood waiting he looked back between the steel rails running east past Nemagosenda, Metagama and Nipissing till they struck the Ottawa river and went through under the crowned city of Ottawa to Montreal. And westward, westward lay the mighty mountains, and beyond them was the sea.

"Let us get our bit done, my men," said the doctor of the swamp. "Oh, I just mean getting it done!"

The storekeeper came hurriedly, trying not to run for the sake of his dignity and hardly daring to walk while the half tamed bear, Archer, danced on the hot plate of his desire.

So Archer snatched a long clearing rod from the hands of his man and, with it over his shoulder, started back for his sick spot in the railroad, like a thick set little surgeon handling a probang and hungering for enlightenment, for he was more like a surgeon than a doctor, and no dilettante or mere fumbler at that.

"I'll drain you," he said savagely. "I'll give you beans. I'll rake up your vitals, my precious swallower of locomotives. I'll make you a mud spot and scrape you dry with a shovel."

His eyes brightened, and he walked with a swing. Three deep lines betwix his eyes were now two, and if his diagnosis of this swamp disease were but accurate he would smooth out these to a single crease.

He got back to his drain, the slow and dismal creek, and saw Charley Wade in the distance coming up from the lake in a rotten shell called a boat.

"Step light or you'll step through, sir," said Charley. "She's a basket and as crazy as a state asylum."

"Was it easy rowing up, Wade?" asked the little bear, handling his rod like a harpoon.

"Easier up here than below," said Wade, and the bear grunted joyfully.

"And still she tells you nothing?"

Wade looked up chopfallen.

"Not a word, sir."

"You came through a place where it was a bit weedy, eh?"

"I did," said Wade.

"Let her drift," said Archer, like a bear when he smells honey.

And he let his iron hang deep in the water, but found no bottom.

"I'm on mud," said the boss, and he stood up.

"Let her drift," he said sharply, and he jabbed into thick ooze.

"Not yet," he growled. "Go lower."

Again he jabbed at the under earth, and the rod went deeper.

"Ugh!" said the boss, and there were three lines between his half closed eyes.

"Oh, a yard more!" he cried to Wade, and then he rammed again at the earth and struck a rib. The divining rod rang.

"Oh, I've got it!" said the surgeon, and the world was a happy place for him that moment. "I touched her—oh, I touched her! Ribs o' rock!"

Wade opened his eyes and understood.

"Hurrah!" he cried.

"You read her now?" said Archer, with the open brows of a child.

"She's A, B, C," laughed Wade, and the boss and the boy shook hands.

What greater joy than to circumvent the ancient, cunning earth! The Maker of Things and the builder can declare it. Let those of a city's meaner joys and those who play their little wills against a brother ant's brains laugh if they will, but they are nothing in the scales of Fate when God holds the balance and sets against their golden plumpness some natural lord of the open air.

"Say nothing about this, Wade; not a word," cried Archer. "Some of you think I'm nothing but a whip and spur."

"Not I," said Wade. "I told 'em."

"Lemme ashore," cried Archer, "and take your boat back."

He marched to the camp triumphant, holding his hat in his hand.

"Send me quick three rock men, with drills and dynamite," he cried east. "And this is private," he added to the operator ticking the message.

And early next morning he had three lads of metal drilling under water into a rib of the earth.

"There's nothing in it," said Scott, a bit sulky at being dispossessed of the initiative by this brigadier who believed he saw the enemy's weak spot.

"There'll be dynamite in it," said Wade to himself. "And grumpy Archer's in it, and he's a whale at things."

And grumpy Archer growled and swore and tramped and stamped and walked round and round his swamp and up and down it and waited for the crisis and the proof. Between his eyes came other lines, and they were crisscrossed with other wrinkles.

"I'll rake your insides out," he told the swamp that regarded him with fat, black contempt and stood in ooze. "I'll rake and scrape you and make dry peat of you and get my locomotive back."

The lads drilling went at it steadily, and when one hole was made under the dark water Archer ordered another.

"I'll give you pills, my boy," he told his sick railroad, "and fetch you out hale and hearty."

He sat watching the men work, one of them turning the drill stolidly and the others striking.

"Keep the hole up and down. Don't go out of the rib," said Archer. "It's not so big across."

All who were doing nothing came down to look at the operation, and they made bets for and against, according as they believed in Archer or in Scott.

"A dollar he does!"

"And a dollar he doesn't!"

"Fifty dollars I do!" said Archer. "I just mean having it done."

And next morning early they put in the dynamite cartridges, tailed like fizzing comets, with Bickford's fuse.

"Set 'em going," said the doctor, and all hands sat back to watch for geyser spouts in the creek.

And presently the crack came, and the water heaved, and a rock lump leaped in foam.

"Bully for our side!" said Wade, jumping. "I'll double my bet."

And now the creek was lined with men who watched it in doubt that soon was doubt no more.

"She's moving!" yelled Wade, and the others cheered. For the current of the stream was swift. Archer with his rod, was jabbing for that earth rib, and found it no more. The ancient accumulation of weed and wreck and ooze piled up against it began to go, and the stream moved swifter and swifter as it cut its way into the earth. And as it moved it sank inch by inch.

"Have I done it?" asked the doctor.

"It looks like it," said Scott, "and I own you've beaten me. She's draining—draining fast."

"Let's go up higher," said Archer. "Where's my locomotive?"

He set men by the place of blasting, and as the creek fell they cheered the way for it. He piled them into the water with their shovels, and the swamp went out into the lake and made a black, broadening band in the silvery waters lapping on their beach.

"I'll teach you," said Archer to the enemy; "I'll teach you! Give me back my locomotive!"

And presently they saw the engine show itself above the sinking ooze, and from both sides of the swamp the length of three long rails was visible.

"A bit of sun," said Archer, "will make it peat. I'm wanted east just now. Hurry up, hurry up."

And the man who meant having it done went back to do something else.—New York Press.

Made Him Sing Bass.

"What man has done man can do," is a good motto, but it needs to be interpreted in the light of common sense. Every now and then we hear of a man who takes it to mean that a little perseverance will make a Newton or a Beethoven out of the stupidest of us.

Here is a story connected with Liddell, the somewhat overpositive dean of Christ church, borrowed from The Spectator:

Dr. Corfe, the organist of Christ church, was at this time sorely plagued by one of the choirmen, whose alto singing was miserably bad. He came to the dean.

"Mr. Dean, I really cannot have that man singing any longer. He spoils the whole choir. If only he sang bass it would not so much matter, but such an alto is intolerable."

"Very well, Dr. Corfe," said the dean, "I will deal with the matter."

So the choirman was sent for.

"Dr. Corfe complains of your singing and says he cannot have you singing alto any longer, but that it would not be so bad if you sang bass. For the future, therefore, be good enough to sing bass."

"But, Mr. Dean, I cannot sing bass," rejoined the man.

"Well," answered Liddell, "I am no musician, but sing bass you must. Good morning."

And for many a year afterward, as can be but too well remembered, the man sang bass till he was finally shelved.

Makes Artificial Eyes.

Tucked away in quaint old world corners we find some of the most odd personages. Such is the great artificial eye maker and painter, A. Muller Hipper. In quaint Lauscha, in the very heart of old Thuringen's dense forests and high mountains, he sits and works away day in and day out, surrounded by his family, the male members of which are all experts in this delicate work and have been such since the days of his great-grandfather, who first started the work in Paris, but who, owing to the strong anti-German feeling, was forced to return to his native mountain land. They have grown rich, but lead simple, quiet lives.

While the writer sat in front of Mr. Hipper he deftly mixed different colored glasses over his gas lamp and within half an hour brought forth a perfect reproduction, in everything but real sight, of the writer's eye. Every year thousands of eyes made by this old world family find their way to America.—Leslie's Weekly.

Every Dinner's a Feast

if the dessert is made from Keystone Silver White Gelatine. An almost unlimited variety of desserts can be made from it—jellies, charlottes, puddings and sherbets—every one daintily delicious, wholesomely light and delicate. And all are so easily and quickly prepared, and the results are so sure, that the making affords as much pleasure as the eating.

KEYSTONE SILVER WHITE GELATINE

is the purest gelatine that can be made, and the most economical to use. It goes further than any other and requires least time and no trouble to prepare it.

Ask your grocer for it; if he cannot supply you send us his name and we will mail you a sample package (makes one pint of jelly) and recipes by the leading cooks of the country.

Full size box mailed for 15 cents.

Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, Mich.

HE STILL USES TOBACCO.

Yet His Wife Made a Faithful Effort to Reform Him.

"It will only be necessary for you to drop about half a teaspoonful of the mixture into his cup of coffee each morning," the circular said, "and the taste for tobacco will gradually depart from him. He may not cease the use of tobacco immediately, but within a week he will begin to abhor tobacco if the mixture is given to him faithfully every morning."

And so the young wife sent her little $2 on and got a flagon of the tobacco cure.

"Pretty bum coffee this morning," he remarked dryly the first time she dropped the half teaspoonful of the mixture into his cup.

"It's the same as we've been using right along," she replied craftily.

Now, lo and behold, he was a pretty smooth proposition himself, and he had, unbeknownst to her, seen the package holding the flagon of agin tobacco mixture when it was delivered.

So after dinner that evening he produced a large, bulky package of fine cut from his pocket and took therefrom a plenteous chew of tobacco. It was the first chew he had ever taken in her presence, and she marveled greatly thereat, but she determined to persist with the "treatment."

"Dead rank chicory again this morning, isn't it?" he inquired at breakfast the next morning.

"I'm sure it tastes the same to me," she replied.

That evening after dinner he produced a short, black clay pipe and a package of a new kind of tobacco that was as black as the groundwork of a Jolly Roger.

"Thought I'd bring this old dudeen up from the office," he explained cheerily. "It's as sweet as a nut."

Whereupon he filled the house with the aroma of punk that was strong enough to break rock.

"This grocery person who gets all of my wages is certainly doing us on the coffee game," he remarked when he tasted his cup the next morning.

"Really," she said, gazing innocently at the 10 cent bunch of asters in the middle of the table, "I can't detect any difference."

"And yet there are low foreheads who don't believe that all women aren't actresses," said he to himself on the way to his office that morning.

That evening he brought home a box of auction stogies, and after he had smoked one of them after dinner all of the people in the neighboring flats stuffed cotton in the hall door keyholes and closed the hall transoms.

"I must persist, though," thought his baffled little wife gloomily.

"Coffee tastes like stewed gunny sacks again this morning," he remarked at the next breakfast. She felt a bit sorry for him, but she was determined to use up that flagon of agin tobacco if she had to chloroform him and pour it down his throat.

That evening, however, her resolution deserted her.

After dinner, for the first time to her knowledge, he pulled out a package of cigarettes, lit one and began to smoke it.

She went up stairs, poured out the remaining portion of her $2 worth of agin tobacco and carefully hid the bottle.

"Coffee's all right this morning," said he at breakfast the next day.

"Yes," she inquired absently.

When he had finished his dinner that evening, he lighted one of his usual brand of good cigars.

"Men are mysterious to me," she thought, regarding him out of the tail of her eye.

"Women only think they're foxy," he thought, blowing heavy smoke rings into the swiss curtains.—Washington Post.

Ingersoll on Clover.

The late Colonel Ingersoll once sent the following letter of regret in answer to an invitation to dinner by the Clover club:

I regret that it is impossible for me to be in "clover" with you tomorrow, first anniversary dinner, 1883. A wonderful thing is "clover." It means honey and cream—that is to say, industry and contentment, that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields—and at the cottage gate "Old Boss," the bountiful, serenely chewing satisfaction's cud in that blessed twilight pause that, like a benediction, falls between all toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs and brooks and violets, and all there is of stainless joy in peaceful human life.

A wonderful word is clover! Drop the "c" and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the "c" and "r" and you have left the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the "r" alone, and there remains a very deceitful bud that sweetens the breath and keeps peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom was right, "Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow."

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—Philadelphia Times.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1899.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor,	W. Murray Crane of Dalton
For Lieut. Governor,	John L. Bates of Boston
For Secretary of State,	William L. Olin of Boston
For State Treas.,	Edward S. Bradford of Springfield
For State Auditor,	John W. Kimball of Fitchburg
For Attorney General,	Hosea M. Knowlton of New Bedford
For County Commissioner,	Levi S. Gould of Malden
For Sheriff,	John R. Fairbain of Cambridge
For Senator,	Howard K. Sanderson of Lynn
For Councillor,	George F. Harwood of Lynn
For Representatives,	
Frank E. Wetherell	of Woburn
Arthur B. Roberts	of Reading

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The Speakership contest was lost to view during the hot fight between Bates and Guild but now it bobs up and is being talked about as much if not more than the State offices. Saunders and Reed and the leaders beyond a doubt with Myers third and Bennett way in the rear.

Myers says he is going to have Willard Howland, who managed John L. Bates's fight for Lieutenant Governor, manage his campaign for the Speakership. Mr. Howland has just won a splendid fight for a splendid candidate. He would find it a very different matter carrying on his shoulders a candidate like Myers, who occupies a double position on every question that comes up. Myers voted for Grover Cleveland and against Grover Cleveland; for William E. Russell and against William E. Russell. He allowed his name to appear on both the Guild and Bates tickets in the recent contest for Lieutenant Governor. He was on the Executive Committee of the anti-Imperialist League and resigned from the Committee, but is still a member of the League. He has been for fifteen years a member of the Mugwump Reform Club, and for the past four years one of its Vice Presidents, and yet claims to be a Republican entitled to the second highest office in the gift of the party. It is to be sincerely hoped that Mr. Howland will not allow him self to be found in the Mugwump camp.—*Springfield Union.*

Mr. Bennett's Literary Bureau is under full headway, and at last accounts Myers was still on the fence. The fact that Myers is a member of the anti-Imperialist League will settle his hash most effectually when the election of Speaker of the House comes up next January. He will be left away out in the cold, and Saunders will doubtless rake in the prize.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Judging by the resolution adopted at the State convention last Friday it looks as though the Republicans of this Commonwealth are undergoing a change of heart on the question of Civil Service Reform. The resolution was tame and pointless, indicating that the leaders of the Party are weakening, and that they look upon the Reform as on the wane. Possibly they have found out that the common people are not so much in love with it as has been supposed and trimmed their sails at the convention accordingly. On Saturday morning the Boston *Journal* went for the Committee on Resolutions red hot, but no casualties have been reported.

On October 4 the Pennsylvania State League of Republican Clubs held an annual meeting at Harrisburg and adopted resolutions condemning the civil service law as being in opposition to the free institutions of the Government and requesting National and State Representatives to have it modified or repealed. The resolutions state that the present law is calculated to establish an office-holding class to the exclusion of the average citizen.

The Boston *Journal* will hardly dare to question the Party fealty of the Pennsylvania Republicans, who, it seems, are getting down from their high Civil Service Reform horse.

THE TICKET.

The Republican ticket, from Governor to Representatives of the 28th Middlesex District, to be voted for in this city next month, is given a leading place in the columns of the JOURNAL this week that all who run may read. Notwithstanding the unfavorable impression one would naturally receive from looking at the pictures of the State candidates in the Boston papers, it can be truthfully said that they are good and worthy men, all of them. They make a strong team for vote-getting, and their majority will range from 60 to one 100 thousand.

The only local contest will be over the election of Representatives to the Legislature, and that will not amount to much. In Frank E. Wetherell and Arthur B. Roberts the Republicans have candidates who will poll the full vote of their Party in the District and come out ahead of their Democratic opponents by at least 500 majority.

REPRESENTATIVE CONVENTION.

On the authority of Herbert S. Riley, Esq., Chairman of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee, we are able to make the statement that the District Representative Convention, composed of Woburn and Reading delegates, will be held at the Headquarters of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee, 381 Main street, at 8 o'clock Monday evening, Oct. 16, 1899, for the purpose of nominating two candidates for Representatives to the Legislature.

☞ The editorials of the Boston *Journal* on the Republican platform have called out a deal of indignant comment from leading Republicans. The platform was strong on every important point of current Republican doctrine, but because it was not couched in the language of jingoism the *Journal* angrily flies at it and berates its authors unsparingly for alleged nonfeasance in the discharge of their duty. Having spoken in haste, passionately, the *Journal* can now "repent at leisure."

☞ Parson McQueen of Somerville, who was a newspaper correspondent in the Philippines, is going about the country on a lecturing tour—of course. His statements concerning matters and things in our new possessions in the Pacific Ocean and his philosophizing are about on a par.

☞ The Olympia, Admiral Dewey's Flag Ship, arrived at her Boston wharf, minus the Admiral, early Tuesday morning last. Thousands of enthusiastic people were on hand to greet the famous fighter, who shares about evenly with her brave Commander the attentions and honors which Boston has in store for them tomorrow. Our esteemed townsman, Mr. Thomas J. Feeney, the Boston *Herald* reporter, came from New York to the Hub on the great battleship, and was the only newspaper man aboard of her. Another esteemed friend, Captain Frank Wellock of the Pilot Boat Minerva, No. 7 of the Boston pilot fleet, boarded the Olympia off Minot's Lighthouse and took her safely to port. The Minerva gave her three booming guns, probably by order of Captain Sam Wellock, and cheered her lustily on her way. The Olympia will be the cynosure of all eyes in the great Dewey celebration tomorrow in Boston.

☞ What sense is there in Republican papers condemning Gov. Boutwell and Mr. Atkinson for their views on the Phillippine business and loading Senator Hoar with praise? He is an anti-Imperialist; why not treat him as such?

☞ Edgar Allen Poe, America's greatest Poet, the 50th anniversary of whose death occurred last Monday, Oct. 7, was not born at Boston, as claimed by the *Globe* of that city, but at Baltimore, Maryland, in January 1811.

☞ The Socialist Labor candidates for Representatives from this District are John J. Johnson of Woburn, and John M. Barry of Reading.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

M. & P.—Dog Found.
Miss Fletcher—Violin.
Richardson Bros.—Shirts etc.
F. P. Shumway—Assignee Sale.
Tremont Theatre—3 Little Lambs.

— Halloween comes on Oct. 31 this time.

— Are you going to Boston tomorrow?

— We have another "wet" moon on our hands.

— Say, is tomorrow to be a holiday in this city?

— Stealing milkcans is still in vogue in this city.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Thanks to Mrs. Nathaniel Simonds for a nice basket of grapes.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— Some rain this week has soaked a short distance into the ground.

— There has been some glorious beechnutting weather this week.

— The North Woburn Street Railroad Company was chartered in 1866.

— C. M. Strout & Co. are a good firm to call on for heating apparatus.

— Katie McNulty will receive a benefit at St. John's Hall this evening.

— Very heavy Wool Hose, 25c. per pair. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Emblems of mourning deck K. of C. Hall for the death of John Walsh.

— Mr. and Mrs. Hunt of Portland, Maine, have been visiting here this week.

— Messrs. W. Dearborn and W. Sawyer are rusticating at Concord River this week.

— Burbank Relief Corps give a whist party at Post 33 G. A. R. Hall this evening.

— Mr. E. G. Clough went to Joplin, Mo., a few days ago for a Boston company of miners.

— Blue flannel outside shirts, 75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Mr. Nathaniel S. Watson, N. W., is taking his vacation, and presumably enjoying it.

— Great bargains are being offered in boots, shoes, rubbers, etc., at Fowle's store, 373 Main street.

— On Oct. 16, its 28th anniversary, Crystal Fount Lodge will entertain the Past Grands at their Hall.

— The Registry of Voters begin operations this evening. Note carefully the duties of the Board's sessions.

— Call for our Derby Ribbed Shirts and Drawers when purchasing underwear. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— How many Woburn Veterans of the Civil War will march mit Dewey in Boston tomorrow? The suburbs will look lonesome.

— There has not been much betting in this city on the international yatch race for the cup. The contest was too close for that.

— Last Saturday evening Henry McKinnon fell while stepping off an electric car near Lake ave. and sustained serious injuries.

— Pastor Scudder and several members of First church attended the annual meeting of the American Board at Providence last week.

— Leonard E. Pierce, who has been a resident of Cincinnati, Ohio, for the last 17 years, is visiting friends and acquaintances in this city.

— Mr. Charles G. Lund and Mr. E. C. Cottle have charge of the Woburn factories belonging to the American Hide & Leather Company.

— Miss Morgan is the new teacher in the Rumford School. She is a graduate of Wellesley and was a classmate of Mary Whitcher Dow.

— Attention is directed to the change in Mr. A. L. Holdridge's business card in this paper. He keeps a good store and serves the public well.

— Burbank Relief Corps, 84, will give a whist party this evening in Post 33, G. A. R. Hall. A good many players are expected to be present.

— Miss Florence Fletcher, teacher of violin, can be engaged for concerts, clubs and private musicals by addressing No. 9 Warren street, Winchester.

— Captain Crane shakes hands with everyone he meets without regard to color, sex, party or previous condition of servitude. Must be something up.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Last Sunday was not what might be called a cheerful day so far as weather was concerned.

— Contoocook A Shirts and Drawers, all sizes, at $1.25 per garment. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— The 6th Regiment, M. V. M., held their annual shoot at Walnut Hill Rifle Range last Wednesday. Supt. Kendall was a very busy man that day.

— Lawyer Francis P. Curran has returned from New York; now keep your ear to the ground for live Democratic politics from now to election day.

— Mr. Curtis Greenwood of Auburn street, an old settler and estimable man, has been very sick—nigh to death's door. Dr. Chalmers is his physician.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Mr. Alex Grant has heard that the 26th Regiment, in which his son, Homer B. Grant, is a Lieutenant, arrived at Honolulu on Oct. 2, safe and sound.

— The grand ball by the Grocers Clerks Association at the Auditorium last Wednesday evening was a bangup affair. There was a large gathering present.

— Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., will entertain the Past Grands on Monday evening, Oct. 16, it being the 28th anniversary of the organization of the Lodge.

— Fitz & Stanley's store in the Fowle block is rapidly nearing completion. It will be a fine place of business occupying one of the best locations in the city.

— Capt. G. W. Nichols, the watchmaker, will be at his Wakefield office every Monday and Thursday after Oct. 19. Take notice and govern yourselves accordingly.

— Mr. Thomas Moore, member of the Board of Public Works and Sewer Commissioner, began work for Mr. James Skinner in his leather establishment in 1861.

— Mr. George R. Pear of Lynn, the Socialist Labor Party's candidate for Governor, will speak in this city tomorrow evening, Oct. 14, on current political issues.

— Some of Woburn's men of leather took sudden and unexpectedly cold baths yesterday—*Boston Globe.* Some of them are talking as though it was a Tartar they "took."

— Mr. S. R. Moreland has sold his farm, 71 Burlington street, and is boarding with his son on South Main street. Mr. Moreland built the house on the farm in 1846.

— Elwyn G. Preston and other members of the special committee went to Washington last Saturday to confer with Admiral Dewey respecting his reception in Boston tomorrow.

— The Christian Endeavor of First church give Rev. James L. Fowle and family a farewell reception at the church some evening. They return to their missionary field in Turkey soon.

— The evening School opened last Monday evening with a good attendance. It is a school that ought to be well patronized. Good teachers are employed and useful studies taught.

— Tomorrow is to be "Dewey Day" in Boston and neighboring territory, and a grand gala event is to be made of it. Woburn will see the procession in full force. Mark well the line of march.

— After having secured 25 recruits at Malden, on Monday evening Capt. Hanson received orders to report at Fort Ethan Allen forthwith and left for there last Tuesday evening well and happy.

— Last Tuesday evening District Deputy Grand Regent C. H. Lowell and suit made an official visit to Baldwin Council, 125, R. A. The ceremonies were topped off with a nice supper.

— Has Mrs. Vanie B. Dow's successor on the School Board been determined on? That is to say, if she is to have a successor. We anticipate considerable fighting over the election for the three members.

— The Woman's Club will be in session at 3 o'clock this afternoon with Mrs. John K. Murdock of Main street, Mrs. O. M. Rowe of Boston, and Mrs. Anna D. West of Somerville, will be entertained by the Club.

— When the good citizens of Winchester stand toes to the Woburn line and look north along Main street no wonder they exclaim "Good Lord, deliver us!" for it is a tough sight which they there behold.

— "A new broom sweeps clean." Which is why Mr. George Durward, the new proprietor, is making the Durward Market look so neat and tidy Carpenters have been at work on the inside making improvements.

— The concert given in the First Baptist church last Tuesday evening was a good one. The lectureroom was filled with people and the exercises were highly entertaining. The concert was a financial and musical success.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Edward A. Harney, Professor of Dancing, died at his home, No 2 Walnut Court, last Monday after a short illness. He was the son of Mr. Thos. J. Harney, the plumber, and was well liked by a large circle of acquaintances.

— Members of First church choir were tendered a reception last evening by the Social Benevolent Society. This was done in conformity with a long and beautiful custom of that church. The choir were richly entitled to the compliment and repast.

— Mr. Moses Bancroft's little dog that runs so fearlessly and curiously between the feet of his horse attracted the attention of a Boston *Record* reporter on the Winchester Parkway last Monday and was made the theme of some appreciative remarks.

— Joseph Meehan of 9 Porter st., who was thrown from his wheel Friday afternoon by a collision with a Hampden creamery team near the Central House and taken into Parker's drugstore for repairs, was not much hurt, but his bike did not fare so well.

— The advertisement of an Assignees Sale of boots, shoes, etc. at Fowle's store, 373 Main st., is worthy of attention. There is no humbug about the sale. It is a bonafide business matter and goods and prices are just as stated in the advertisement.

— The bookkeeper at the Skinner factory has lost all confidence in automatic sprinklers. At any rate, he knows by sad experience that an automatic sprinkler and a lighted gas get make the worst combination that can be scared up.

— We supposed the Representative convention would be held last evening and hoped to be able to announce the names of the candidates in this issue of the JOURNAL. But it comes off next Monday evening. It will make no difference, however, for the candidates, Wetherell and Roberts, are as good as nominated.

— Mr. Edward L. Shea and family expect to move into the Allen Merrill house on Salem street near Bow next week. Mr. Shea lately bought the property for a home. The house is nearly new, and the location is one of the best in the city. The family move from the Thomas J. Feeney dwelling just off of Warren ave.

— On the evening of Nov. 10, the German Drama, "Griselda," will be given at Music Hall in aid of the Grace Chamberlain Scholarship Fund. The Woburn Woman's Club have the matter in charge which is an assurance that the piece will be put on in fine style, and that the entertainment will be worthy of a liberal public patronage.

— With a majority over 800 on the Governor vote against them last fall it is difficult to account for the optimistic view that the Democrats take of the Representative election in this District next month. They are claiming, or some of them are, that they can elect one at least of their candidates, but just how they figure it out is something the average mathmatician can't quite see through.

— John G. Maguire, Esq, Administrator, will sell the Porter estate on Warren ave. Main st. Porter and Hudson streets, at auction, on Thursday, Oct. 19, as will be seen by his notice in this paper. The five pieces of property will be sold separately at different hours. The estate is valuable and the sale of it will doubtless attract a large number of bidders.

— As it has been denied that Miss Marian T. Hosmer has raised the money now being expended in the repair of the Count Rumford House, we are able to state on the authority of the President of the Association that Miss Hosmer obtained the money by personal solicitation, and that very little if any of it would have been secured but for her efforts. The President's word for it ought to put a stop to the stories which have been circulated concerning the funds used.

— Auctioneer Prior sold the Hunt property on Warren Ave. yesterday to Mr. George Hunt for $2,300.

— At Music Hall, on Oct. 27, Mrs. Waldo Richards, the famous reader, will give a dialect rehearsal. Concerning her reading the Boston *Herald* says: "She sounds the gamut of human feeling with a sure touch and shows that innate appreciation of values which we call genius. She literally throws herself into the character and in the simplest and most untheatrical manner."

— Mr. J. C. Finnegan, the popular baker at No. 476 Main street, delivers, hot and prompt, every Sunday morning, brown bread and beans (not "buns") which from 1630 to the present day have constituted Boston's Sunday breakfast, and are in 1899 the delight of all well regulated New Englanders from Aroostook county, Maine, to Long Island Sound. Finnegan does them up brown.

— Lodge No. 38 of the Danish Sisterhood are preparing for a Fair and Ball to be given at United Fellowship Hall, 26 Union Park street, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Nov. 7. Mrs. Caroline Carlson and Mrs. Caroline Stockholm are the Woburn members of the Committee of Arrangements, and as such will gratefully accept donations for the Fair. The preparations under way indicate a fine time.

— The Boston Food Fair, now in full feather, in point of attendance, has never been approached by any similar exhibition in that city. Each day in the week, especially evenings, Mechanics Building is crowded with human beings of every name and nature. The Fair draws like a 6-ox team from all over New England. It is a grand exposition. It is simply immense. The best band and orchestral concerts ever heard in Boston are a daily feature of the great Fair.

— Clarence E. Littlefield, son of Clarence Littlefield, Chief of the Fire Department, was at San Francisco, California, at last accounts, having left Alaska some time before. He was well and rugged, and proposes to return to the Klondike next season to work out his financial salvation. The location of the other members of the Whitcher-Littlefield Company was not learned. Clarence has unbounded faith in the Klondike country and the stuff in him that "never says die."

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones, agent, has sold for the heirs the Ellard estate in Cummingsville to Mr. Frank E. Gustin of Cambridge street, Winchester. The property consists of a large dwelling-house and other buildings and about 15 acres of land and is a valuable estate. Mr. Gustin, who is a prosperous market gardener, has rented about 30 acres of Mr. John Winn, which with the Ellard land will give him a fine farm for his business. Mr. Jones has other desirable real estate to sell or rent.

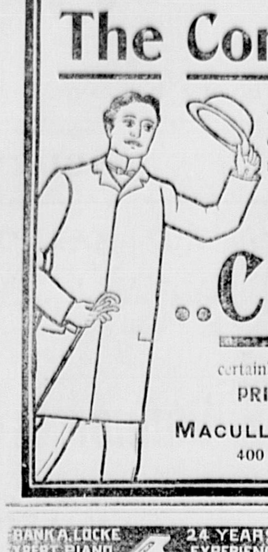
— Marrinan & O'Brien, a recently formed firm of machinists, formerly in the employ of J. T. Freeman & Co., have been putting steam heating apparatus into the F. A. Hartwell block this week, and have it about completed. The operating and workrooms of Dr. C. H. Buss, dentist, are liberally supplied with radiators in the improvement which will greatly increase the comfort, in winter, of his suit. Dr. Buss has fine quarters for the prosecution of his business, which are handsomely and conveniently furnished, and their location is among the very best in the city. He is acquiring a good practice. The back room and office on the first floor of the block occupied by Mr. Hartwell, are also to be included in the steam heating plant.

— Mr. William W. McCabe, the old and perfectly reliable baker on Montvale ave., has genuine, homemade, No. 1, crullers ready for delivery, straight from the oven, at 4 o'clock every afternoon. A cruller, according to Webster's Unabridged, is "a crisp cake boiled in fat." There are women in our city, good housewives too, who think they can't get along without Boston, Cambridge, Charlestown, or some other town's make of crullers, but they don't know. That's all. Now, McCabe's beat the foreign importations all hollow all the time, else experts in that delicious article of food don't know what they are talking about. Every afternoon at 4 o'clock McCabe's crullers are on tap, ready for delivery, and warranted the best in the market, or no sale.

— About a dozen Woburn and Boston sporting gentlemen opened the fox hunting season on Wednesday, Oct. 4, near Tobet Swamp, up Bedford and Lexington way, and did a good business. Three foxes were started, two of which were killed by Mr. J. E. Boutwell, the boss gunner of this city, and the third one might have been brought down by him had not its tender age saved its life. The two weighed 21 pounds, and sported five brushes. Mr. Boutwell has one of the best dogs for foxes in the county, a Southern product, and when he gets hot after his prey Mr. Reynard might as well come down like Col. Crockett's coon. For a starter Boutwell had reason to feel proud of his work last week. His next essay will probably be among the hills and woods of New Hampshire. His companions left empty handed.

— Mr. James W. Alexander has left this city and established headquarters at Malden. He came here from Brockton three years and a half ago for the purpose of engaging in the drink cure practice, holding a specific remedy for habitual drunkenness, and soon found business. During his stay here he has doctored many hard cases, only a very small percent of whom have returned to their cups. Mr. Alexander has accomplished a great deal of good here. Many men and women who were drunkards a few years ago are now living sober lives and have been for a long time. Strong inducements were held out to Mr. Alexander by prominent Malden people to settle in that city, and he at last concluded to do so. Mr. B. A. Tripp will receive applications for Mr. Alexander's services and duly forward them to Malden.

— Mr. L. Waldo Thompson can't remember the time when he was so happy to see anybody as he was his old salesman Mr. Charles H. Dudley of Hallowell, Maine, and wife last Wednesday. These good people from the Kennebec River are on a pleasure excursion and of course had to come to Woburn to see their former friends, among them Mr. Thompson and the JOURNAL, all of whom were very much pleased to meet them again. They go to New Bedford to-morrow where Mr. Dudley was in business before coming to Thompson's hardware store in this city. For several years he has been Acting Treasurer of the Hallowell Savings Institution. The Treasurer is 93 years old, and probably Mr. Dudley will soon step into his shoes. These typical citizens of Down East were well dressed, well behaved, and well represented the Old Pine Tree State.



The Coming Man

will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

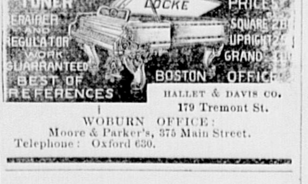
In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

— Mayor Davis is hopeful of the future prosperity of Woburn. There is no city of the second class in the State whose financial standing is better than that of ours, and only a very few as good. Our strictly municipal indebtedness is only about $100,000, which, on a valuation of nearly $10,000,000, is really but an insignificant sum to owe. This accounts for the giltedge credit of the city. The water debt will be wiped out in 1805, after which the revenue from that source will not be less than $30,000 a year. The expense of sewer construction and maintenance will not be permitted to become burdensome. Additions to our population, which will come with a change of municipal policy, and a consequent increase of the valuation, will furnish more money to work with and a smaller tax rate. This is a favorable outlook, the realization of which may be counted on in the next half dozen years.

— General Managers E. C. Cottle and Charles G. Lund appear to be well satisfied with the new arrangements for making leather in Woburn by the American Hide & Leather Company. Both get fat salaries, while the other former proprietors are left out in the cold, as it were. They were assured, so the story goes, before the final arrangements were made, that each proprietor would be allowed by the Company to manage his plant and that no changes in the method of doing business would be made at present. Instead of that, Managers Cottle and Lund have full swing and the former proprietors have no voice in the management of affairs. Capt. Crane's factory has been closed up against his protest, and others will follow suit, if the managers think best to shut down the machinery and nail up the doors. That things are different from expectations, and that there is great dissatisfaction in the Company, is evident from current talk.

— Miss Bertha Delano resigned last week the position which she has held in Boston for the past two years and a half and the good will of her business associates was shown in a very pleasing manner by the presentation of a handsome loving cup and a nice pen. Miss Delano leaves Oct. 24 for a Washington College, where she will study elocution and voice culture. Miss Delano is a popular young lady and many friends wish her success in her chosen work.

— By reference to an ad. in this paper it will be seen that the famous Negro Minstrels, The Alabama Troubadours, will give one of their grand entertainments at Lyceum Hall next Monday evening, Oct. 16.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and Lung Trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1.00 Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

A Real Dewey Souvenir.

A real and valuable Dewey souvenir will be given with next Sunday's Boston *Journal.* In honor of Dewey's coming to Boston, the illustrations in the issue of the New England Home Magazine of that date are to consist entirely of new photographs of Dewey and the receptions which have been given him in this country, and the articles will be made up of Dewey anecdotes and incidents. In the Photographic News section, in half-tone, will be striking pictures of the celebration at Washington, magnificent photographs of the scene when the $10,000 sword was presented to Dewey, including one picture showing McKinley, Dewey and Cardinal Gibbons standing together.

Not the least of the *Journal* Dewey specialties is the Dewey Room and Board Bureau for use of visitors to Boston. Full information as to price, locality and conveniences is given at this Bureau to all who inquire in person or by mail.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Gordon Parker, druggist, will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health.

Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.

We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

Only a fortnight remains of the long and successful run of "Way Down East" at the Tremont Theatre. The 125th performance in Boston on Wednesday, October 18, will be commemorated by the presentation to ladies occupying reserved seats on the lower floor and in the first balcony, at both the matinee and evening representations, of beautiful souvenirs in the form of cut glass jars, mounted in the precious metals and bearing excellent portraits of Miss Phoebe Davies in the character of Anna Moore, the heroine of the play, and Odell Williams in the role of old Squire Bartlett. On Monday, October 23, "Three Little Lambs," the latest and greatest of the Boston Cadets' successes, will be presented at the Tremont, with a strong cast of singers and comedians, many of whom were members of the famous musical company that was disbanded on the death of Augustin Daly. The piece, originally called "Queen of the Ballet," is regarded as the best that has emanated from the pen of Mr. R. A. Barnet, and in every way worthy the author of "1492," "Jack and the Beanstalk" and other productions that will readily be recalled by playgoers.

THE PARK.

Leibler & Co., the managers of Viola Allen in "The Christian," will make another most notable production at the Park Theatre in Boston during the week commencing Monday, the 23d inst. They will present James A. Herne's new play, "Sag-Harbor," an old story from the pen of this talented actor and playwright. Mr. Herne will himself play the principal role. He is undoubtedly the most natural actor on the American stage. One has but to have seen his wonderfully life-like character of Uncle Nat Berry in his famous play, "Shore Acres," to give him this fully deserved credit. In "Sag-Harbor" he will present another "Shore Acres" in dramatic merit, his new effort, however, differing from it widely in character of story, locale of scenes and personalities in the play. The scenes of the new production are all laid in the little town of Sag Harbor on Long Island, New York, which was once one of the three great out-fitting ports of this country for whalers. The characters in the play are all types of people who may be seen daily in this town and along the Long Island shore. "Sag-Harbor" will be staged in four acts and three scenes. Mr. Herne's new play will appeal to the same class of people to whom "The Christian" proved so attractive—to the church-goer and to the regular theatre-patron who delights in true dramatic art and who discountenances questionable entertainments. Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances will be given during Mr. Herne's stay at the Park Theatre in Boston. Seats may be ordered by mail or express when accompanied by remittance.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Gordon Parker's drug store.

— We have a full line of Fall and Winter Underwear placed on our counters for your inspection. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
MONDAY, October 2, 1899.

Pupils will kindly arrange for Hours Early. Miss Bancroft respectfully calls attention to her Method, which has proved to be of great PRACTICAL value, developing with ease, the technical as well as the musical side of modern piano playing.
☞ Class Lessons if desired.

ADDRESS:
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.
☞ Special attention given to beginners. Arrangements for lessons can be made on or after Sept. 25th.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Are You Aware
What a Good
Coffee
We are selling for
15c. per lb.
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them; also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Fathers eat sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." Sunday School at 12 M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Preaching Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Probation after Death." All are welcome.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Holy Spirit." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "The Lovers of Darkness." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—20th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 4, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Leonard K. Dunham of Somerville and Catherine Kelley of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 6, Flora E. McKeen, aged 46 years, 3 months, 22 days.

In this city, Oct. 9, John Walsh, aged 38 years, 5 months.

In this city, Oct. 9, Edward A. Harney, aged 31 years, 7 months.

In Ayer, Mass., Sarah R. Emery of Woburn, aged 75 years, 2 days.

Grand Fall Opening

Of the Old Reliable Clothing House of

HAMMOND & SON,

of the richest, most elegant and varied stock of

Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats and Trousers,

ever shown during our forty-eight years of business in Woburn.

Best Clothing Made for the Lowest Prices,

is what you may expect and what you will find if you favor us with a call.

Every garment warranted as represented by the salesman selling it, at

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

Established 1851.

The excellency of our LADIES'

Ready-made Garments

has been proven by our customers in past seasons. This year we have changed and enlarged this department. Our stock of Dress Skirts, Petticoats, Shirt Waists, Golf Capes, Dressing Sacques, Bath Robes and Flannelette Wrappers is larger than ever before, and we desire to show our assortment to every lady in the city who has a need of these goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

THE BOMB
That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box. EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass. GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

For Sale in Woburn by Gordon Parker, H. A. Wilcox, Kelley & Callahan.

ASSIGNEE SALE

— OF —

SEASONABLE

BOOTS SHOES RUBBERS

Regardless of Cost.

Under orders of the Assignee I shall for the next 30 days sell every pair of Boots, Shoes & Rubbers in my stock at prices never before named in Woburn.

Everything Goes!

No Reservation!

Call early and secure the best Bargains.

J. E. FOWLE,

375 Main St., opp. Common,

WOBURN.

☞ Electrics from Stoneham and Winchester pass my door.

W. C. T. U.

The reports at our September meetings showed considerable work accomplished during the summer. Nominally, we take a vacation during July and August. As one result, however, of the address in June by Mrs. Walker, State Secretary, forty-four comfort bags were made by some of our members. More than half of these were filled with the usual articles by the ladies making them. The others were sent to us from headquarters and when completed were returned there to be filled and forwarded to sailors.

The Flower Mission Department has sent to Boston, over five thousand bouquets. Many ladies in Woburn, not members of our organization, have most kindly assisted in this work.

This is the convention season. Our County convention met at South Framingham, last month. Last week the State W. C. T. U. convened at Worcester. On October 20, the National Convention will begin its sessions at Seattle.

Some years ago a leaflet was published by the Woman's Temperance Publishing Association entitled "Why don't the Christians help?" We have sometimes thought a better title would be, "Why don't *all* the Christians help?" It is certainly true that those who help are Christians. But are there not some who read these lines who will perceive an unused opportunity for themselves?

We meet on the second and fourth Mondays of each month in the Congregational church parlor at 3 p. m. All are welcome.

PRESS SUPT.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahoe, pastor M. E. Church, South, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so-called 'specifics,' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

In Memoriam.

WOBURN, Oct. 11, 1899.

At a meeting of the Woburn Council, No. 77, K. of C., held Oct. 10, 1899, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS; It has pleased the Almighty God to remove from our midst our late brother John Walsh: and

WHEREAS, It is but just that a fitting recognition of his many virtues should be had: therefore be it

Resolved, By Woburn Council, No. 77, that, while we bow with humble submission to the will of the Most High, we do not the less mourn for our brother who has been taken from us.

Resolved, That in the death of John Walsh this Council laments the loss of a brother who was ever ready to assist, by word or deed the wants of his fellow members.

Resolved, That the heartfelt sympathy of this Council be extended to his family in their affliction.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of the Council, and a copy thereof be transmitted to the family of the deceased brother, and to each of the newspapers of the City of Woburn.

J. P. FEENEY,
E. F. CASSIDY,
J. A. O'DONNELL,
Com. on Resolutions.

No Right To Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

JAPOL TABLETS

are a marvelous remedy for the QUICK CURE of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness,

Sore Throat

and "That tickling in the Throat."

10 & 25c. packages.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

What the Press Say.

To show the esteem in which Mr. Frank E. Wetherell, Republican candidate for Representative to the Legislature from this District, is held among the Editorial Craft we reproduce the following opinions from some of the neighboring influential papers. EDITOR OF JOURNAL.

-- Editor Frank E. Wetherell of the Woburn NEWS has carried the city caucuses as Republican candidate for representative from the 28th Middlesex district. Editor Wetherell is a staunch Republican, and will be a valuable acquisition to the ranks of the House if elected. Editor Barrows of the Jamaica Plain News and Dowse of the New England Grocer have also secured a nomination in their respective districts.—Rockland Standard, Oct. 6.

— Our friend Frank E. Wetherell, editor of Woburn NEWS, has received the endorsement of his fellow Republicans and will go into the Representative convention with 20 out of the 29 delegates, who are to nominate. Mr. Wetherell began his newspaper career as reporter on the staff of the Woburn Journal, and in the earlier days of the Minute Man enterprise was the main stay of this portion of Mr. J. L. Parker's business. He resided in Lexington, where he is still most pleasantly remembered, and on his way daily to his duties in Woburn, gathered the material that made the local paper of this town. Since the Woburn NEWS was started he has sat at the editorial desk, and the place that paper occupies in public esteem is the best possible testimonial to his ability and skill. If chosen to the Legislature he will be a conspicuous figure through his entire fitness to fill the position. Success to the NEWS editor!—Lexington Minute Man, Oct. 6.

— An Excellent Choice.—The Republican party, and more especially the city of Woburn, are to be congratulated on the selection of editor Frank E. Wetherell as a candidate for Representative. He can be depended upon to do all in his power to advance the interests of our neighboring city, particularly so as regards the matter of a boulevard—a question of a great deal of importance to Woburn. Our Representative, Mr. S. W. Twombly, an old time citizen of that city, can be depended on to work harmoniously with Mr. Wetherell on this question.—Winchester Star, Oct. 6.

— Editor Frank E. Wetherell of the Woburn NEWS, can read his "title clear," to the nomination for Representative from the Woburn and Reading District.—Stoneham Independent, Oct. 6.

— Editor Frank E. Wetherell of the Woburn NEWS has been nominated for the Legislature by the Republicans of his city, and in all probability he will be elected. This is as it should be. Mr. Wetherell will make a good Representative, and we shall be pleased to see him win. If a newspaper man should aspire to a public office in Wakefield the politicians would fall dead with astonishment; they think over here that all a newspaper man is good for is to grind somebody else's axe.—Wakefield Daily Item, Oct. 6.

— Frank E. Wetherell of Woburn, editor of the Woburn NEWS, was recently selected as the choice of Woburn Republicans for representative. Woburn and Reading comprise the twenty-eighth representative district, and there are two representatives. In Reading, Arthur E. Roberts was chosen. Mr. Wetherell has been a member of the senatorial committee for several years, and is secretary of the committee. He is a good public speaker, and will serve Woburn well in the legislature.—Wakefield Citizen and Banner, Oct. 6.

— Mr. Frank E. Wetherell, editor of the Woburn NEWS, has carried the city caucuses, and is a candidate for the Republican representative of the Twenty-eighth Middlesex District to the General Court. We extend our congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Wetherell, and wish to add our neighborly endorsement to what the city has done in giving him its support. Mr. Wetherell is a man generally well equipped for an office of this kind, being in a position not only of influence, but one whereby he is enabled to grasp the needs of his constituency.—Jamaica Plain News, Oct. 7.

— The editor of the Woburn NEWS Frank E. Wetherell, is to be the Republican nominee in his representative district, the 28th Middlesex. He carried four of the seven Woburn wards, which gives him 20 out of the 29 delegates to the convention. We are glad to chronicle this success of Bro. Wetherell, for he is a gentleman of ability and worth, and is bound to reflect credit upon both himself and his constituency at the state house. He ought to receive every vote in the convention, and receive a thumping majority at the polls. He deserves both these inflictions.—Milford Journal, Oct. 7.

— Several of the editorial fraternity have been nominated as representatives to the General Court this year. Brother Dowse of the New England Grocer and Brother Barrows of the Jamaica Plain News being conspicuous candidates in this vicinity, and morally sure of election. Bro. Wetherell of the Woburn NEWS is in the field from the Twenty-eighth Middlesex District. We hope all will be successful, for each of them will prove a distinct gain to the House.—Waltham Free Press, Oct. 9.

During the winter of 1897, Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, Clay Co., W. Va, struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swoolen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also used several kinds of liniment and two and a half gallons of whisky in bathing it, but nothing gave any relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought almost a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that had he not used this remedy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequaled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on Thursday evening, Oct. 6.

The following were designated as polling places for the State election:

Ward 1, Dow's Block, 318 Main street; Ward 2, Armory, Prospect st. entrance; Wards 3 and 4, Lyceum Hall; Wards 5, 6 and 7, respective hose houses.

The following Election Officers were chosen:

WARD 1.

Warden, John Duncan, Jr. Dep. Warden, William C. Parker.

Clerk, Thomas F. Shea. Dep. Clerk, Charles M. Wright.

Inspectors, Patrick Burke, Jeremiah Weafer, Edward Q. Brackett, Harry G. Wyer.

Dept. Inspectors, Edwin K. Porter, Zoeth W. Atwood, John J. Beatty, John Lynch.

WARD 2.

Warden, Matthew J. McDonough. Dep. Warden, John H. Murphy.

Clerk, George R. Ferguson. Dep. Clerk, Lewis W. Claffy.

Inspectors, Bernard McGowan, Wm. McMahon, John C. Andrews, Edward C. Collamore.

Dep. Inspectors, Daniel Sullivan, John J. Gately, I. R. Bancroft, Charles R. Rosenquist.

WARD 3.

Warden, Eliphaz Prior. Dep. Warden, Charles Herbert Harrington.

Clerk, Fred J. Rice. Dep. Clerk, Bernard Doherty.

Inspectors, Thomas A. Connolly, Bryan McSweeney, Charles R. Brown, George W. Duren.

Dep. Inspectors, Orlando M. Brooks, Nathan W. Frye, Jr., Luke D. McDermott, Henry C. Blake.

WARD 4.

Warden, Joseph Henry Parker. Dep. Warden, Charles T. Mahoney.

Clerk, John E. Buck. Dept. Clerk, John C. N. Parker.

Inspectors, Henry T. Smith, George W. Merrill, William H. O'Brien, George H. Newhall.

Dep. Inspectors, Wm. R. Sawyer, Wm. H. Reddy, Fred T. Hovey, John A. Kelley.

WARD 5.

Warden, James Cogan. Dep. Warden, Henry W. Hooper.

Clerk, William F. Greenough. Dep. Clerk, Charles A. White.

Inspectors, Martin McDonough, Timothy D. Kane, George E. Kendall, John L. Fowle.

Dep. Inspectors, Michael King, Patrick McDonough, William T. Kendall, Wm. H. Cadwell.

WARD 6.

Warden, Daniel P. O'Brien. Dep. Warden, John J. McGrath.

Clerk, Joseph C. Duncan. Dep. Clerk, Arthur W. Walls.

Inspectors, Charles T. Dearborn, James E. Cutler, Richard A. Morgan, Thomas Creighton.

Dep. Inspectors, William H. Curtis, A. W. Green, Philip O'Brien, Walter McInerny.

WARD 7.

Warden, George Russell. Dep. Warden, George R. Menchin.

Clerk, Frank Naven. Dep. Clerk, Jeremiah Sullivan.

Inspectors, Frank M. Doherty, James E. Nolan, James Given, Frank Menchin.

Dep. Inspectors, Thomas Caulfield, Timothy O'Leary, Charles R. Remington, Wm. H. Stevenson.

The pay of election officers was established for the ensuing term at $10 for Wardens and Clerks, and $7 for Inspectors, and $2 for reporting for duty but not employed.

Aguinaldo Prays.

The following is taken from a proclamation recently issued by Aguinaldo, Chief of the Philippine insurgents. It will make a good campaign document for the Republicans next year:

"In America there is a great party that insists on the Government recognizing Filipino independence. That party will compel the United States to fulfill the promises made to us in all solemnity, though not put into writing. Therefore we must show our gratitude and maintain our position more resolutely than ever. We should pray to God that the great Democratic Party may win the next Presidential election and imperialism fail in its mad attempt to subjugate us by force of arms. There are some Americans in the Philippines who have joined us, because they disapprove a war of what Mr. Atkinson calls 'criminal aggression.' When offered a chance to return to their own camp they declined."

WINCHESTER.

Mr. S. W. Twombly, next Winchester Representative, is 77 years old.

Thomas S. Spurr is likely to be the Democratic candidate for the Legislature.

The Registrars of Voters were in session at the Town Hall last evening from 7 till 9.

The Gypsy Moths are worse than ever. The Legislature will have to increase the appropriation next winter.

The Y. M. C. A. course of popular entertainments will open with a concert in the Town Hall on Thursday evening of next week.

The Ladies' Western Missionary Society of the Congregational church held a morning and afternoon session in the church parlors Thursday.

The Selectmen will give two hearings Saturday afternoon, at 4 o'clock on the layout of Vine street and at 4 30 on the establishment of the grade and lines of Winthrop street.

Past Regent Joseph J. Todd of Aberjona Council, 1002, Royal Arcanum, of this town was last Tuesday evening elected Secretary of the Royal Arcanum Club of Massachusetts.

The marriage of Miss Katherine T. Butler of this town and Mr. William P. McDonald of Boston took place at noon Tuesday at the parochial residence of St. Mary's church by the pastor, Rev. Henry J. Madden.

The following are the new Editors of the High School *Recorder*: Amasa M. M. Holcombe Editor in Chief, Miss Helen A. Hall and Miss Ina C. Atwood Associate Editors, Miss Bessie I. Berry Exchange Editor; Class Editors, Miss Miriam Ayer and Miss Helen Heath 1901, Miss Elinor Barta and Timothy O'Neil 1902, Miss Amy White and Robert Fernald 1903, Miss Helen Stinson and Elsie Holcome 1904, Miss Maude E. Armsby and Ernest T. Hall Alumni Editors.

Mrs. Wilson, wife of the Editor of the *Star*, has returned from the Maritime Provinces after a visit of about two months. Her itiniary down there included the most attractive features of that favored country, covering parts of Nova Scotia, Prince Edwards Island, the Land of Evangeline, and other scenes favored by tourists, and from all accounts it was to her a most pleasurable jaunt. Mrs. Wilson is a keen observer and pleasing descriptive writer, and her narratives of the trip published in the *Star* during the last couple of months were highly interesting. She sees, on her travels, everything worth seeing, and describes it with a ready pen.

CITY OF WOBURN.

THE

Registrars of Voters

will, in accordance with the provisions of Chap. 548, Acts of 1898, be in session at their office in Municipal Building, Common street, to receive applications for registration for the State Election, on the

Evenings of Oct. 13, 14, 16 and 17, at 7 o'clock,

And from 12 m. to 10 p. m., on October 18.

Registration for the State Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of October 18.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sect. 47: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the collector of taxes, or a certificate from the assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

☞ Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Sept. 26, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of John Quealy, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John G. Maguire, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the seventeenth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the Woburn Journal, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-seventh day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Celia V. Folkins, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edgar C. Folkins of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Allen, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Milton T. Holt, of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

LYCEUM HALL,

MONDAY EVE'G, OCT. 16.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50 Cts.

The Best Colored Company on Earth,

J. W. GORMAN'S

Alabama Troubadours.

30 PLANTATION FUN MAKERS.

Pickaninny Brass Band & Orchestra

Grand Uniformed Street Parade.

Best Colored Artists — Best Colored Comedians
Best Colored Singers — Best Colored Acrobats
Best Colored Dancers — Best Colored Cake Walkers

The Best Programme ever placed before the Public, including the Fad of the Day

The Great Cake Walk.

WAY DOWN EAST — MATS. WED. & SAT. EVERY EVE'G. LAST TWO WEEKS

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.

Monday, Eve'g, Oct. 23

5TH AVE. THEATRE MUSICAL CO.

In Magnificent Professional Production of the

Boston Cadets' Latest Success,

3 LITTLE LAMBS: (Nee Queen of the Ballet.)

FOUND.

A Black and White Terrier Dog. The owner can have the same by calling at No. 7 Utica Street, and paying expenses.

THOUSANDS of people use Bay Rum, Shampoo Mixture, Tooth Powder, and Cologne, but not one in a thousand know how to make them. Full instructions how to make the best, sent you on receipt of TEN CENTS. Address, C. B. LEATHE, Box 810, Norwood, Mass.

"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrœa Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine," says W. W. Massingill, of Beaumont, Texas. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of dysentery and cholera infantum who must also feel thankful. It is for sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Administrator's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE

In Woburn, Mass.

The undersigned, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Charles Porter not already administered, late of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, deceased, will sell at public auction, the five parcels of real estate hereinafter described, all situated in said Woburn, on

Thursday, October 19th, A. D., 1899,

the sale of each lot will take place upon the respective premises and at the hour specified below:

Lot 1. At two o'clock in the afternoon of said day, a certain parcel of land, with buildings thereon, situated on Warren Avenue, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Warren Avenue (formerly Warren street) and at land now or late of Cannon; thence the line runs westerly by land last named about one hundred twenty-six and 7-10 feet to land now or late of Meehan; thence turning the line runs southerly by said land last named about seventy-six (76) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs easterly by other land belonging to the estate of said Charles Porter designated as lot number two about sixty-one and one tenth (61.1) feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs again southerly eleven (11) feet to a corner of fence at land of Daniel T. Porter; thence turning the line runs again easterly by land of said Daniel T. Porter and land of Catherine A. Meehan as the fence now stands seventy-six and two tenths (76.2) feet to said Warren Avenue; thence turning the line runs northerly by and with said Avenue about one hundred fifteen and eight teeths (115.8) feet to the point of beginning.

Lot 2. At half past two o'clock in the afternoon of said day a certain parcel of land, with the double dwellinghouse standing thereon, situated on the northerly side of Porter street bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises on said Porter street at land of Daniel T. Porter; from thence the line runs northerly by land of said Daniel T. Porter as the fence stands and by other land of said Charles Porter described as Lot No. one, seventy-one (71) feet to a stake; thence turning the line runs westerly by said other land designated as lot number one sixty-one and one-tenth (61.1) feet to land now or late of Meehan; thence turning the line runs southerly by said land now or late of Meehan sixty-five (65) feet to said Porter street; thence turning the line runs easterly on and by said Porter street about sixty four and nine-tenths (64.9) feet to land of said Daniel T. Porter and the point of beginning.

Lot 3. At quarter of three o'clock in the afternoon of said day, a certain parcel of land, with the building thereon, situated in said Woburn on the westerly side of Main street bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northeasterly corner of the premises on said Main street and at land now or late of one Keith; thence the line runs northwesterly by land now or late of said Keith fifty-six and two-tenths (56.2) feet to land of Mary W. Lyons; thence turning the line runs southerly by land last named as the fence stands twenty-two and five-tenths (22.5) feet to a corner; thence turning the line runs a little south of west by said land of Mary W. Lyons as the fence stands seven (7) feet; thence turning the line runs southeasterly by other land of said Charles Porter designated as lot number four through the partition between the building standing on the lot herein described and the building on said lot designated as number four about forty seven and five-tenths (47.5) feet to said Main street; thence turning the line runs northeasterly by and with Main street twenty-one and four-tenths (21.4) feet to land of said Keith and the point of beginning; reserving to the owner of lot number four the right to allow the eaves on the building now standing on said lot number four to project over and upon the above described lot as they now exist for a period of ten years from the date of sale.

Lot 4. At three o'clock in the afternoon of said day, a certain parcel of land, with the factory buildings and boiler house standing thereon, situated on the westerly side of Main street bounded and described as follows, namely:—Beginning at a stake at the intersection of Hudson street with said Main street; thence the line runs northeasterly by and with said Main street twenty-four and nine-tenths feet to an angle in said street; thence continuing in the same general direction by and with said Main street about sixty and four-tenths (60.4) feet to a stake at other land of Charles Porter and designated number three; thence turning and running northwesterly by and with said other land and designated as lot number three about forty-seven and five-tenths (47.5) feet to land of Mary W. Lyons; thence turning the line runs westerly by said land of Mary W. Lyons and by land of James Murray et. als. about fifty-one (51) feet to land of one Gallagher thence turning the line runs southerly by land of said Gallagher about ninety-five and eight-tenths (95.8) feet to said Hudson street; thence turning the line runs easterly by and with said Hudson street about thirty-two and six-tenths (32.6) feet to the point of beginning; together with the right to maintain the eaves on the north-easterly end of the building as now constructed over and upon the lot designated as lot number three for a period of ten years from date of sale.

Lot 5. At four o'clock in the afternoon of said day a certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the easterly part of said Woburn on Washington street, containing about one quarter of an acre and bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northerly by land now or late of McDonough; easterly by the Canal; southerly by land now or late of Mulhern; westerly by said Washington street.

Each of said parcels will be sold separately and will be conveyed subject to all taxes assessed thereon for the current year, and to all sewer assessments, and other liens if any exist thereon.

$100.00 will be required to be paid by the purchaser of each of said lots at the time and place of sale; other terms announced at sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Administrator, with the will annexed, of the estate of Charles Porter not already administered.

Woburn, September 19, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles S. White of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Leonard Thompson, now deceased, dated August 24th, A. D., 1878, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 1489, Page 300, and assigned by Waldo Thompson, legatee under the will of said Leonard Thompson, to Leonard Thompson by assignment dated March 4th, A. D., 1885, recorded with said Deeds, Book 1802, Page 291, and afterwards assigned by Maria L. Thompson and Lewis Waldo Thompson, Executors of the will of the last named Leonard Thompson, deceased, to John G. Maguire of said Woburn, by assignment dated September 20th, A. D., 1899, recorded with said Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2764, Page 401, for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

Monday, October 23d, A. D., 1899,

at three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed (except a portion thereof released from said mortgage, and which is hereinafter described), and bounded substantially as follows, namely:—A certain lot of land, with the buildings thereon, situated on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue in said Woburn, and bounded as follows:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises on the southerly side of Montvale Avenue; thence the line runs easterly on and by the southerly side of Montvale Avenue twelve rods to a passage way; thence the line turns and runs by and on said passageway southerly one hundred and sixty (160) feet; thence the line turns and runs easterly by land of Mrs. Bean fifty (50) feet; thence the line turns and runs southerly by land of J. D. Porter, eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of John Burke eighty (80) feet; thence the line continues southerly by land of Mrs. Hinds eighty (80) feet; thence the line runs southerly by land of Mrs. Onion one hundred and sixty (160) feet to a stake and stone by my other land; thence the line turns and runs by my other land westerly about fifteen (15) rods to a stake and stones at land of J. G. Flagg; thence the line turns and runs by land of J. G. Flagg northerly about fifty (50) rods, to the point of beginning.

The portion released from said mortgage as above stated is described as follows, namely:—Beginning at the northwesterly corner of the premises at a stake at land of John G. Flagg and other land described in said mortgage and which stake is four hundred feet and three-tenths of a foot (400.3) from the southerly side line of said Montvale Avenue measuring on the division line between the land of said Flagg and said homestead; thence the line runs easterly by other land described in said mortgage one hundred and nine (109) feet to a stake; thence northerly still by same land one hundred and ninety (190) feet to a stake; thence again easterly by the end of a passageway and land of M. E. Pierson and Bean one hundred forty-four and three-tenths (144.3) feet to a stake; thence southerly by lands of Burke, White, Onion, and others four hundred sixty-six and eight-tenths (466.8) feet to a stake at other land described in one other mortgage given by said White to Leonard Thompson; thence westerly by said other land one hundred and eighty-three (183) feet to a stake; thence northerly by land of Flagg three hundred and twenty-four (324) feet to the point of beginning.

The premises will be sold subject to all unpaid taxes, sewer assessments and liens if any exist thereon.

$100 will be required to be paid by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Assignee and present holder of said Mortgage.

Woburn, Mass., September 28th, 1899.

NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Dexter Carter, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

JOHN M. SCRIBNER, Adm.

86 Marshall st. Somerville.

Sept. 26th, 1899.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

A Broken Ring.

Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

Optical Specialist

Is making his regular professional visits to the Academies and Colleges of Northern New England.

He will return to Massachusetts about Oct. 1st, and will be at his office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO., 409 Main Street, Woburn.

For Four Days. Exact Dates to be announced in this paper,

Where he will be pleased to meet all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

☞ Especial attention given to the eyes of students and school children.

Mr. Worthley's wide experience in this class of cases enables him to treat the eyes of young persons correctly in every case.

Remember the Place — Watch for the dates.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Dialect Recital

— BY —

Mrs. WALDO RICHARDS,

Under the patronage of the Woburn Alumnae and former students of Wellesley College.

In aid of the Wellesley College Endowment Fund,

Friday Eve'g, Oct. 27, 1899,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

Music Hall, - Woburn.

TICKETS, 50 CENTS.

Fast Friends.

People who once buy their

GROCERIES

of us are our fast friends ever after. We treat everybody fairly and liberally. We want their trade always.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Joseph Linnell

Choice Meats

— AND —

Provisions

406 Main Street.

Telephone, 14-2.

Every wearer of glasses, or everybody that has trouble with their eyes, should read this: We have 3 of the best opticians in Boston, who are on duty at our establishment from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. to make free examinations of the eye by artificial light; we charge you nothing for this, whether you buy glasses or not; should you require glasses we can furnish a very fine pair of gold spring glasses, sold by the trade generally for $3, for only $1; we give absolutely free with every pair a fine rolled-gold chain and safety hook, which is actually worth alone $1; this offer is for a limited season; call at once. KEENE OPTICAL CO., 1301 Washington st., Boston.

Home Again.

All Disabilities OF THE Feet

Skilfully treated by the latest Scientific Methods.

S. E. HOWE, Chiropodist,

Office: 414 Maint St., Woburn.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,

Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,

357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

For Sale.

Upright Piano, nice Mahogany Case, rich tone, splendid condition. Made expressly by the manufacturer for his own use, heavy sacrifice, easy terms. Apply at this office.

JOHN ARNOTT,

Watchmaker and Jeweler

426 Main St., Woburn.

Opp. Walnut Street.

☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

TELEPHONE 8-3.

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,

241 Main St., Woburn

TO LET.

A Tenement of 6 rooms at No. 4 Court street, to a small family, $11.00 per month. Also 2 rooms at No. 35 Salem St.

E. H. RICHARDS, 25 Fairmount Street.

DAVID R. PERRY,

Practical Plumber.

Estimates given on all work. Satisfaction guaranteed.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS

Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:

87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

"I had been a sufferer for many years from nervousness with all its symptoms and complications," writes Mrs. O. N. Fisher, 1861 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. "I was constantly going to see a physician or purchasing medicine. In the spring of 1897 my husband induced me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After taking one bottle and following your advice I was so encouraged that I took five more bottles, and then stopped for several weeks as I felt so much better, but still I was not *completely cured*. I commenced taking it again and felt that I was improving faster than at first. I am not now cross and irritable, and I have a good color in my face; have also gained about ten pounds in weight and *one thousand pounds of comfort*, for I am a new woman once more and your advice and your 'Favorite Prescription' is the cause of it, coupled with the 'Pleasant Pellets' which are not to be dispensed with. I took eight bottles of the 'Prescription' the last time, making fourteen in all, and will not take any more unless you so advise, for I do not see as I need it."

makes weak women STRONG, sick women WELL.

HOW ICEBERGS FORM

ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE WORKS OF NATURE.

These Dazzling Mountains Have Their Origin In Arctic Glaciers, Whence They Majestically Wend Their Resistless Way to the Sea.

Of the many things of interest which engage one's attention on a voyage to the far north there is none more fascinating than the study of icebergs. If any person who has never seen these remarkable and beautiful forms will look at a piece of ice as it floats freely in a tumbler of water, he will form a most imperfect idea of what an iceberg really looks like.

Perhaps the only feature which the floating ice mountain and the fragment of ice appear, on consideration, to have in common, is that they both have an immense proportion of their bulk under water—the exact proportion being somewhat greater in fresh water than in salt water; there being in salt water about seven-eighths of the entire mass under water, varying, of course, more or less in different latitudes, according to the saltness of the sea and the consequent difference of the buoyancy given to objects floating therein.

And here it may be said that it is most difficult, when one is looking at an iceberg, to steady the mind from wandering a great deal from the realization of so simple a fact as this, owing, one would suppose, to the difficulty of conceiving of the enormous quantity of ice which is hidden below the sea level of the berg—in the case of some of the larger bergs implying many millions of tons of ice.

One striking difference between the appearance of the iceberg and that of our lump of ice is the seemingly general opaqueness of the berg and the smooth and dazzling whiteness of its surface, much of it presenting the appearance of frosted silver, the fractures or vents which are frequently visible on its glittering faces being generally emerald green, merging into a blue, varying from that of turquoise almost to indigo.

Presently it will appear that an iceberg must always consist of frozen fresh water. Frozen sea water, it is true, does occur in vast quantities in the sea, but this is in general quite different in form and size and entirely different in the origin of its formation. This ice is called floe ice, pack ice or field ice, according to where and how it is disposed.

The formation of icebergs is something like this: The whole of the interior of the continent of Greenland, which consists of upward of 500,000 square miles of mountainous plateaus, is perpetually covered to a depth of many hundred feet with one vast desert of snow, called the "ice cap."

This receives a constant increase of newly fallen snow, that during the summer becomes, by the action of the sun and wet weather by day, and by regelation at night, changed into a granulated condition.

Afterward it is recongealed into ice, and, being impelled by enormous pressure from behind and above, throws off a great number of rivers of ice, or glaciers, as they are called, presenting the appearance of a noble torrent suddenly petrified by some overwhelming force.

The snowfields, which lie at the upper part of every glacier, are composed of crystallized snow, which continues unchanged so long as it remains dry, but undergoes a great transformation when the sun, melting the upper surface, allows the water to trickle down into the substance of the mass of snow.

This fluid congealing again during the night transforms the snow into a granulated mass formed of small, round icicles, half snow and half ice.

By the repetition of this process, which also displaces the air, and by pressure from the subjacent layers, the whole mass is now united and consolidated to form ice. As an illustration of regelation of ice when the air is excluded, we may take two pieces of ice and under water place them together so that they touch. They will immediately freeze together. As a string of small fragments of ice may easily thus be formed, so also are chains of icebergs sometimes met with.

From the interior these glaciers wend their slow and resistless way down the mountain sides or through the valleys toward or into the sea. As the width and length, so does the height or thickness of the glacier vary, in some instances the measurement being as much as 300 or 400 feet, rising out of the sea or fiord like a solid wall of glass, with an unknown and almost unfathomable depth of ice below the sea level.

The foot of the glacier, where it reaches the sea, may often be many miles in width. The great Humboldt glacier has a precipitous facial edge of some 60 miles in length. The disruption of great masses of its substance, between the combined action of the uprising force of the tides on its under surface and its own overhanging weight as it protrudes down into the sea, accompanied at such a moment by a detonation and thunder like the noise of artillery, forms icebergs.

As the immense mass strikes the water many fragments, forming smaller bergs, are shaken off. The white foam swirls around the vortex formed by the descending mass, and while it struggles to steady itself in its new home the billows which arise from the disturbed water imperil any boats or other craft which chance to be at not a properly respectful distance from the scene.

These bergs are then carried down the deep white fiords or arms of the sea by favoring winds and tides and sail in their solitary and majestic course out into the open and follow for many weeks, and sometimes months, the course of the current toward their destination.

A Letter of Advice.

A son of Erin appeared at the money order window of a postoffice and said that he wanted to "sind some money to ould Oireland."

"Fill out this blank," said the clerk, handing the applicant one of the blanks used on such occasions.

"An phwat is that?" asked Jerry.

"It's a blank that every applicant for a money order must fill out, a kind of letter of advice regarding the money order."

"An phwat has a letther of advice got to do wid me sindin tin dollars to me ould mother?"

"A letter of advice to the postmaster where the money is to be paid must always go with a money order."

Jerry went away from the window, grumbling and mystified.

After half an hour of painful effort at a high desk provided for the public at one end of the room Jerry returned to the window and handed in this "letter of advice" to the postmaster at Ballycarney:

"Dear Moike—Oi'm tould Oi must give yez a bit av advice before you'll be able to pay me ould mother the two pounds Oi'm sindin along with this. So, Moike, Oi would advise yez to come to Ameriky an get a job at kaping postoffice, for it's illigant postoffices they has here, an Oi've no doubt the pay is tin toimes phwat it is wid yez. So now be sure an pay me ould mother the two pounds, for Oi've done as the law says and sint yez a letther of advice."—Youth's Companion.

Her Last Heart Beat.

Dr. J. B. Thomas during his connection with the Brooklyn City hospital had an experience which was unprecedented in medical history. There was in his ward a woman who had a very defective heart. Dr. Thomas found her much improved one morning and stopped at her bedside to congratulate her upon her condition. The woman said that her condition was so much better that she thought she could get up and leave the institution. Having his stethoscope with him, the doctor bent over the patient to hear the pulsations of the heart. They were exceedingly irregular, and for some seconds he counted them.

Suddenly there was a pause, and he waited for the recurring beat. Maybe three seconds elapsed, and still there was no sound.

He looked up at her face in time to see the expression of death settling over the features. The pupils of the eyes dilated and swelled as he watched them, and the skin assumed a peculiar mottled appearance.

She whispered: "My God! What does this mean?" For a second the automatic action of the respiratory organs continued, and there were convulsive twitchings of the facial muscles, but death came when the last beat of the heart had died away.—Detroit Journal.

Lincoln Quit.

A gentleman who knew Lincoln well told the following story about "Old Abe:"

"About two years before Mr. Lincoln ran against Mr. Douglas for the United States senatorship I was a witness in Judge David Davis' court in the McLean county circuit. During the progress of the case Mr. Lincoln, who had come up from Springfield the night before, entered the courtroom and stood before the big stove in one corner of the room to warm himself. Several lawyers and acquaintances at once gathered around Mr. Lincoln, and he began telling stories in a low voice.

"Judge Davis finally arose, stretched himself and in a drawling voice said:

"'See here, now, Lincoln, either you will have to quit telling stories, or I will have to adjourn court.'

"'All right, judge,' replied Mr. Lincoln. 'I've got business down the street, so I'll go.'

"Mr. Lincoln was the most magnetic, entertaining man I ever knew. People have said he was homely, but when he was speaking I've seen his face light up with such a brilliant expression that he looked positively handsome."—Chicago Journal.

Wedding the Oceans.

It is a remarkable fact that water which flows naturally into the gulf of California and thence into the Pacific ocean has been virtually lifted across the backbone of the Rocky mountains, and now, after being used for irrigation, finds its way to the gulf of Mexico. A number of small streams on the other side of Long's peak, which flow into Grand lake and thence into the Colorado river, have been diverted by a ditch that finds its way through a pass 10,000 feet high into the head waters of the Poudre. Some 400 cubic feet per second has thus been diverted from the Pacific to the Atlantic slope, where water is used for irrigating additional farms in Larimer county. It is not strictly correct to say that this water has been lifted across the range. But a feat of sinuous engineering has diverted it, which amounts to the same thing.—Denver Republican.

It Didn't Break.

Wife—You made a mistake, my dear, when in your anger you told Mary you didn't want her to show her ugly mug in here again.

Husband—How did I? I meant just what I said.

Wife—No doubt, but it was a mistake to call her face a mug.

Husband—Well, that's what it is.

Wife—I think not, for when you spoke I noticed that her face fell, and it didn't break. When Mary drops a mug, my dear, she always picks it up in a dust pan.

A Jealous Elephant.

There is a very jealous elephant in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. The place where he is housed adjoins that in which the camels are located, and a young camel recently introduced has had great attention lavished on him, to the detriment of the elephant, which had hitherto monopolized public favor in that quarter. The elephant grew more jealous day after day. Failing to attract the attention of a dainty little girl who was caressing his young rival, the huge pachyderm filled his trunk with water and deluged the offending fair one from head to foot.

A STRANDED SHIP.

How Passengers and Crew Are Landed by the Life Saving Service.

Suppose that a large boat—a transatlantic steamer, for example—has been stranded and the waves are running mountain high. Obviously, from its bulk, it cannot be near shore. But it is near enough to be reached by a bullet from the Lyle gun. The Lyle gun is a diminutive cannon. It was invented by Captain D. A. Lyle, United States army, and has superseded the old life mortar, which is still in use in England. It is lighter than a mortar and has a longer range. It will fire a long cylinder a distance of about 695 yards. A thin line of waterproof rope is attached to this cylinder. When the gun is fired, the cylindrical bullet flies over the ship, and dropping on the other side, leaves the thin rope stretched across the deck. When the shipwrecked sailors have secured this shot line, the shore end is connected with a whip or hauling line. This is an endless rope, or ellipse, nearly an inch thick and long enough to reach from the shore to the vessel. It is reeved through a pulley block, having attached to it a "tail" or piece of rope several feet long.

The shot line is tied around both parts of the whip, a few feet above the pulley block, and at a signal the crew of the vessel haul the whip on board by means of the shot line. On it they find attached a placard giving directions, both in English and French, as to how to set up the whip line on the ship. The want of this knowledge has been a frequent cause of disaster. As soon as the directions have been followed a signal is given to the shore. Here a hawser of the requisite length, 4 inches in circumference, is tied to one part of the whip or endless hauling line and is sent out to the vessel by the life saving crew pulling upon the other part. The shipwrecked crew fasten the hawser to the mast about 18 inches above the hauling line. Meanwhile on shore a crotch, made of two pieces of wood about 10 feet high, crossed at the top in X form, is erected, the shore end of the hawser being drawn over the intersection, stretched taut by pulleys and securely anchored.

And now the hawser, forming a suspension bridge of thick rope from the ship to the shore, is ready for either the life car or the breeches buoy.

The life car is the older institution. It will hold seven or eight people. But the breeches buoy, which will hold only one, is found safer and even, through its easier handling, more expeditious. This is a circular life preserver with a pair of roomy canvas knee pantaloons attached to it. One of the shipwrecked puts his legs through the two apertures and finds himself comfortably seated. Thus he is drawn ashore, and thus one by one all the passengers are saved.

This is the only way of saving life in a hurricane at sea, which would not allow of the use of surfboats. The self righting and self bailing lifeboats, which can be used in almost any weather on the lakes, are, from their weight and heavy draft, impracticable along the line of the ocean. The lighter surfboat can be dragged along the sandy shore by its crew and readily launched at the proper spot, but it is more easily swamped in a very heavy sea, and its use therefore is limited to the less severe storms.

When a surfboat is launched, the helmsman, armed with a long steering oar, stands erect in the stern. The crew, whose backs are to the wreck, fasten their eyes upon him and ply their oars in accordance with his directions. It is a dangerous and difficult task for this frail cockleshell to mount the successive crests of the big breakers that roll shoreward. No sight can be more impressive. Even when the wreck is reached the danger is not yet over. A collision with the plunging hull or the floating and falling wreckage would mean the loss of the heroic little crew. But by careful management the wide open jaws of death are avoided, a boatload of passengers is taken off the sinking ship and restored to dry land, and until the last survivor has been saved the surfboat continues its journey to and from the shore.—New York Herald.

Shakespeare's Leading Star.

"March 16, 1618 or 1819, Richard Burbage, player, died at Shoreditch, London."

The first of the great English tragic actors, Burbage, was in every way worthy to head the long roll of England's famous players. The son of an actor, the friend and companion of Shakespeare, it was through him that many of the heroes of the dramatist first spoke to the eager playgoers who thronged the Globe theater. He was the original of Romeo, Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, Richard III, and many other of Shakespeare's leading characters, and his name stands next to that of the great poet in the licenses for acting granted by James I in 1603 to the company of the Globe theater.

His powers as an actor were not his only claim to distinction, for he was also a successful painter. The fame of his abilities held a prominent place in theatrical tradition for many years, a poem in his honor, dedicated to one of the great players of the day, being written as late as the time of Charles II.

His death, which was probably the result of paralysis, caused the poets to turn their thoughts to his successful career, and it is from the numerous elegies then written that most of the information concerning him must be gathered. Few players have ever had the good fortune to be so well liked by the dramatists of their time, and all praised him, one even lamenting that his death "Hath made a visible eclipse of playing."

A shrewd, careful man in his business affairs, Burbage left an estate producing a yearly income of £300, a large sum for a player in those days to bequeath to his heirs. Beloved and respected by all, he survived his great master by only a few years, his grave bearing the simple, expressive epitaph, "Exit Burbage."—Boston Transcript

A Curious Plant.

"A curious plant," said an eminent botanist to the writer a day or two ago, "is the wild tamarind or juba plant of the riverside and waste places of tropical America, and very strange are its effects upon the nonruminant animals that feed upon its young shoots, leaves, pods and seeds. It causes horses to lose the hair from their manes and tails, has a similar effect upon mules and donkeys and reduces pigs to complete nakedness. Horses are said to recover when fed exclusively on corn and grass, but the new hair is of different color and texture from the old, so that the animal is never quite the same as it was.

"One animal of which I personally knew, after feeding on the plant, lost its hoofs and had to be kept in slings until they grew and hardened again. Ruminant animals are not thus affected, and the growth of the plant is actually encouraged in the Bahamas as a fodder plant for cattle, sheep and goats. The difference is probably due to changes effected upon it in the chewing of the cud."—Washington Star.

EVERY woman suffering from any female trouble can be helped by Mrs. Pinkham. This statement is based on sound reasoning and an unrivalled record. Multitudes of America's women to-day bless Mrs. Pinkham for competent and common-sense advice. Write to her if you are ill. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Absolutely no charge is made for advice. "I suffered seven years and would surely have died but for your help," writes MRS. GEO. BAINBRIDGE, Morea, Pa., to Mrs. Pinkham. "It is with pleasure I now write to inform you that I am now a healthy woman, thanks to your kind advice and wonderful medicine. I can never praise it enough. I was a constant sufferer from womb trouble, and leucorrhœa, had a continual pain in abdomen. Sometimes I could not walk across the floor for three or four weeks at a time. Since using your medicine, I now have no more bearing-down pains, or tired feelings, and am well and hearty. I shall recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my suffering friends as the greatest remedy for all female weakness."

SAFE COUNSEL FOR SICK WOMEN

MRS. SUSIE J. WEAVER, 1821 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had inflammation of the womb and painful menstruation, and by your advice I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Have taken four bottles and used one package of Sanative Wash and feel like a new woman. I thank you so much for what your medicine has done for me."

MRS. M. BAUMANN, 771 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "After two months' trial of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I can not say enough in praise for it. I was a very sick woman with womb trouble when I began its use, but now I am well."

The Old Garret Gag.

"One of the favorite properties of story writers is the garret," grumbled an artist the other evening. "The starving genius always writes his great poem in a garret, the poor little sick child never fails to die in a garret, usually on a 'pallet of straw,' and when future great men come to a strange city they invariably live in garrets as a prelude to glory—in short, the garret is the theater of all manner of romance, pathos and adventure—in fiction. In real life it is different.

"When I went to New York to study art, I had the great garret myth firmly fixed on my mind, and the first thing I did was to look for a habitation of that kind. I was not especially hard up, but a garret seemed eminently the fitting thing for a struggling artist. To my great disappointment I discovered that there were no garrets in town. There were a few lofts used as storerooms and top floor apartments with slant roofs rented at enormous prices to photographers and fashionable painters, but the legendary garret was entirely unknown.

"I was finally obliged to compromise on a hall bedroom with a livery stable exposure. It was a cruel shock to my imagination. When I run across the old garret gag in a story nowadays, it makes me mad."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Got Even For the Slur.

"The people here are not very kind to me," said a young physician of the Whitemarsh valley, whose shingle has been out for several weeks.

"Not very kind! Is that so?" asked the friend to whom he complained.

"That's so; but I'll get even with them," replied the physician. I got even with one yesterday. He's the leading man of the town, and when he called on me I was glad and gave him a grand reception. But what do you think he said? 'Any port in a storm, doctor,' says he. 'I'm in a hurry, and I guess you'll have to do.' 'What's the matter?' said I, trying not to appear hurt. 'Oh, disordered stomach,' he answered, 'bad headache, cramps and all that.' Then what do you think I did? I gave him a dose of a certain drug that in an hour laid him on his back, roaring with pain. His wife came for me, hot footed, and I hurried to the house and sat beside the bed and gloated over his agony. When I felt that I had had a full revenge, I eased him off. Wasn't that a clever way to get even? It was a hundred times better than a punch in the nose. If the fellow ever insults me again, I'll half kill him."—Philadelphia Record.

The Way to Live.

Let us not burden our time with trifles and our souls with grievances. We are every one of us good, bad and indifferent in our daily journey, walking with steady or unsteady step directly toward an open grave, and why worry and fret over anything? What is the laurel wreath of fame but a shadow? What is wealth but a bubble? Let us do our duty—the right as God gives us to see the right, with malice toward none, with charity for all.

Caused Indigestion.

"Why does Henpeck refuse to eat sausage?"

"He says that they provoke sad thoughts. He proposed to his wife on the golf links."—Brooklyn Life.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Lost His Birthmark.

An amusing incident took place at the Grand Central station a few weeks ago. A portly man with clothes of foreign cut, outlandish baggage and a decided German brogue bought a ticket for a western point and then bought a sleeping berth and waited for his train to be announced. As soon as it was called he got into line, occupied much space with all his bags and bundles and made people in front and behind him uncomfortable. He had no sooner reached the platform than he dropped his baggage and freight and pushed his way back into the waiting room, ran up to the police officer and said breathlessly:

"Say, I lost my birthmark."

"Your birthmark? Where was it?"

"Here in my pocket in."

"In your pocket? That's a nice place to have one," said the officer, wishing to humor a crazy man. "How did it look?"

"Red—fool—like all birthmark. I can without it not in the sleep wagon go," and he rushed to the ticket window, where they knew that the German meant berth check when he said birthmark, and the matter was settled to his satisfaction. The crowds had gone through the door, and it was nearly train time when he came bounding back and up to the ticket window, where, with profuse apologies, he told the clerk that he had found his "birthmark."—New York Tribune.

Too Much Realism.

Mme. de Navarro has recorded in "A Few Memories" the greatest lesson she ever received against too much realism. In a certain drama the heroine, under great excitement, suddenly stops to gain composure as she hears the approaching carriages of the guests.

"Hark!" she says. "I hear the wheels of their carriages."

We obtained the effects of approaching wheels, but, try as we would, the stamping of the horses' feet upon the gravel before Clarisse's door we could not manage. At last a brilliant idea struck me, which the stage manager promptly indorsed.

It was that we should have in a donkey from Covent Garden to trot up and down behind the scenes on the gravel especially laid for him. We were decidedly nervous on the first appearance of our four footed friend, whose role was to counterfeit the high stepping horses of the brilliant French court.

When his cue was given, there was only an ominous silence. I repeated the word in a louder voice, when such a braying and scuffling were heard as sent the audience into roars of laughter. Although it was one of the most serious situations of the play, I could not help joining in their mirth until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

An Inviting Gun.

The Hon. William Wortham, long state treasurer of Texas, was in a New York jewelry store one day when he noticed a showcase filled with splendid jeweled revolvers with silver and gold grips and chased barrels, having precious stones set into the butts.

"Lemme see one of those guns," he said to the clerk.

"Which one, sir?"

"The gold one with the big ruby in the handle."

The clerk took it from the case. It was marked $33, and it looked worth even more. The Texan took it tenderly in both hands and held it admiringly up to the light. Then drawing himself up to his full height, which was 6½ feet, he rested the revolver bar upon his left elbow, crooked for the purpose, and looked over the sight down the long store. Those persons who saw him involuntarily dodged.

"Say," said Mr. Wortham, with quiet but intense enthusiasm, as he returned the weapon, "if I was to wear that gun down in my state the people would be falling down on their knees begging to be killed with it."

Automatic Salt Works.

About a hundred miles north of Lima, near the town of Huacho, is one of the great curiosities of nature—a salt factory on an automatic plan. When the tide comes in, it fills a lot of shallow basins, and the water is prevented from flowing back into the sea by closing the gates. The atmosphere is so dry that the water evaporates rapidly and leaves a sediment of salt in an almost pure state, which is scraped up, packed into sacks and shipped to market. Within the coast a little farther the percolation of sea water through the porous rocks into pits and hollows has caused immense deposits of salt to accumulate. The salt is taken out in blocks six or eight inches square and sold in that form. As soon as the salt is excavated the water comes in again and in a year or two has solidified and is ready for the market. Wells driven into the sand disclose strongly impregnated water at a depth of 25 feet, which seems to be a great deal heavier than the sea water, and is drawn off into vats for evaporation.—Chicago Record.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON III, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 15.

Text of the Lesson, Est. viii, 3-8, 15-17—Memory Verses, 15-17—Golden Text, Ps. xxxvii, 5—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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3. "And Esther spake yet again before the king and fell down at his feet and besought him with tears to put away the mischief of Haman, the Agagite, and his device that he had devised against the Jews." The topic is Esther pleading for her people, but this and the following chapters are only the conclusion of the story of God's overthrow of Haman and his plot through Esther and Mordecai. The king's sleepless night, his request for the book of records, his hearing therefrom that Mordecai had saved his life, and no honor had been conferred upon him for it; Haman being found in the court just then, his being called in and asked what should be done for the man whom the king delighteth to honor, his answer, thinking that it meant himself; his being compelled to do this for the man whom he had hoped to hang on the gallows he had caused to be made and his being hanged himself on the same gallows so soon afterward all give a most striking illustration of one falling into the pit he had digged for another.

4. "Then the king held out the golden scepter toward Esther. So Esther arose and stood before the king." So had the king done when Esther came the first time, and he had said to her at that time: What wilt thou, Queen Esther, and what is thy request? It shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom (chapter v, 2, 3). If any one came to the king without being called and the golden scepter was not held out to them, it meant death to the one thus intruding (chapter iv, 11). How unspeakably great is the privilege of every sinner to come to God through Jesus Christ, sure that he will not be cast out (John iii, 16; Rev. xxii, 17; John vi, 37) and of every saint to come as often as he will, relying upon the promises in John xiv, 13, 14!

5. "And said, If it please the king, and if I have found favor in his sight, and the thing seem right before the king, and I be pleasing in his eyes, let it be written to reverse the letters devised by Haman." These letters, the verse goes on to say, were written to destroy the Jews in all the king's provinces, and for the lives of these Jews Esther was pleading. Moses and Samuel are two of the greatest intercessors on record among mere men, but there came a time in Israel's history when even such intercession as theirs would not avail (Jer. xv, 1). In answering one of Moses' prayers the Lord said unto him, I will do this thing also that thou hast spoken, for thou hast found grace in my sight, and I know thee by name (Ex. xxxiii, 17).

6. "For how can I endure to see the evil that shall come unto my people, or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?" Consider the sorrow of heart and intercession of Moses, Nehemiah, Daniel and Paul (Ex. xxxii, 32; Neh. ix; Dan. ix; Rom. ix, 1-3). Consider Jeremiah also as he suffers with his people in their sorrows because of their sins (Lam. i, 12, 16), and as we think of our Lord actually taking our place and bearing our sins in His own body may Jeremiah's question search us, Is it nothing to you?

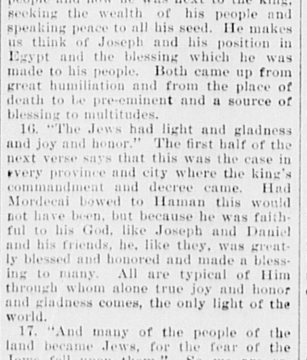
7. "Behold I have given Esther the house of Haman and him they have hanged upon the gallows, because he laid his hand upon the Jews." Thus said the king to Esther and to Mordecai, and in verses 1 and 2 it is more fully stated how Mordecai was put in Haman's place of authority and the king's ring which Haman had worn was given to Mordecai. To touch the people of God is to touch God Himself, even as it is written. He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye (Zach. ii, 8), and when Saul persecuted the Christians the Lord Jesus said from heaven that Saul was persecuting Him (Acts ix, 4).

8. "Write ye also for the Jews, as it liketh you, in the king's name and seal it with the king's ring." The rest of the verse says that such writing so sealed may no man reverse. A law of the Medes and Persians once made could not be altered (chapter i, 19; Dan. vi, 8, 12, 15). But as the letters which had gone forth had given power to all the people of the provinces to kill all Jews, young and old, on the 13th day of the twelfth month it was possible now to send forth other letters authorizing the Jews to be ready against that day to avenge themselves on their enemies, and this was done speedily (verses 9-14; compare chapter iii, 12-15).

15. "And Mordecai went out from the presence of the king in royal apparel of blue and white and with a great crown of gold and with a garment of fine linen and purple, and the city of Shushan rejoiced and was glad." See also what is written of him in chapters ix, 4; x, 3, his greatness in the king's house and in all the provinces as well as among his own people and how he was next to the king, seeking the wealth of his people and speaking peace to all his seed. He makes us think of Joseph and his position in Egypt and the blessing which he was made to his people. Both came up from great humiliation and from the place of death to be pre-eminent and a source of blessing to multitudes.

16. "The Jews had light and gladness and joy and honor." The first half of the next verse says that this was the case in every province and city where the king's commandment and decree came. Had Mordecai bowed to Haman this would not have been, but because he was faithful to his God, like Joseph and Daniel and his friends, he, like they, was greatly blessed and honored and made a blessing to many. All are typical of Him through whom alone true joy and honor and gladness comes, the only light of the world.

17. "And many of the people of the land became Jews, for the fear of the Jews fell upon them." So we are reminded that when the glory of the Lord shall be seen upon Israel in the latter days all nations shall through them be blessed and that people out of all nations shall take hold of a Jew, saying, We will go with you, for God is with you, and all nations shall go up to Jerusalem from year to year to worship the Lord of hosts (Isa. lx, 1-3; Zach. viii, 23; xiv, 16). It was very evident in this case that God was with the Jews, and therefore the people turned to them. When the Philistines came to Isaac, desiring to have his favor, the reason they gave was, We saw certainly that the Lord was with thee (Gen. xxvi, 28).



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the result of over-work, indiscretions, excesses and abuses, have brought themselves to a condition where they must have the best help science can give to save them from prostration, despair and death. But kind Nature forgives; there is one sure remedy to cure you, to save you from nervous prostration, insanity, paralysis, despair and death, and that is that wonderful discovery, that vitalizing invigorator, Dr. Greene's Nervura. This wonderful restorative of brain, nerve and body, will give back to the weakened and exhausted system the strength that it has lost. It will impart strength and vigor to the brain and nerves, vitalize and invigorate all the physical powers, and restore you again to that grand degree of lusty strength, of bounding pulse and strong physical and nerve power, which by over-work, ignorance or folly, you have exhausted. Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., the great specialist in nervous diseases of men invites sufferers from nervous debility and seminal weakness to consult him free of charge, either personally or by letter. All communications are confidential, and sufferers can be assured of the sympathy as well as the best advice and counsel from this skilled and experienced physician to whom thousands of men owe their present health and happiness.

Didn't Fool the "Shadow."

Inspector Conquest tells many entertaining anecdotes of his relations with Mr. Gladstone, whom he was specially told off to "shadow" during the troublous times of 1881. The premier, who, as is well known, chafed under the vigilant supervision to which he was subjected, was fertile in expedients to get rid of the detective. Upon one occasion he attempted a particularly ingenious ruse. Entering a club, of which he was a member, he persuaded a friend of about his own build to walk out wearing his unmistakable hat and overcoat and carrying his umbrella. Mr. Gladstone hoped, of course, that his unwelcome attendant might be misled in the dusk of an autumn evening and thus allow an opportunity to escape.

The astute detective saw the familiar garments leaving the club, but was not deceived as to the identity of their wearer. Gait is one of the most difficult things in the world to imitate, and Mr. Gladstone's was intensely characteristic. Inspector Conquest simply walked up to the wearer of borrowed plumes, administered his most professional tap on the shoulder and said, "I believe, sir, you have just left that club with another gentleman's property in your possession!" Mr. Gladstone never attempted to elude his "shadow" after that.—London Chronicle.

Why We Begin With Soup.

The rationale of the initial soup has often been discussed. Some regard it as calculated to diminish digestive power on the theory that so much fluid taken at first dilutes the gastric juices. But there appears to be no foundation for this belief. A clear soup disappears almost immediately after entering the stomach and in no way interferes with gastric juice, which is stored in its appropriate cells ready for action. The habit of commencing dinner with soup has without doubt its origin in the fact that aliment in this fluid form—in fact, already digested—soon enters the blood and rapidly refreshes the hungry man, who, after a considerable fast and much activity, sits down with a sense of exhaustion to commence his principal meal.

In two or three minutes after he has taken a plate of good warm soup the feeling of exhaustion disappears, and irritability gives way to a gradual rising sense of good fellowship with the circle. The soup introduces at once into the system a small installment of ready digested food and saves the short period of time which must be spent by the stomach in deriving some nutriment from solid aliment, as well as indirectly strengthening the organ of digestion itself for its forthcoming duties.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

It Was a Great Shot.

There is a man who when the stars are out above rigs up a telescope at the corner of a certain street in S——, wherewith to study astronomy at sixpence a squint. One night as he was getting under way two Irish "gintlemen" were seen to be taking an observation of his movements.

"Jemmy," said one, "what in the wurruld is yon fellow afther with his machinery?"

"What, ye spalpeen," whispered the other, "shure an can't ye see that it's an airgun cannon he's got? He's afther shootin stars, he is."

"Hadn't we better be gittin out iv the way thin?" inquired his friend.

"Shure an it's no use," was the answer. "Didn't ye ever hear of shootin stars?"

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and squinted through it up at the heavens. The Irishmen looked likewise in wonder. Just then, by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky.

"Bedad, he hit it! He's fetched it down!" cried both Irishmen in a breath. "Shure an that's the greatest shootin I iver saw in my life!"—London Telegraph.

Rough on the Reporter.

The late Sir John Macdonald once gave orders to the leading Ottawa paper that his speeches were always to be reported verbatim, as he prided himself on the perfection of his extempore style. But on one occasion, when he spoke after dining generously, the reporter's notes turned out so incoherent that the editor took fright and sent the young man to get Sir John's own revision of his remarks. That statesman gravely corrected the reporter's literal transcript of what he had said and as gravely said to him on taking leave: "Young man, let me give you a piece of advice, of which I fear you stand in need. Never touch liquor."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Escaped It.

"What is it? An amateur concert?"

"Yes, but it is to be given by the best talent in the neighborhood, and it's for charity."

"How much are the tickets?"

"Fifty cents. You ought to buy a couple of them and go."

"I think I'd rather buy four of them and not go. Here's your money."—Chicago Tribune.

Reflection on the Father.

"See here, Moike," said an aged Irish citizen to his grown son, "Oi be afther hearin this mornin that yez broke up th' meetin at th' hall las' noight an carried on with a high hand. Th' nex' thing ye know, ye'll be draggin yer ol' father's name into yer scrapes by causin people to say that yez're chip offen th' ol' block."—Ohio State Journal.

What a busy world this would be if it only were as fascinating to beat a carpet as it is to beat a slot machine.—Detroit Journal.

The Frog and the Judge.

"I had been living alongside of Sil-ver lake for 15 years," said the judge "before I concluded to go fishing. suppose I had seen five carloads o fish taken out of the lake during thos years, and so I anticipated a grea catch when I got around to it. On day I got out hook and line and se off in my boat. It was right after din ner, and I let the boat go drifting. Th hook was baited with a frog for bas and I distinctly remember of givin frog and hook a whirl and a cast. The of course I waited for a bite."

"And you got one?" queried the ma with the new patent reel.

"I can't say that I did," replied th judge. "No, I have never been able t satisfy myself that I did."

"But what did you do?"

"Just floated around for five hour I think I was busy most of the tim preparing a case to come off the nex week, but had a bass taken hold o that frog I must have felt it."

"But didn't you pull in your line a all?"

"I don't think so. If I did, it escap ed my memory. Should I have don so?"

"Why, of course."

"For what reason?"

"To see if the frog was on the hoo all right."

"Oh! There was no reason then, smiled the judge. "It seems that a soon as I cast him overboard he swa back and climbed into the boat, an at the end of five hours he came hop ping over to me, as if to ask if I hadn had all the fun I wanted. I decide that I had, and I unhooked him wit apologies and rowed home."—Chicag News.

Bounced the Bill of Fare.

Stories of the generosity of Judg Poland of Vermont are constantly com ing to light. One of the prettiest about an old farmer, whom the judg invited to dine with him one day a the hotel in Lyndon, Vt.

The old man's shabby garments an uncouth manners did not prevent h host from being heartily glad to s him, and he was ushered into the din ing room with all the deference th could have been shown the judge most distinguished friend.

It was the farmer's first experien at a hotel, and when the waiter la the menu card before him he aske quickly, "What's that?"

"The bill of fare, sir," replied th waiter.

"Take it away!" said the old ma with a look of triumph on his brow face. "Judge Poland isn't the so that invites folks and then lets 'em p their own bills. I've known him, bo and man, young feller! Perhaps yo didn't know I'm a-vis'ting Judge Po land today."

The waiter bowed with the aspect o a graven image, but the judge and h guest smiled at each other in mutu friendliness and pleasure, and then th judge proceeded to order for two.— Youth's Companion.

The Missionary's Little Joke.

A native Maori chieftain, the d scendant of cannibal kings, is no completing his medical education Chicago. Cannibalism ended in h tribe, he says, when Bishop Selwy converted his grandfather, but he tel some stories of it which have a di tinctly humorous flavor. For instanc

It is said that once a chief captured missionary who was anything but toothsome morsel, as he was old an thin and looked as if his flesh would b tough. The missionary warned th chief that he would not make a goo dinner and, pulling up his trouser cut a slice off the calf of his leg an offered it to the chief.

The chief tasted it, said he didn like it and passed it to a subchief. Th sub tasted it, made a wry face an passed it on. The next man who too a bite of it spat it out. The missionar was released. After he had gone was discovered that he wore a cork le

The Fads of Authors.

How novelists write will always b of interest to readers. Each seems t have some favorite place for attackin the muse. Roe wrote "Near to N ture's Heart," Hay "At the Seasid and Besant "All In a Garden Fair Verne wrote "Twenty Thousan Leagues Under the Sea," Dryden " Sunny Lands" and Auerbach "On th Heights."

While Gibbon wrote "For Lack o Gold" and Payne "In Peril and Priva tion," Black wrote "In Silk Attire and Haven "Out of Debt, Out of Dan ger."

Horatio Alger wrote "Slow an Sure," Williams "On and Off" and Pik "Every Day."

Most curious of all were Bellam who wrote "Looking Backward," an Parker, who wrote "Upside Down."— Puck.

From Hand to Mouth.

"I'll never speak to him again!" e claimed the young woman in the pa blue jacket. "He called me his que and asked if he might kiss my han I said yes, and—and after that he ki ed me on the lips without asking."

"I suppose," said the young wom in the yellow buskins, "the follow along the line of least resistance."— Chicago Tribune.

Worth His While to Flatter.

Art Critic—Your portrait of Sua gins, the multimillionaire there, h a fine technique, but it doesn't look t least like him.

Fashionable Portrait Painter—Hush How could I ever get $2,500 for it if I did?—Boston Transcript.

Orthodox Mohammedans are forbid den to make or use any "graven im age." Consequently their chessme have no resemblance to human figure

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLIX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1899. (Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.) NO. 46.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 2, 1899.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.
For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.
For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.
For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.
FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M.
Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.50, 7.10, 7.55, 2.25, 8.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 7.35, 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

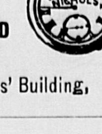
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Supt.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.

Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
AND CONTRACTOR.
Pipe fitting of all kinds.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on **Mrs. M. JENNINGS** 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass.
Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

IT IS TIME

To commence to take some kind of Spring Medicine to brace up after the cold and sickness of Winter, and prepare for the languor and weakness of early Spring. Try

Nervo-Celery Compound.

We make it. It has proved a success. It costs 50 cents.

PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.

The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

A ROLL OF RED TAPE.

THE CIRCUMLOCUTION OF THE ENGLISH POSTOFFICE.

Travelings and Troubles of a Citizen of the Great Metropolis In His Attempt to Mail a Little Package For Delivery In New York.

In this greatest of all cities, London, there is a place called St. Martin's le Grand, and in St. Martin's le Grand there is an institution which fills both sides of the street and in which every man, woman and child of these blessed islands has more or less of a peculiar interest. It is called the general postoffice and is presided over by the latest of a long line of illustrious dukes and is really a very great concern indeed.

Well, I went there the other day. I did not go on some extraordinary errand. I did not wish to worry the duke or to disconcert the officials with questions as to the rules and regulations. As a matter of fact, I went to post a packet of photographs.

Now, it is a remarkable fact that although I have lived in London for a good many years I had never previously posted anything at the general postoffice. I should not have done so on this occasion but for the fact that the clerk at my local office had got a more than usually acute attack of asininity and could not tell me for the life of him what to do to get my modest packet of photographs off by that evening's mail to New York.

It wanted just five minutes to the closing time for the American mail when I arrived, hot and breathless with my rapid walk, in St. Martin's le Grand. I wanted three things, my parcel weighed, the necessary stamps and information as to where to post it. Now, at most postoffices when you require stamps you make your way to a door in the immediate vicinity of the posting slots, where you find the room devoted to their sale.

Not so at the London general postoffice. I approached the nearest door. A red braided official sitting on a sack asked what I wanted.

"Stamps," I said.

"You'll get them in the building across the street," he answered.

Dodging across the street, therefore, at the usual risk of life which attends such a performance in this greatest of all cities, I ran into a room and up to a long counter, and, seeing close at hand a notice bearing the legend, "Late fee, foreign parcels," I made for it and asked the clerk to kindly "tell me how much that would take."

He told me to apply half way down the counter. I did so, and, after weighing my packet, another clerk told me it would take a two penny halfpenny stamp.

"And the late fee?" I queried.

"Oh, do you want it to go by this mail? Oh, all right. Another halfpenny."

"Where must I post it?" I asked.

"Outside, across the street," he replied.

Glancing at the clock, I rushed out and, diving across the thoroughfare, began a careful study of the various posting slots to discover which particular one was for the reception of late fee packets for the foreign mail. I studied in vain, and, catching sight of another red braided official in a corner, I asked him to direct me. After a look at my packet he said:

"Hand it over the counter across the street."

With a remark not loud, but deep, I once more dodged the traffic, charged up the steps, upsetting two men and a boy on the way, and thrust my parcel over that brass railing which the authorities with much prudence and foresight have instituted in these establishments obviously to protect the so called officials from the righteous fury of an outraged public.

"What is it?" asked the clerk.

"I assure you," I replied, "that this is a packet of photographs, tied round with string and directed to New York."

"Well, you must post it across the street," he said.

Steeling myself to a frightful calmness, I explained to him that I had already been three times across the street over that same packet, but that nevertheless I would cheerfully cross it a dozen times if the regulations of her majesty's service so directed. He seemed hurt a little at my remarks, but finally asked to have a closer look at the packet. At last:

"Take it to the other end of the counter," he directed, "and ask the man there."

I did so, and, after answering one or two further assinine queries as well as my trembling sanity would allow, it was accepted, and so at last I succeeded in posting a packet of photographs to New York.

And this is a true story from "the greatest city in the world."—London Cor. New York Mail and Express.

Edible Birds' Nests.

The nests of the little swift (a kind of swallow), gathered along the rocky cliffs with so much difficulty and yet in such quantities on account of the Chinese demand, are formed of a salivary secretion which soon becomes firm on exposure to the air. It is a glutinous white substance with little red dots. They are clean, the nests being taken as soon as completed. The little swift, being repeatedly robbed, is at last compelled to eke out its waning supply of secretion with little sticks and grass and is thus enabled to lay its eggs and hatch its young, as only nests free from foreign material are merchantable.—"A Sketch of the Philippines" in Self Culture.

DIVING FOR FIREWOOD.

Sandwich Islanders' Way of Filling the Wood Box.

Boys whose most distasteful task is to keep the wood box filled, or who are expected to split the kindling wood every night, would undoubtedly enjoy living at Hawaii. Firewood there is not only very scarce, but they get it out of the water, another feature of the matter which would probably appeal to such of the boys as delight in "goin swimmin." H. W. Henshaw, writing in The Youth's Companion, says of this custom:

Upon the shores of Hawaii firewood is a scarce and precious commodity. The present forests do not grow near the sea, and the labor of bringing wood from the distant timber is great, especially as roads are few. Practically all the firewood of the natives, and much that is used by the Europeans in the towns, is drift that is brought down periodically from the uplands by freshets that follow heavy rains.

There is nothing strange in all this, but what is strange is the way the natives gather the wood. Pick it up on the beach? Not at all; at least, very little is obtained in that commonplace manner.

Much of the island timber is extremely heavy, and instead of floating in orthodox fashion, as wood should do, it promptly sinks to the bottom. As the freshet gathers headway, down come the heavy tree trunks and branches, dashing fiercely against the rough lava sides of the stream and bumping against the bottom till all semblance of their original shape is lost and they are bruised into shapeless blocks or split into kindling.

The current carries them well into the ocean, where they settle into the sand. The first stage of their journey is over, now for the second. In a day or two the ocean rises in its might and sends in huge breakers upon the shores, which catch the logs and splinters and roll them over and over, still on the bottom, toward the beach.

Here is the native's chance. He has been waiting long for just such an opportunity. Down to the shore come the Kanakas in troops. No one is left behind save the sick and the blind. Men, women and children are all on the beach, having an eye both to business and to pleasure.

The women are clad in old, loose holakus, a garment I may best describe by likening it to the original "Mother Hubbard." The men doff their garments and don the economical malo, or waist cloth. The children follow suit, so far as dofling goes, and don—well, to tell the truth, most of them don nothing, and if they are satisfied, you and I need not complain. And now for it.

The men dash into the breakers, diving under the big combers and rising on the crests of the smaller ones till they are out shoulder high; then they feel around with their feet till they find a piece of wood—it may be only a splinter, or it may be a log so large as to require the aid of a rope to pull it in; but, large or small, no matter. Down dives the Kanaka head foremost to seize the prize.

The women and children wade in a little distance to catch the smaller pieces that get past the men, and soon the piles on the shore grow from nothing to cords.

A hardy native will stay in the water, wading and diving, for a couple of hours and then come out, pretty thoroughly chilled, to sun himself on the beach in readiness for another bout with the waves, meantime solacing himself with the inevitable pipe or cigarette.

Hard work is this wood gathering by diving, what between the buffetings of the waves, the cold and the labor of tugging the logs ashore. But for all that shouts and laughter fill the air, and one might suppose the occasion was a summer picnic.

Whatever his faults, the Kanaka has not added to the gloom and discontent of the world. He endures disappointment and misfortune with equanimity, and when the clouds pass and the sun shines he is ready to laugh and be glad.

Animals and Birds That Fight.

You would hardly believe that moles, clumsy and almost blind, become perfect demons when they quarrel.

No one knows what they quarrel about, but if they once start fighting, one has to die. They will keep on in the presence of any number of spectators, hanging on to one another like bulldogs, and burying their enormously strong jaws and teeth in one another's flesh.

Hedgehogs, another type of the quiet, inoffensive looking animal, not only fight, but always to the death, and when one is killed the other generally devours him.

Hares, on the other hand, are proverbially the most timid of creatures; yet they can fight. A fight between two hares is a ludicrous sight, as they skip and jump over one another. But a blow from the hind legs of a hare is no joke to his opponent.

Among birds, robins are the most pugnacious. More than one case could be quoted of two robins so frantically set on killing one another as to have allowed themselves to be picked up in the hands of a looker on and there have laid with beak and claws deeply buried in one another's plumage.

Enjoying the Ride.

A schoolboy who was going to a party was cautioned by his mother not to walk home if it rained, and she gave him money for a cab. It rained heavily, and great was the mother's surprise when her son arrived at home drenched to the skin.

"Did you not take a cab as I ordered you, Alf?"

"Oh, yes, but when I ride with you you always make me ride inside! This time I rode on the box, and it was so jolly!"—London Telegraph.

Horse on Him.

"Got a good joke on myself," said the man who has accumulated a little property by hard work. "I asked my wife what was the difference between me and a horse, intending to say that I was a forehanded man and the horse was a four footed beast. What do you suppose she said?"

"Give it up," said the other man.

"Said she guessed it must be the length of my ears."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Saleslady's Romance.

"Yes, I'm in the necktie department now. I like it ever so much better than selling ribbons. Men are so much easier to suit than women. All you've got to do is smile at them and you can sell them any old thing. The women will finger over the whole stock and not buy 10 cents' worth—just as if a lady had nothing to do but show goods. Besides, I don't like the floorwalker in the ribbon department. The one we've got now is lovely. His name is Perkins—Horatio Perkins—and he's just as swell.

"And, say, can you keep a secret? He's—you won't tell a soul?—well, he's in love with me. No, he hasn't said so yet, but I can tell by the way he looks at me—never takes his eyes off me from morning till night. He's jealous, too, and that's a sure sign. You ought to've seen him yesterday when George came in to invite me to the bill poster's ball. George—he's my old steady, you know—well, he and I was standing there talking when Horatio—I mean Mr. Perkins—came along. He gave me an awful fierce look, but I never let on that I seen him, but just kept right on talking.

"Then he stepped right up to me and says, his voice quivering with suppressed emotion, he says: 'Miss Robinson,' he says, 'are you aware that there are half a dozen customers waiting for you?'

"I know he only said that so as not to betray his real feelings, because when I turned around there wasn't any six customers there at all. There was only four."—New York Journal.

A Row at the Show.

The lord mayor's show is an annual theme for the newspapers. Very little can be said about it that has not been said again and again. It costs about £2,000, the banquet from £2,000 to £3,000. The show has sunk during the century to borrowing some of its splendors from the "property man." Thereby hangs a tale.

A certain lord mayor hired from the Surrey theater two suits of armor, brass and steel, with a couple of supers to go inside them. The manager of the Surrey stipulated, by the way, that the steel armor should not be used if the day be a wet or a foggy one. After the show the men in armor were taken to the Guildhall, remaining there several hours without food. No one, it appears, was able to rid them of their ironmongery.

Wine was given them, and the man of brass became intoxicated. The bystanders, thinking if he fell about that he would injure others as well as himself, tried to eject him. But he showed fight, and, to add to their further dismay, his companion in arms joined him. They were overcome at last only by sheer weight of numbers. Then the maker of the armor was sent for. He eventually succeeded in freeing the men, who were in danger of being stifled by the weight of their equipment.—Good Words.

Treating Insomnia.

So many people suffer from insomnia nowadays that it is a wonder they do not adopt the time honored custom of French kings and indeed of our ancestors generally, the "en cas" by the bedside, the meal of fruit or bread and cold chicken, put ready in case of wakefulness. Many a merry little meal might be eaten in the middle of the night, when thoughts crowd on the mind and care sits heavy. It is the wakeful digestion that claims its due and clamors to be fed. Our forefathers were wise, and many a hunter after old furniture knows the quaint little cupboard with a grated door which served for the night meal and is now sometimes labeled a cheese cupboard. A bedside book is of no use when the pangs of hunger make for mastery, but with a book and a "snack" one can contrive to pass some pleasant hours, even when sleep does not touch one's eyelids and the sweet boon of unconsciousness evades one's grasp.—New York Times.

The Ideal Physician.

The attitude of the true physician has been most admirably delineated by the master hand of that fine exemplar of his profession, Dr. Osler, in an address delivered to the students of Albany Medical college. "Be careful," he said, "when you get into practice to cultivate equally well your hearts and your heads. There is a strong feeling abroad that we doctors are given nowadays to science, that we care much more for the disease and the scientific aspects of it than for the individual. I don't believe it, but at any rate, whether there is that tendency or not, I would urge upon you in your practice in the future to care more particularly for the individual patient than for the special features of the disease.

"I am sure all of you must feel, even those of you who have only been a single term in the professional work, that you have entered upon a profession that appeals both to the heart and to the head. Dealing as we do with poor, suffering humanity, we see the man unmasked, exposed to all the frailties and weaknesses, and you have got to keep your heart pretty soft and pretty tender not to get too great a contempt for your fellow creatures. The best way to do that is to keep a looking glass in your hearts, and the more carefully you scan your own frailties the more tender you are for the frailties of your fellow creatures."—Philadelphia Medical Journal.

Adding Insult to Injury.

The day had been appointed for the ceremony which was to make one of two, but some freak of frivolous fortune had caused her to relinquish the glittering solitaire.

"Oh, well," he said, "I don't suppose a man could ever be happy with a wife who dyes her hair anyhow."

"'Tis false," she exclaimed indignantly.

"Yes, I guess it is, now that I look at it closely," he replied, "but at first I thought it was dyed."—Chicago News.

Like His Father.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "the baby is trying to talk again. It's wonderful how he takes after you!"

"What was he talking about?"

"I think it must have been politics. He started very calmly, but in a few minutes he was as angry and red in the face as he could be."—Washington Star.

HER FONDEST WISH.

They were walking down Main Street, talking of old school days. The elder of the two women was entertaining the "fond, familiar friend" of her girlhood, who had just arrived on a brief visit. The visitor had been two years married, and her whilom school friend had marveled at the change marriage had wrought. The old, impulsive laugh had given place to a sigh, the quick step changed to a dragging pace. The face was sallow, the eyes were dull.

Just then there passed them a comely woman with bright, healthy complexion,

beaming eyes, erect figure and elastic step. Health seemed to radiate from her with every movement. For the first time since her visit the interest of her guest seemed aroused, and as she turned her head to watch the retreating figure, she cried in tones that came from the heart "Oh! What would I not give to be like that woman. To have such a complexion, such brightness, such energy."

"Well," said her companion, "You can have all that if you want it?" "If I want it! Why, health is the fondest wish of my life. I don't live now. I only exist. But what do you mean by saying I can be like that hearty, healthy, vigorous woman? It is impossible. She has something to draw on; stamina, constitution, something that I am utterly deficient in. How I wish I were as she is." "My dear," said her friend, "if

'But to wish more virtue is to gain,'

your wish has carried you one step toward the goal of health. But wishing must give place to willing before you can move farther. My father had a clerk who was a poor penman. One morning the mail brought a letter, written in the most perfect commercial hand. The clerk said to my father, "How I wish I could write like that. I'd give a hundred dollars to be able to do it." "You can do it," was the answer, "but not by wishing. You must will to do it and work to do it. Take this letter, copy it as fairly as you can once every day for three months. At the end of that time you will be as perfect a penman as the man who wrote this letter." And he was. Now let me tell you

THAT WOMAN'S STORY.

She had three children in the first three years of her married life, and at the end of that time she was nothing but a wreck. She had severe trouble with the womb, which caused her agony, her nerves were shattered, she lost flesh, her rounded cheeks fell in, her eye grew dull, she could barely drag herself about. "And how did she recover?" the guest broke in eagerly. "Did you ever hear of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery?'" "Why, they are patent medicines, aren't they?" was the reply of the visitor. "Of course they are," was the response.

"Do you know of anything of great public utility that is not patented?"

"You came here in a patented Pullman Car. You sit in a patent rocker. You wear a patent safety hook, I see, to hold up your dress, and yet object to patent medicine. In everything else a patent is an honor. It puts the government back of the thing patented. It guarantees the public protection from fraudulent imitation of valuable articles. Why should not a government patent be a veritable badge of honor to a medicine? It really is. A patent is really a crown of merit which the government awards to the skill, patience, labor and thought that enrich the world with a new commodity or a new device. Every patent medicine begins with a formula that is common property. It is the skill to combine, the discovery of one more needed ingredient, the exact relation of the remedy to the needs of the body that lifts it out of the common formula and gives it a claim to be honored by a patent."

"But do you really mean to say that Dr. Pierce's medicines made her

A PERFECTLY WELL WOMAN?"

"I mean to say just that," was the answer. "She had tried everything. Her local doctors had experimented with her. She was broken in health and bankrupt in hope. Then, when calling on a friend, she happened to pick up a copy of Dr. Pierce's great medical book, the 'Common Sense Medical Adviser.' Turning over the pages idly she read passages that impressed her with the practical common sense of the views advanced. She discovered that she had been at war with nature and must be reconciled. . . . But not to prolong the story, it led to her taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and the result is what you see."

Nothing New Under the Tent.

I wandered to the circus, John. I sat beneath the tent and saw the man from Borneo, likewise the tattooed gent. I heard the toothless lions howl, while men in spangled clothes stepped fearlessly into their dens and whacked them on the nose. I saw the sacred elephant spout water through his trunk, the salamander eating lead and other melted junk. I heard the merry clown get off the jokes we used to know when we were boys together, John, some 20 years ago. The same old horses waddled round the same old kind of ring, the same old comic vocalists proved that they couldn't sing, the same old hippopotamus was grunting with disgust, the same old Persian ox was kicking up the dust, the same old rheumatic acrobats crawled painfully round, and the ossified contortionist was crawling on the ground and ladies rode barebacked steeds to music sad and slow—the same old girls we used to see some 20 years ago.—Minneapolis Messenger.

Thought He Knew Him.

Dr. Conan Doyle is a methodical worker and a hard worker. He pastes up over his mantelshelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school, the teacher called the boy up before him and said solemnly:

"Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

Still the Woman Objected.

A certain Dyersburg woman assured her husband she never told him a lie and never would. He told her he did not doubt it, but would hereafter cut a notch in the piano when he knew she deceived him. "No you won't!" she screamed. "I'm not going to have my piano all ruined!"—Tennessee State Gazette.

If a man dislikes ten persons, his reasons for disliking seven of the ten are so trivial that he would feel ashamed to see them in black and white.—Atchison Globe.

If a man sows the wind, he is liable to catch a cyclone in his self binder some day.—York (Neb.) Times.

ORANGE ICE

One of the many delicious desserts any housewife can prepare easily and quickly with

Keystone Silver White Gelatine.

Recipes with every box.

If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free, with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS, Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

It Carries the Current.

"If I were you, I wouldn't lean against that post. You might get hurt."

The speaker was a policeman, and the person to whom his words were addressed was a young fellow who stood under an iron awning with one hand resting on an iron post which helped to support the awning. The young man jerked his hand away quickly.

"What's the matter with the post?" he asked. "It looks all right."

"Yes, it does," responded the policeman, "and it may be all right. But it's iron, and its surface is wet from the rain that is falling. There are a whole lot of telephone and telegraph wires in the vicinity. One of them may be mixed up with an electric light wire somewhere and may also be rubbing up against some part of this awning. Understand? If it should be, the combination would be one that, with the water that is running down the post as a conductor, would be apt to put you out of existence. I've seen one man killed in just that way, and I really don't want to see another. That's all. Goodby."

Then the policeman walked off down the street, leaving the young fellow staring first at the post and then at the wires overhead. But as long as the saunterer remained under the awning he kept his hands away from the wet iron.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Not Wanting a Job.

When the late W. E. Gladstone was chancellor of the exchequer, one day he was in the shipping department of the government office getting some information and figures for the coming budget. While thus engaged a Sunderland shipowner called to see Mr. Lindsey, the then member for Sunderland.

While waiting for Mr. Lindsey to come in the shipowner got his eye on Mr. Gladstone and was watching him closely. After doing so a little while he thus addressed him:

"Thou seemst a good writer and clever at figures. I'll give thee £100 a year, and that's an offer thou'lt not get every day!"

Mr. Gladstone thanked him and said he would see Mr. Lindsey.

Just then Mr. Lindsey entered. Then Mr. Gladstone told Mr. Lindsey of the offer his friend had made him.

Mr. Lindsey said it was a very good offer, but he did not know if Mr. Gladstone could be spared. Anyway he had better introduce them. Turning to his friend, the shipowner, he said: "Allow me to introduce you to W. E. Gladstone, chancellor of the exchequer—Mr. So-and-so, Sunderland." The amazement of the shipowner cannot be described. The Grand Old Man laughed immoderately.—London Answers.

Willing to Compromise.

About the middle of the civil war a freshly appointed colonel, with a newly enlisted regiment, joined the Union forces in the far south. One bright October morning word was received that a small detachment of General Wheeler's cavalrymen was on the other side of the hill, and a force started out in pursuit. The next day the Confederates were reported miles distant in the opposite direction. The third day the new colonel and a veteran brigadier started out for a pleasure ride. A mile from camp they rode into the fugitive Confederates, who had been circling the camp for a week. It was a narrow escape, but they got away unharmed.

After it was over the general said to the colonel, "Well, what do you think of war now?"

"Is Wheeler in this neighborhood much of the time?" replied the colonel evasively.

"All the time. He is here, there and everywhere. What do you think of the prospect?"

"Well," answered the colonel reflectively, "I wonder whether there isn't some way this infernal thing can be compromised!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Yankee Joker Abroad.

A story on the fraudulent conferring of degrees is told in the London Post, which, while it may not be strictly accurate, is not without interest. It seems that a chimney sweep took proceedings against an Edinburgh man for debt, and in the course of his evidence the sweep mentioned that his name was "Jamie Gregory, LL. D." The following colloquy ensued between the witness and the sheriff:

"What, doctor of laws or letters? And where on earth did you get that distinction?"

"It was a fellow fra' an American university, an I sweepit his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I'll make ye an LL. D., and we'll ca' it quets.' An he did."

Another Mystery.

"The study of the occult sciences interests me very much," remarked the new boarder. "I love to explore the dark depths of the mysterious, to delve into the regions of the unknown, to fathom the unfathomable, as it were, and to"—

"May I help you to some of the hash, professor?" interrupted the landlady.

And the good woman never knew why the other boarders smiled audibly.—Chicago News.

The Old, Old Story.

Old Lady (reading a letter from her son in college)—Lor' sakes alive! Josiar, if John hain't gone an done it! An he warn't no hand for the gals, nuther!

Her Worse Half—Wut's the trouble, Samanthy?

Old Lady—Why, he says he's fallen in love with Belle—er—Belle Letters.—Brooklyn Life.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 20, 1899.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor,	W. Murray Crane of Dalton
For Lieut. Governor,	John L. Bates of Boston
For Secretary of State,	William L. Olin of Boston
For State Treas.,	Edward S. Bradford of Springfield
For State Auditor,	John W. Kimball of Fitchburg
For Attorney General,	Hosea M. Knowlton of New Bedford
For County Commissioner,	Levi S. Gould of Malden
For Sheriff,	John R. Fairbain of Cambridge
For Senator,	Howard K. Sanderson of Lynn
For Councillor,	George F. Harwood of Lynn
For Representatives,	
Frank E. Wetherell	of Woburn
Arthur B. Roberts	of Reading

WHO THEY ARE.

Mr. FRANK E. WETHERELL is well known in Woburn and the information here given concerning him is not for home consumption. The fact that he has been selected to represent the District, with Mr. Arthur E. Roberts, in the Legislature of 1900 is a stronger endorsement of his merits than any the JOURNAL could give.

For the benefit of Reading Republicans, however, we make this statement: Mr. Wetherell was born at Worcester, Mass., in December 1843. He graduated from the High School in that city in 1862, and in 1871 entered on the profession of a journalist. His first newspaper work was done for the Woburn JOURNAL and Lexington *Minute-man*, both then published by John L. Parker, now Editor of the Lynn *Item*. After four years of satisfactory service on those papers he was made Managing Editor of Mr. J. Henry Symonds's *American Cabinet Maker*, published in Boston, in which capacity he served another four years.

Subsequently Mr. Wetherell was in business in Providence, R. I., and in 1890 returned to Woburn and accepted the editorial management of the *News*, on which he has wrought faithfully and successfully ever since.

Mr. Wetherell is intelligent, well educated, and a pleasing public speaker. He will be elected.

Mr. ARTHUR E. ROBERTS of Reading received a unanimous nomination by the Republican of the 28th Middlesex Representative District to stand as a candidate for the next Massachusetts Legislature.

Mr. Roberts was born at Charlestown, Mass., June 22, 1861, of Jacob W. and Sophronia P. Roberts, both of genuine New England stock. He attended the public schools of Charlestown; went from them to the Boston Latin; and in due time graduated from the Boston English High. Both of his grandfathers served with destinction in the Legislature of the State of Maine, his grandfather Roberts being several terms a member of the Senate.

After leaving school Mr. Roberts entered the employ of Eustace & Aldrich, State st., Boston, where he remained some time. He is now, with his brother, Herbert H. Roberts, in the wholesale grocery business on Blackstone st., Boston, in the same store his father opened, for the same trade, in 1850.

Mr. Robert took up his residence in Reading in 1880, and is one of that town's most prominent and highly respected citizens. He is Trustee of the Mechanics Saving Bank; belongs to Good Samaritan Lodge of Masons; was Secretary of the Republican Town Committee in 1897; and Chairman in 1898 and 1899.

The Roberts family of York county, from whence the father of our candidate emigrated, have always been leaders in all the walks of life. Judging from the business, social and political standing of Mr. Arthur E. Roberts in community, we judge the race has not degenerated. The Reading candidate is a good, solid, honest man. His election is a foregone conclusion.

THE YACHT RACE.

To the extreme gratification of all true Americans the international cup race between the Columbia and Shamrock last Monday was won by the former in handsome style. It was a fair, square contest, and Sir Lipton, owner of the Shamrock, so declared at the finish. The Columbia reached the starting point 10 minutes and 12 seconds, and one mile and a quarter, ahead of the Shamrock, and was declared the winner. There was great rejoicing on the part of the friends of the American craft.

On Tuesday another trial was entered on, but about 20 minutes after the start the topmast of the Shamrock was carried away which disabled her for further work that day. The Columbia sailed over the course and was given the race, in conformity with the agreement of Mr. Iselin and Sir Lipton entered into before the contest.

The attempted race yesterday was a failure. The Columbia took the lead on the start and kept a long one until the wind died out. Another trial will be made today.

WETHERELL AND ROBERTS.

Last Monday evening delegates to the 28th Republican Representative District convention met at the headquarters of the Woburn Ward and City Committee and nominated Frank E. Wetherell of Woburn, and Arthur B. Roberts of Reading, as Republican candidates for Representatives to the Legislature.

It was simply a ratification meeting, for the above named gentlemen had been virtually nominated at the Republican caucuses held two weeks previously in their respective towns.

Now all the Republicans of the District have got to do is to go ahead and elect their candidates.

☞ The Democratic Representative convention for the 28th Middlesex District was held at the Central House in this city last Wednesday evening. The delegates were all present. Mr. Robert J. W. Phinney and Mr. Michael J. Doyle, both of Woburn, were nominated. It is understood that the gentlemen accepted the honor and will work hard for an election.

☞ Hon. Joshua B. Holden is looming up as a candidate for Postmaster of Boston. He would make a good one. He has hosts of friends and they say he stands more than even chance of being selected for the office.

☞ Last Saturday was "Dewey Day" all along the line. Never in its history was Boston so full of people, and never were the towns and cities around it so empty, as on that day. The suburbs did not, by any means, contribute all the visitors, nor furnish all the enthusiasm; all New England turned out and near and remote railroad trains were crowded to their utmost capacity. The streets of Boston were one solid mass of humanity. It was useless trying to get anywhere unless the crowd happened to be moving in the direction one wanted to go. And such a noise! The Dewey enthusiasm was at its very highest pitch and manifested itself in every conceivable shape and sound. It was "Dewey, Dewey" everywhere. At home here it seemed as though nobody was left. The city was deserted. Here and there a lonely looking soul slowly meandered and meditated. The conditions were perfect for meditation. Every train up to noon was packed with men, women and children bent on seeing Dewey, and by that hour there were no people left in Woburn worth taking an account of. Nobody was here to make note of the innumerable Flags that floated over our city. It was a great day.

☞ Rising 30 Woburn G. A. R. Veterans, in uniform, represented the two Posts of this city in the great Dewey parade in Boston last Friday evening. Commander E. F. Wyer of Post 161 was in charge. The Order was by far the most conspicuous feature in the great march. Several thousands of them were honored with the chief position in the grand procession, and they made a gallant appearance. Everybody believes in giving the Veterans of '61 the best there is.

☞ There is more than an even chance that Wood and Grimes who have now represented this District in the Massachusetts House three years running will be in the Senate together in 1901, the beginning of the 20th century. Straws point that way, so we are told, and here's hoping the straws are making no mistake.

☞ The 43d Regiment at Fort Ethan Allen is now practically filled and has been organized. Captain Linwood E. Hanson of this city is Captain of Company B. It is largely a Massachusetts Regiment, and a good one. It will soon start for Manila. Captain Hanson is happy over the prospect of seeing service in the field.

☞ The candidacy of Mr. James J. Myers is not promoted by spreading before the public his record on the libel bill in the last Legislature, as a Cambridge paper has done. The record was a bad one, and by no amount of argument or whitewash can it be made to appear otherwise.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

L. B. 443—Wanted.
Advertiser—Rooms.
City—Election Notice.
Evergreen R. L.—Fair.
J. P. Feeney—Citation.
O. Gilmore—Mort. Sale.
Self-Culture—Magazine.
Miss Conant—Cleansing.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.

— Montvale chapel is to be lighted by electricity.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— State election comes on Tuesday, Nov. 7, this year.

— Mr. Nathaniel Watson has returned from his trip.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— Read the ad. "Second-hand Furniture" in this paper. It will pay.

— The city Highway Department is slicking up Pleasant st., in fine style.

— 50c. neckwear can be bought for 25c. at Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Burlington is to have free delivery beginning next Monday, Oct. 23.

— Oh, what a charming day it was for the great Dewey blowout in Boston!

— Thanksgiving Day comes on Nov. 29 this year in all the States of the Union.

— The question of a new schoolhouse is in status quo anti bellum, or appears to be.

— On Nov. 3, the South End Club will give its annual concert and ball in the Auditorium.

— Mr. Edward L. Shea and family moved into their new home on Salem street last Monday.

— Come and examine our Suffolk Derby a $3.00 hat for $2.50, Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— The Fair of Evergreen Rebekah Lodge of Stoneham, Oct. 24—27, is going to be a big thing.

— The ladies of the M. E. Church are to give a Harvest Supper. We all know what that means.

— Mr. C. H. Jaquith suffered a shock of paralysis of the face on Oct. 12. He is about town.

— The Ladies Society of the Swedish Lutheran church will hold a 4-days Fair beginning Nov. 30.

— The Spiritualists hold regular meetings in Mechanics Hall every Sunday afternoon and evening.

— John R, Carter & Co. are about to occupy the Belcher restaurant, 369 Main st., for a coal office.

— Prior does nearly all the auction business in town. The heft of the legal sales fall into his dish.

— Mr. Frank Starke of Providence, R. I., has been here this week. He formerly resided in Woburn.

— Wednesday was by far the toughest day of the season. The atmosphere was full of hot water and steam.

— Mrs. Susan T. Converse and daughter have returned to their home, 35 Sherman Place, from a pleasant summer tarry at West Campton, N. H.

— Burbank Circle will hold their fourth Whist Party at G. A. R. Hall, 424 Main street on Tuesday evening Oct. 24.

— The fall meeting of the Woburn Conference of Congregational churches will be held at North Reading on Tuesday, Oct. 24.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Mrs. Nellie Gooding's little girl fell down stairs last Monday evening and broke both bones of her right arm below the elbow.

— Please notice the change in Miss Dora Winn's professional card. Those who employ her for a teacher will make no mistake.

— Mr. Alex Grant had a letter from his son Lieut. Homer B. Grant the other day written at Honolula. All were well and happy.

— Please read the ad. Rooms to Let in this paper. The rooms are handy to the Centre, and there are no pleasanter ones in the city.

— Mr. John McGee, formerly of the Woburn police force, was in town last Monday. He is a business man and resident of Boston.

— Mr. Milton Moore, of the firm of Moore & Parker, newsdealers, was drawn as a juror at the meeting of the City Council on Oct. 12.

— The sound of preparations for the city campaign are heard here and there, not loud, to be sure, but unmistakable. It is going to be a hot one.

— A fine assortment of men's working shirts can be seen on our counters at prices ranging from 25c. to $2.00 Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Richardson's overalls and coats are all warranted and they give general satisfaction to the wearer to be had at Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Have you bought your winter underwear? We have all the leading brands at the least possible price. Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Towanda Bowling Tournament opened under the most favorable auspices last Wednesday evening for the season. There were 35 entries.

— Miss Florence Fletcher, teacher of violin, can be engaged for concerts, clubs and private musicals by addressing No. 9 Warren street, Winchester.2

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf

— No finer fairer apples grow on trees than those raised by Mrs. John Connolly at 13 Bennett street. We can testify to this from personal knowledge.

— The alarm from box 26 at 3.45 Wednesday afternoon was caused by the explosion of an oil stove in the barber shop on Main street, North Woburn.

— Somebody has sent us an obituary notice of Mrs. Georgetta M. Simonds, but who somebody is, or what the notice has to do with Woburn, we can't say.

— The Friday Night Club will give a Hallowe'en Party at Music Hall on the evening of Oct. 31. Extra attractions will be presented. Admission only 25 cents.

— The Friday Night Club will hold their annual meeting for the election of officers at 8 o'clock Monday evening, Oct. 23. A full attendance of members is requested.

— The New England Woman's Press Association Tea was held Wednesday afternoon, Woburn being well represented by Misses Bryant, Menard, Hosmer and Haley.

— Supt. Brackett of the North Woburn Street Railroad has been visiting Baltimore, Md., and other points of interest. He is a hard worker and the outing will do him good.

— Take particular notice that Prof. Worthley, the scientific and popular Optician, will be at his office for 3 days on his next professional visit, Oct. 31, Nov. 1, 2. Stick a pin there.

— Mr. Patrick Calnan, senior, is very ill at his home on Winn street. He is quite aged and his recovery is all the more uncertain. Mr. Calnan is one of the best men in this city.

— It is reported that W. P. Fox & Son have bought the White leather factory and will use it for manufacturing. This firm had the good sense to let the leather trust severely alone.

— Mr. George R. Pear, candidate for Governor of the Socialist Labor Party of this State, was advertised to speak on the Common last Saturday evening, but failed to come to time.

— We call especial attention to the fact that Mrs. Waldo Richards, whose entertainment is advertised in the JOURNAL this week, will give dialect selections from folklore poems of the French-Carolina Negro; Yankee dialect stories; and among her Irish sketches a skit or two from "Mr. Dooley." Tickets may now be had of Mrs. Seth W. Kelley.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— It was expected that the Rumford monument would occupy its site on the Library lawn some time this month. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. Marshall Tidd, the donor, it is to be a fine one.

— The William Tidd Factory at Stoneham is to be closed and the business removed to Woburn. This, it is claimed, will mean the end of leather manufacturing in Stoneham.—*Winchester Star.*

— Last week the golf links at Canaan, N. H., a famous Woburn resort, were enlivened by the presence of Frank H. Sawyer, Elliot F. Trull, Arthur C. Wyer and Fred W. Cramphorn, all of this city.

— Miss Bond, whose mother, a Vermont lady, is a cousin to Admiral Dewey, did not go to the Dewey celebration last Saturday. Her sister, Mrs. Ed. Winn, is at the old home in Vermont, where the mother is quite ill.

— Last Monday Mr. Waterman Brown, Agent Junkins's Deputy, walked from Silver Lake to his home on Church ave., via Walnut Hill station, a distance of 7 miles. For a man nearly 82 years old that was no slouch of a sprinting feat.

— On account of the illness of Rev. James L. Fowle the return of himself and family to Ceserea has been postponed. They expected to leave on Oct. 18, but probably will not do so before Nov. 18. Mr. Fowle will resume his missionary work in that country.

— The work of the carpenter and painter has made a great improvement in the appearance of the Durward Market close to the JOURNAL block. The new signs too give the place a metropolitan look, and everything inside is as neat, sweet and nice as a pin.

— Woburn was well represented on the grand stand at the State House last Saturday. It was a fine point from which to view the parade and get a look at Dewey, which privileges were very much enjoyed. It was a great day for Boston and all New England.

— Miss Emma Conant can be found at her home, 9 Church street, where she will continue to cleanse garments, dress goods, kid gloves, rich laces &c. Silks and satins cleansed and dressed for remaking. Spots and soiled places removed from garments with skill and care.

— On Nov. 10, comes off the drama, "Griselda" at Music Hall by Miss Grace Chamberlain under the auspices of the Woman's Club. The reputation of Miss Chamberlain makes it certain that the entertainment will be a fine one. Bear in mind the date and place —Nov. 10, Music Hall.

— Ex-Mayor Feeney has moved into his new home, the Lawyer Curran residence, on Scott st., and is highly pleased with it. It is a fine place in one of the best neighborhoods in the city. It had been elegantly and luxuriously furnished by Mr. Curran before Mr. Feeney bought it.

— Among the attractions of the Fair to be held in Stoneham by Evergreen Rebekah Lodge Oct. 24-27 inclusive, will be two orchestras, readings by Mrs. Alfaretta Jahnke, drill by members of Canton Fells and Rebekahs, dancing, and the humorist Curtis G. Morse. Armory hall will be decorated by Col. Beals.

— Mr. Timothy Calnan comes home this week from a private hospital in Boston where about two weeks ago he had an operation performed for apendicites. He was in the hospital only about two weeks, which was a remarkable case of rapid recovery from an operation of the kind. He is in first-rate condition.

— Supt. Wallis of the Woburn L. H. & P. Co. proposes to make Winchester his future home. He is building a nice residence on Beacon st. in that town, not far from Wedgemere station on the B. & M. Railroad, which is a pleasant location. He will not be much farther away from his business than at present.

— The St. Charles Parish Fair opened at the Auditorium last Monday and is doing a fine business. An entertainment is given each evening. Next Thursday or Friday evening the St Charles C. T. A. Society Glee Club and a Double Quartet from the Society, under the direction of Mr. John Lynch, will give a concert, which will be a fine one.

— The attention of the readers of the JOURNAL is called to the advertisement of the *Self Culture Magazine*, which appears in this issue. The publishers of this magazine intend to give away one thousand dollars to persons sending in the largest lists of subscriptions. It is a most generous offer and should interest our readers.

— Mr. Joseph Linnell has a hen. She had not laid an egg for months until last Saturday, "Dewey Day." On that day she brought forth a bouncer, and on it was the capital letter "D," good and plain, which was a remarkable performance, and proved Biddy's patriotism. This is Mr. Linnell's story; we do not vouch for its truth.

— The dialect recital by Mrs. Waldo Richards takes place at Music Hall on Oct. 27. The London (Eng.) *Morning Chronicle* said of reading: "Mrs. Waldo Richards showed her remarkable versatility in several recitations of varied character. Her sense of humor is very great, while she never allows herself to lapse into exaggerations, but produces her effects in the most artistic manner."

— Charlie A. Jones, Esq., Chairman of the School Board, is a successful hunter as well as angler. On Wednesday we saw a fine deer in Linnell's provision market on Main street which Mr. Jones shot the Monday before in Aroostook county, Maine, the paradise of sportsmen. It was a large and handsome one. Mr. Jones returned from the wilds of Maine last Monday night.

— The last issue of the Library Bulletin is of special importance and interest, giving as it does the titles of many important books added the last three months, while it also contains a half-tone re-production of the latest gift to the Library. "Alarm of April 19, 1775." In connection with the illustration is a description of the historical painting which appeared in the Woburn JOURNAL and *News*, and other facts of interest connected with it.

— When Conductor "Dick" Carton's Boston bound train hauled up at the station at 10.30 a m. last Saturday, he couldn't help exclaiming, "Good Lord." The concrete on both sides of the track were alive with people bound for Boston to see Dewey. There were 10 cars in the train and when they left here scores were obliged to stand up, the seats being crowded. Conductor Carton hoped to get more cars at Winchester, but how he made out we did not hear.

— A good example of how not to do it is to be seen on Beacon street. Some sewer and surface draining was to be done on that thoroughfare. The engineer and Board of Public Works planned to have the surface water carried into the sewer pipe, but the Council would have nothing of the kind —the aquiducts must be seperate affairs. Now it turns out tnat, after going to great expense, the Council's plan is to be abandoned, and the engineer's adopted.

— At a recent Soldiers reunion at Pikeville, Tennasee, "Maj Thomas H. Hill, of the Sequachee *Valley News*, was then introduced, whose address was on fraternity and loyalty of comrades to comrades. He recited that beautiful poem, 'We Drank from the Same Canteen,' and eulogized our common country under one flag. His address was well received." Which was Tom, for many years one of the Selectmen of Woburn and Clerk of the Board. He could always make a good speech.

— The "Indian Summer" came along in Dewey style, that is, a little head of time. It is really due in November, but this year October has been the lucky month. And has it not been a delightful one, though? There was nothing lacking to give it all the characteristics of a genuine "Indian Summer." The atmosphere, the hazy sunshine, the trees in variagated hues, and the waxing moon, all lent their charms to perfect its comfort and beauty. The Oldest Inhabitant never experienced a better one.

— It was on Oct. 6, 1887, 12 years ago, that the Salvation Army first opened a Post in this city since which date they have worked earnestly and honestly for the salvation of souls and on the whole met with good success. At first their methods were objected to by some of our people but the opposition wore off in time and the Army are now regarded with favor, and their work recognized as beneficial by everyone. Instead of being reviled and persecuted as at first they now stand along side of the churches and work harmonously with them.

— Mr. John R. Gerry, who died at Stoneham last week Wednesday, aged 80, was well known in Woburn in olden times. For years he was a member of the first Woburn Brass Band and was its only survivor and the last of the Band to die. He was associated with Ned Kendall, the famous bugle player of Boston, in an orchestra, and also leader of Gerry & Barnes's Orchestra or Quadrille Band. He was, in his prime, in great demand to play for ball and dancing parties, and is kindly remembered by many old people who long ago "tripped the light fantastic" to his music.

— The Methodist young people are very much favored in securing the services of Miss Mary A. Danforth of Japan to deliver an address in the Methodist church next Sunday evening at 7 o'clock. This is the missionary who so delighted her Woburn audience last year. She is a gifted platform speaker, full of intense enthusiasm. Having labored very successfully in educational work, met and overcome violent opposition, and having been exposed to the riots and the terrible earthquake of '93, her experiences are of varied and thrilling interest. A cordial invitation is extended to all who would like to hear Miss Danforth.

— Mr. William H. Russell, Treasurer of the Russell Counter Company on Beacon street, after waiting a week for the international yacht race to be sailed, and seeing no prospect for the event coming off at an early day, returned last week. He sized up both yachts, studied each carefully, and came to the conclusion, reluctantly, that the Shamrock is the fastest of the two. He was interviewed by several representatives of the Woburn sporting gentry, and in proper nautical terms gave reasons for the conclusion he had reached respecting the comparative sailing merits of the crafts. Mr. Russell is a yachtsman himself, an enthusiastic and intelligent one, and is therefore well qualified to discuss the qualities of the Columbia and Shamrock.

The Coming Man

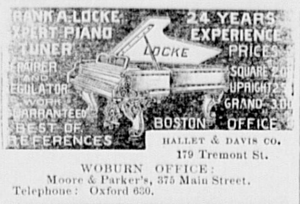
will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere.
PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

— Let no one fail to see the pictures representing the arts and industries of the Japanese, scenery, and flora of the "Land of the Rising Sun," which are, and will be, on exhibition at the Public Library for the next two weeks. These photographs can hardly be excelled for their beauty, and novelty, giving the exquisite display of coloring in which the Japanese excel, and proving that the artists of this country have no doubt created a special method of study, and work, which is not easily followed by any one who does not share their genius. These pictures are furnished by the Library Art Club, but any one wishing to purchase duplicates can do so, and by this means assist in a benevolent work which is being carried on among the children of Japan in the kindergarten and orphanage schools.

— Not less than 1000 boys and girls, with a generous sprinkling of adults, thronged the station grounds from 4 to 5 last Friday afternoon to see Dewey go through. About 3 o'clock Mr. Waterman Brown, so it was alleged, reported that the Dewey train would come down on the Loop and stop at the Centre Station at 5 o'clock. Some credulous person repeated the story and very soon an "endless chain" of misinformation was in full operation, and by 4 o'clock it drew together the biggest throng of young ones ever seen here. When just before 5 it was learned that the report was a hoax, and the boys began to look about them for a rope, Mr. Brown succeeded in placing the blame for the rumpus on a pair of innocent but absent shoulders, and the tumult subsided. But while it lasted there was a lot of fun in it.

— Lieutenant Thomas Mulkeen, for many years the faithful School Census taker in this city, has completed the work of enumerating the scholars for 1899, and finds a small increase over last year, to the surprise of everybody. Last year there were 3131 pupils between 5 and 15; the present census shows 3145, an increase of 14. The number under 16 is 4965, a considerable advance over the figures of 1898. One of the advantages of retaining Lieut. Mulkeen in the office of School Enumerator is, that he never, under any circumstances, permits a shrinkage in the number of pupils from year to year. He would regard himself as totally unfit for the office should he fail to find some increase each succeeding census. A new man at the business might adopt a different plan and create confusion. The Lieutenant, on the other hand, knows his duty and does it faithfully and conscientiously.

— Mr. Joseph Henry Parker, Jr., of Woburn, and a member of the Atkinson Furniture Co., 827 Washington st., Boston, presented the Parish Table of St. Charles Church Fair with a very handsome chamber set, which was a generous act and duly appreciated by each and every member connected with the Table.

The Annual Meeting

Of the Woburn Lyceum Hall Association was held on Tuesday afternoon of this week. The following officers were elected: John Johnson, President; Winthrop Hammond, Clerk and Treasurer; John Johnson, C. A. Burdett, L. Waldo Thompson, Thomas Moore, Winthrop Hammond, Directors; C. A. Burdett, Auditor.

It appears that the Russian decree forbidding further convict transportation to Siberia did not mean that the practice of transportation was to be abandoned, but a new place selected. The place chosen is the remote district of Okhotsk-Kamtschatka, which has the two fold recommendation that it is so inaccessible that it will be impossible for convicts to escape, and that it contains gold mines, which can be worked by convict labor.

That Capt. Coghlan's friend, the Kaiser, seated the Hon. Benjamin Harrison "at the table of honor reserved for members of the royal family," thereby causing the society chroniclers to make a few remarks about "disregarding the rules of court etiquette," is only another instance of William's new-found love for our impressive fellow countrymen.

"We left Old Glory floating in Luzon," exclaimed the commander of the Minnesota Volunteers "amid frantic cheers" at the Minneapolis reception, "and if necessary we will go back there to defend it!" And these are the officers and men whom the "anti-imperialist" propaganda has described as in rank mutiny against further service!

A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health. Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.
We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

Sold Everywhere
BOSTON CRYSTAL
GELATINE
Cheapest and Best in the United States. One trial will show you why.

CONTAINS NO ACID.
The large package makes 3 quarts of delicious Jelly, one-half as much again as any other on the market; the small package makes 2 quarts. Ask for sample package and dainty receipt book, free. Hotel men say that it makes the most Jelly for the least money.
RETAIL GROCERS SELL IT.
JOHN A. ANDREWS & CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
Importers and Coffee Roasters,
Boston, Mass.

Salvation Army.

Major and Mrs. Atkinson of Boston, General Secretary to Lieut. Col. Cozans, will perform a dedication service in the Salvation Army hall Thursday evening Oct. 26th. A baby is to be given away in this meeting. All are welcome. Lieut. Masterman will farewell Sunday, Oct. 22. All are invited to attend this farewell meeting of the "Lieut."

During the winter of 1897 Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, Clay Co., W. Va, struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swoolen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also used several kinds of liniment and two and a half gallons of whisky in bathing it, but nothing gave any relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought almost a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that had he not used this remedy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequaled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Well, we all know now what Boston and Massachusetts think of the foremost "imperialist" in America.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Are You Aware What a Good
Coffee
We are selling for
15c. per lb.
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Gen. Funston is now in this country, and he will be dropped from the list of anti-imperialist authorities as completely as Admiral Dewey has been. A large part of the stock-in-trade of the anti-imperialist movement has been the circulation of apocryphal statements by such men as Dewey and Funston, and when the alleged authors of these statements appear on the scene in the flesh, the "fake" interviews have to be suppressed.

Those who know the ways of Turkish officials well are perfectly justified in their conclusion that the recently-proclaimed conciliatory measures toward the Armenians are utterly valueless, and that such pledges as they seem to convey are not meant to be kept.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Preaching Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Everlasting Punishment." All are welcome.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—21st Sunday after Trinity. Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sermon to the children. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Service, Friday evening at 7.30. Music by the Vested Choir. Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Prayer Meeting Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Shaken, Unshaken." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "Front or Rear—Which?." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Subject: "Freely Ye Received, Freely Give." Matt. 10: 8.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 12, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Cornelius E. Kelliher and Elizabeth McGovern, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 17, James E., son of James and Mary Fitzgerald, aged 5 months, 9 days.
In this city, Oct. 15, Winifred R. Dunn, aged 28 years, 7 months, 20 days.
In this city, Oct. 15, Alice M., daughter of James H. and Josephine L. Graydon, aged 3 years, 2 months, 15 days.
In Reading, Sept. 23, Charles L. Flint of Woburn, aged 36 years, 1 month, 13 days.

Young Men's Nobby,
Fancy Striped
Worsted Suits
Made with Double Breasted VESTS, at
$13, $15, $18.

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
Established 1851.

The excellency of our LADIES'

Ready-made Garments

has been proven by our customers in past seasons. This year we have changed and enlarged this department. Our stock of Dress Skirts, Petticoats, Shirt Waists, Golf Capes, Dressing Sacques, Bath Robes and Flannelette Wrappers is larger than ever before, and we desire to show our assortment to every lady in the city who has a need of these goods.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

THE BOMB That Deals Death to Disease.

Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets

Recognized medical authorities concede that Pneumonia and Grippe are the outcome of the malarial germ. It is here (the root of the evil) where Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets arrest the cause of disease, and hence are recognized as reliable by the medical fraternity. Perfectly harmless and pleasant to take.

For sale by druggists everywhere, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price—if your dealer can't supply you. 50c. a Box.
EDWARD C. CHURCH, Boston, Mass.
GEO. C. GOODWIN & CO., Wholesale Agents.

For Sale in Woburn by Gordon Parker, H. A. Wilcox, Kelley & Callahan.

Rural Free Delivery

Will be inaugurated at Burlington Monday, Oct. 23, 1899.

The route will be as follows: Leaving Woburn every day, except Sunday, at 8 o'clock a. m. via Lowell Road to Burlington Centre; deliver to all residents of the Centre; thence out Lowell Road to corner of Road to Haydenville; thence to the Bedford line; back to Pines Road; thence to the Pike; thence to its intersection with Lexington Road; thence to the Centre, making a detour to the right to serve residents on South Side; thence to Woburn by way of Cambridge Road. On his return the carrier will collect mail from the street letter boxes in Centre and deliver same in Post Office at Woburn. He is permitted to deliver mail on his return to his home to persons living on Lowell Road to and in the Centre.

Mr. George H. Shaw has been appointed Carrier, and will be permitted to supply patrons with stamps and postal cards; but it is advised that a supply of these be kept on hand, as he will not have time to wait while you write your letters or cards.

Mail will be delivered to any family on or adjacent to the above route provided that a suitable box to receive the mail be put up directly on the above route in a place that can be conveniently reached by the Carrier.

It is particularly desired by the Department that the boxes put up by the patrons of the delivery shall be of such a character as to be secure not only from the weather but from mischievous or malicious depredation. There is no required pattern of box; every patron must supply his own other than the four U. S. boxes in the Centre. Outgoing mail should be placed in your box where the Carrier can get it when he leaves your mail. Get your mail out of the box as soon as possible after he leaves it.

Attention to the above rules will greatly facilitate the service and make it popular and efficient.

Respectfully,
EDWIN F. WYER, Postmaster.
Woburn, Oct. 18, 1899.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaville, Ind He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease of life." Only 50 cents, at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Every bottle guaranteed.

They Need Pity.

While our sympathies go out to the sick and wounded soldiers, do not let us forget the unfortunates who are returning from country and seashore, weak and worn from the privations and sufferings they have endured.

Think where they have slept; in stuffy rooms, with no mosquito bars, on husk matresses with bedsteads always too short; the foul smelling kerosene lamp and the scanty supply of towels and water, and the dreadful things they have had to eat at hotels and country boarding houses.

Then how they have worked in the hot sun at golf, tennis, walking, bicycling, and climbing "sunset hills," bowling on alleys that have not known the plane for years, and billiards on ancient and "hummocky" tables.

The dreadful people they have had to meet; the whist fiend who hovers about the piazzas at all hours to clutch a victim to "make up a game;" the female terror who gets up "progressive euchre parties" with dreadful prizes from village stores which nobody wants, and yet is mad when anybody else gets them and sure they cheat—which they generally do.

The ghastly evening entertainments in the parlors; forlorn females who give "readings;" lecturers who give compilations from geographies and cyclopaedias illustrated by archcic stereopticon views; the inevitable band of colored brothers from some Southern educational institute; the travelling conjurer and the mandolin clubs—how do all these people live in the winter?—and the never failing basket at the door for contributions.

The excursions, picnics, horrible straw rides, etc., which they are obliged to join in or appear "mean"; and crowning, crushing blow of all, the dreadful "bill" which swallows up the savings of the year. Let us welcome these poor creatures to the comforts and luxuries of the city, clean cool rooms, bath rooms, running water, gas and electric lights, good food and comfortable beds. "There is no place like home."—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Woman's Club.

The first meeting of the Woman's Club for the season of 1899-1900 was held at the home of the President, Mrs. Murdock, last Friday afternoon, Oct. 13.

Miss Rowe of Boston, and Mrs. West of Somerville, addressed the Club on matters pertaining to the State Federation.

During the afternoon Mr. McKay and Miss Trecartin rendered several musical selections which were enjoyed by all present. A delightful social hour followed, during which the Club members had the privilege of meeting its guests. Refreshments were served by prominent members of the Club.

The next meeting of the Club will take place in Music Hall, Nov. 3, when E. Charlton Black will give his lecture on "J. M. Barrie and the Modern Scottish Idyl."

Members of the Art Class will take notice that Miss Drew will meet the Class on Tuesday morning, Oct. 24, at 10 o'clock in Room 1, Dow's Block.—L. B. B.

North Woburn.

The North Congregational Sunday School celebrated its 53d anniversary in the auditorium of the church last Sunday evening. The exercises were appropriate and highly interesting. Everything went smoothly and passed off pleasantly. The programme was as follows: Organ prelude, processional in G; anthem, "Blessed be the Lord;" prayer by the pastor, Rev. George H. Tilton; response by the choir; recitation, "Words of Welcome," Dorothy Coburn; recitations, Lillian Haley and Catherine Curtis; chorus, "Once Was Heard," by the children; recitations, Muriel Lewis, Helen Buck, Putnam Eaton, Carl Buck, Ruth Coburn, Elizabeth Bixby; chorus. "A Song of Thanks," by the children; recitations, Leslie Heckbert, Blanch Kenty, Deborah Curtis, Dorothy Coburn; chorus, "The Song of the Chimes," by the children; recitations, Theodora Coburn, Lena Marston, Ruth Burnham; recitation, Mabel Graham; reports of the Secretary and Treasurer; song, "Give Ear, O, Lord," by the choir. Sunday School Success" was the topic of Miss Bertha F. Vella of Lynn, and the pastor made a brief address.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on Gordon Parker, Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The attraction to follow "Way Down East" at The Tremont Theatre, Boston, next Monday, will be "Three Little Lambs," Mr. R. A. Barnet's musical cemedy, written for and produced by the Cadets under the title of "Queen of the Ballet," and pronounced one of the very best works of this popular playwright. The transfer of Mr. Barnet's pieces from the amateur to the professional stage has been attended by remarkable success, as witness "1492" and "Jack and the Beanstalk," and there is every reason to believe that "Three Little Lambs" will be no exception to the rule, especially as the Fifth Avenue Theatre musical company, which is to appear in it, is strong in singers and comedians who have made reputations in comic opera as well as in this form of entertainment. Among the members of this organization are Miss Marguerite Lemon, Miss Nellie Braggins, Miss Marie Cahill, Messrs. W. E. Philip, W. T. Carleton, Raymond Hitchcock, Edmund Lawrence, Harold Vizard, Thos. Whiffen, Tom Hadaway, Richard Ridgley and others of equal note, the company comprising in all more than 65 people. A suberb scenic setting and very gorgeous as well as artistic costumes have been provided, without regard to cost, and the production will be as complete in every respect as all the resources of modern stagecraft can make it.

"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrœa Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine," says W. W. Massingill, of Beaumont, Texas. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of dysentery and cholera infantum who must also feel thankful. It is for sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Trouble in the Leather Trust.

A Woburn dispatch says: Several Woburn leather manufacturers who recently joined the American Hide and Leather combination are charging the company with having violated the agreement under which the Woburn plants were taken into the combine, since on Saturday, they found themselves retired from active connection with the business, by the executive board of the company. They claim that it was understood that they were to be continued at the head of their plants at a salary.

Those who are now wholly out are James Skinner, J. M. Murdock, W. L. Murdock, J. P. Crane and J. F. Ramsdell.

In place of these individuals E. C. Cottle has been appointed general manager of the Woburn factories of the trust, and C. G. Lund of the James Skinner Leather Co., assistant to Mr. Cottle.

Following the unpleasant experience of the former manufacturers the announcement has been made that in the interest of economy the factories of the James Skinner Leather Co., are to be closed permanently, also the J. P. Crane shop. The Stephen Dow factory is to be used wholly for the tanning and currying of fancy leather.

The Wm. Tidd factory at Stoneham is to be closed and the business removed to Woburn. This, it is claimed, will mean the end of leather manufacturing in Stoneham.—*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

Working Night and Day

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength listlessness into energy, brain fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Gordon Parker, druggist.

JAPOL TABLETS

are a marvelous remedy for the QUICK CURE of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness,

Sore Throat

and "That tickling in the Throat."

10 & 25c. packages.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

(From the Boston Journal.)

Running Away to the War.

Never was prophecy worse confounded than that of "anti-imperialists" that only conscription could raise an American army for service in the Philippines.

The swiftly-filled ranks of the volunteers nailed this humbug weeks ago, and the same eager spirit of soldierly devotion seems to dominate the regulars. Dispatches from Honolulu tell of elaborate precautions which have to be enforced there to prevent the men of the local garrison from smuggling themselves aboard the troopships westward bound.

"Six artillery batteries stationed here have lost between 20 and 30 men in the last few days by desertion. All the soldiers here are anxious to be sent to Manila. The men think that they can steal aboard a transport and, on arrival, report to the officers of the Sixth at Manila and escape with slight punishment. The soldiers are willing to stand 30 days in the guardhouse for the chance of getting to the seat of war."

"Thirty days in the guardhouse for the chance of getting to the seat of war!" What do our Kilby Street philosophers think of this vivid proof of the martial ardor of their young countrymen? There is something in the American temperament, clearly, which persons who have it not cannot comprehend.

Red Hot From The Gun

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Wilmington.

The most interesting social event of the season in this town took place last Friday, consisting of a reception given at the parsonage of the Congregational church by Rev. and Mrs. Elijah Harmon on the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. The invitations were for the afternoon and evening, and were responded to by nearly two hundred of their friends, the greater number of whom were Wilmington people. Others were from Reading, Wakefield, Woburn, Malden and other towns. Decorations of house plants and autumn leaves were tastefully arranged by Mrs. D. F. Waitt. There was also a profusion of roses and other flowers, sent by Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Jewell, of Cromwell, Ct., and William E. Gowing, Esq., and Miss Grace Aldrich, of Wilmington. The grounds were illuminated in the evening. Numerous presents were sent, including a silver tea service, china, pictures, etc., and beautiful needle work made by Mrs. Mary D. Reed. The gifts included generous purses from friends in Winchester, N. H. (Mr. Harmon's former parish), from brother clergymen, and from Wilmington friends, amounting in all to about $130. During the evening brief remarks were made by Warren Eames and Chester W. Clark, which were responded to by Rev. Mr. Harmon. A generous supply of sweets and ices added to the enjoyment of the guests. A poem written by Mrs. Mary A. Sabin of Winchester, N. H., was read by Miss M. Leontiene McCarthy, referring to the occasion of Mr. and Mrs. Harmon's wedding the reading of which bore an echo of marriage bells through the space of twenty-five years. The oldest person who participated in the pleasures of the day was Mrs. Clark, mother of Chester W. Clark, who was about eighty-five years of age. All were in the best of spirits and gave the host and hostess their heartiest congratulations and best wishes for their future prosperity and the joys of many more anniversaries of their marriage.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahoe, pastor M. E. Church, South, Pt Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so-called 'specifics,' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

When the Quartermaster of the transport Grant said to the boys under Col. Rice "that of all the regiments and thousands of men he had carried before on the Grant and her predecessor, he had never seen a regiment, regular or volunteer, which kept its quarters in such a cleanly condition and observed such splendid discipline as the Twenty-sixth," he little suspected that he was cheering many a Massachusetts heart. But he was, nevertheless. Massachusetts expects to hear good tidings of the Twenty-sixth, and thus far these expectations have been amply realized.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Gordon Parker, druggist, will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

Lieut. Brumby's sword, which is to be presented to him by the citizens of his native State, Georgia, will not be so gorgeous an affair as that given to the great Admiral, but it will be a fitting tribute to the Lieutenant's gallantry.

It ought not to have been necessary for the State Department to give formal notice that the United States has no right to offer to mediate in South Africa; but now that it has done so, another yellow-journal sensation passes, and a number of distinguished people who were misled by it have a chance for reflection.

Republican Convention.

The Republican convention to nominate candidates for Representatives of the 28th Middlesex Representative District, composed of Woburn and Reading, was held at the Headquarters of the Woburn Republican Ward and City Committee on Monday evening, Oct. 16. It was called to order by Charles M. Strout, Chairman of the District Committee.

William E. Blodgett was chosen temporary Chairman, and John F. Turner temporary Secretary. On the acceptance of the report of the committee on credentials the temporary organization was made permanent.

After recess the delegations reported. Reading named Arthur E. Roberts unanimously. Woburn balloted. Frank E. Wetherell had 20 and Herbert S. Riley 9.

On reassembling Roberts and Wetherell were nominated unanimously. Messrs. Brackett of Woburn and Drake of Reading were named a committee to notify the candidates, both of whom addressed the convention. Everything was harmonious and went as smooth as oil.

The following were chosen a District Committee: E. H. Lounsbury, Frank E. Cotton, both of Woburn; M. E. Brande, John F. Turner, both of Reading; and the Chairman of the Woburn W. & C. Com. for 1900.

The following were the speeches made by the candidates:

Mr. Wetherell spokes as follows:

Mr. Chairman, and Gentlemen of the Convention: From your committee of notification I have learned the result of your deliberations, and, in response to your summons, I have come into your presence to express to you my heartfelt appreciation of the honor you have conferred upon me, to publicly and formally accept the important trust, and to say to you that I thank you.

To receive this commission from delegates chosen by an intelligent constituency in largely-attended, and orderly-conducted caucuses is an honor to be prized. I can conceive of no more signal distinction than to be selected for representative honors by a body of Middlesex County republicans—that county which has been and is the bulwark of Massachusetts republicanism, and whose people are ever loyal to every measure that tends to elevate the standard of American citizenship, and seeks to afford ampler opportunity for the moral, material and educational advancement of the individual.

Hand-in-hand with my appreciation of the honor conferred by your action tonight, comes a sense of the responsibility attaching to it, which makes me pause on the threshold of acceptance. It is no holiday frolic to which you have called my colleague and myself. The high office of state representative is filled with obligation and duty to be done—the doing of which demands watchful care and earnest study, and the exercise of a man's best judgment. It is a trust from the people to be zealously guarded by the recipient. I hope my course may be such that when I give you an account of my stewardship you will be able to say I have not misinterpreted its meaning.

This is a republican convention. To you, gentlemen, has been delegated by the republicans of this district the power to select representative candidates, and in the exercise of that power you have named them. As a republican, who has never swerved one hair's breadth in state and national affairs from the republican platform and ticket since I cast my first vote away back in the mid-sixties, I accept this nomination. A representative, however, is something more than a party man. It is seldom the members of the legislature have cause to divide on party lines, and it is well that it is so. A representative is the champion and defender of every man, woman and child, of every rank in life, of every sect, of every party, of every color, in his district and in the state. In this broader and nobler sense, which is the truer one, I accept this nomination.

You have asked no pledges from me, and I have none to give beyond the pledge to do my duty as I see it to be right, and to give my voice and vote and influence for that which shall be just and equitable in its application. If your action is ratified by the people at the polls, I shall give to my duties, as your representative, faithfully of my time and strength and thought. Your interests—and by that I mean the interests of the 28th Middlesex district—shall be my interests, and to their advancement I shall give no half-hearted support. No man can guarantee to bring back to his district substantial favors, but he can guarantee to try to secure that which is his district's right equally with other communities in the Commonwealth.

The city of Woburn has been so long the victim of oversight in this direction that the neglect has become chronic. Towns and cities all about us—our good friends of Reading included—have been more fortunate, and hundreds of laboring men in these various communities have benefited from the money dispensed by the state for such public works as boulevards and state highways. It shall be my endeavor, as it will be my duty, to bring the needs of my own city to the favorable notice of the proper authorities, to the end that we may receive what is clearly our due, and at the same time secure for our people, if possible, their rightful opportunity for employment.

So much for the candidate's obligations. On the other hand, you and the men who sent you here, owe something to my colleague and myself. You and they have selected us as your standard bearers in the coming campaign. We have the right to expect that you and they will see to it that the colors are not left unsupported. In political parlance this is an off year, and apathy is to be guarded against. But if every republican feels that he belongs to the color guard,—that it is his duty to support and uphold the flag he himself has helped to raise—that he has a sacred obligation as a citizen to perform—then our success is assured.

But there is something more to be thought of than merely the election of Mr. Roberts or myself—something of weightier import than merely the success of Crane and Bates and their comrades on the ticket. There is the moral effect of an overwhelming republican majority to be secured. Our political opponents will take heart if you permit that majority to be reduced. And there are other opponents — unfortunately some in our own party—who will be sure to read in such reduction a condemnation of Pres. McKinley and his policy—those men who hail Aguinaldo as the Washington of his people.

See to it, republicans of Middlesex, that your verdict carries no comfort to the carping critics who seek to hinder the progress and belittle the efforts of our gallant army in its endeavor to crush out rebellion and insurrection, and to establish peace upon the sure basis of humanity and civilization.

Let your majority have the old-time ring! Thus will you gladden the heart and upbear the hands of our good and wise President. By the fortunes of war he has had grave responsibilities thrust upon him. He has relieved our new possessions of the bondage and oppression of centuries, and now seeks to establish—in the clean-cut words of Secretary Long—"not a merely selfish imperial dominion of one people over another, but the imperial, moral and physical growth and expansion of all the peoples, whatever their race or language or color, who have come under the shelter of the broad shield of the United States of America." Remembering this, let the voice of Massachusetts be the voice of good cheer and not of discouragement.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen, I am trespassing upon your time and patience. Let me once more thank you for this mark of your approval. It shall be my aim not to forfeit your respect, nor abuse the confidence you have reposed in me.

Mr. Roberts briefly expressed his thanks for the honor and pledged his devotion to the District's interest.

WINCHESTER.

Last Saturday was "Dewey Day" here as well as in Boston. Everybody went to the Hub.

Mr. S. W. Twombly takes his good fortune modestly. He will be elected by a large majority.

Winchester Council, K. of C., advertise to hold their annual ball on Wednesday evening, Oct. 25.

Waterfield Lodge, I. O. O. F., will celebrate their fifth anniversary with a supper and dance on Nov. 10.

Madams James M. Berry, Henry C. Ordway and Charles A. Lane compose the Mothers Meeting Committee of the Congregational church.

There is considerable football on the carpet here this fall, but somehow or other our lads fail to make connections as often as the people would like to have them. But they will grow to it.

The new freight yard at the upper end of the town is rapidly nearing completion. Some tracks have been laid and a nice freighthouse has been built. It will probably be done in about six weeks.

The following are the officers of High School Class 1900: Prest., Herbert Gutteson; V. P., Daisy Macclellan; S., Clara Russell; T., Maynard Halcombe; E. C., Elise Belcher, Helen Hall, Harry Gray; Ent. C., Bessie Berry, Alice Crawford, Harry Gray.

It is significant that the unruly spirit in Manila is confined to the city's "slum" districts, and it is significant, too, that the contemplated uprising there last week was balked by the faithfulness of the native policemen. These Filipino police are a valuable element in the situation.

Admiral Dewey at Providence, asked by someone in the crowd, "What are we going to do with the Philippines?" answered tersely, "We are going to keep them." The situation is becoming awkward for the anti-imperialists.

The correspondence between Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier regarding the Transvaal shows that the former is disposed to make political capital out of the new question as well as out of that of the Alaskan boundary.

If any anti-imperialist is still nervous over the possibility of a draft for service in the Philippines, let him console himself with the fact that the entire volunteer army is now full.

A prosperous journey to the gallant Forty-sixth! Its fame has gone before it, and another New England regiment will find a cordial welcome to the army in the Philippines.

His Fair Proposition.

"Are you able to support my daughter?" asked the old gentleman. "You know she has pretty expensive tastes, and I don't mind saying that the burden has been pretty hard for me at times."

"That's just the point," exclaimed the prospective benedict. "If I marry her, we can divide the expense."—Chicago Post.

The Druggist's Work.

There is a druggist in one of the suburban districts who advertises:

"The doctor prescribes; we execute."

Such advertising cannot fail to appeal to those who desire to be executed.—Boston Journal.

He Needed No Help.

"Help, help!" cried the man who was being relieved of his valuables.

"Calm yourself, my friend," said the easy going footpad. "I can take care of this job without any assistance."—Ohio State Journal.

Settling Down.

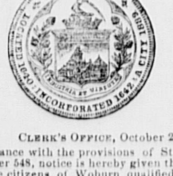
"I'm anxious to get married and settle down," said the tagged bachelor, "so that I can pick out one good club and stick to it."—Philadelphia North American.

Ruinous In His Business.

Optician—I've been swindled with a counterfeit $20 bank note.

Great Detective—Go home and say nothing. Your business will be ruined if it becomes known that you can't see better than that.—Jewelers' Weekly.

CITY OF WOBURN.



CLERK'S OFFICE, October 20, 1899.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899,

in the following places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two,—Armory, Montvale Ave.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls will be Open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Councillor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, Sheriff, for remainder of term of three years.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Second-hand
Office Furniture
WANTED.
For which a fair price will be paid. Address,
Lock Box 443, Woburn, Mass.

THOUSANDS of people use Bay Rum, Shampoo Mixture, Tooth Powder, and Cologne, but not one in a thousand know how to make them. Full instructions how to make the best, sent you on receipt of TEN CENTS. Address, C. B. LEATHE, Box 310, Norwood, Mass.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Martha Wallace to the Stoneham Five Cents Savings Bank, dated June 15, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2201, Folio 277, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, the 13th day of November, 1899,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain tract or parcel of land situated in the towns of Stoneham, Winchester, and Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing about three acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the most easterly part thereof at the junction of Marble and Hill streets; thence the line runs westerly by said Hill street to land of M. McNulty (formerly of Wm. Weston); thence southerly by said McNulty's land to Forrest street; thence northeasterly by said Forrest and Marble streets to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain tract or parcel of land, with the buildings thereon standing, containing about seven acres, more or less, situated in said towns of Stoneham and Winchester, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northeasterly corner thereof at said Marble street and by land of Lyman Dike; thence the line runs southerly and westerly by said Dike's land to the division line between the said towns of Stoneham and Winchester; thence southerly on said line to land now or late of the heirs of Calvin Richardson, deceased; thence westerly by said heirs' land to land of Elvira L. Warren; thence northerly by said Warren's land to said Forrest street; thence easterly by said Forrest and Marble streets to the point of beginning, or however either of said parcels may be butted or bounded.

Said premises are sold subject to a previous mortgage to the said Savings Bank for one thousand dollars and accrued interest, and also subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particulars inquire at the Savings Bank.

Terms at time of sale.

THE STONEHAM FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
By Onslow Gilmore, its Treasurer.
Stoneham, Oct. 16, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sophia C. Thomson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Thomas R. Corbett of Woburn, in said County, or some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward W. Kenney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by William C. Kenney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Celia V. Folkins, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Edgar C. Folkins of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fourth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors and all other persons interested in the estate of Mary A. Allen, late of Wilmington, in said County, deceased, intestate.

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Milton T. Holt, of Wilmington, in the County of Middlesex, without giving a surety on his bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

WAY DOWN EAST — LAST WEEK — MATS. WED. & SAT. EVERY EVE'G.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.

Monday, Eve'g, Oct. 23

5TH AVE. THEATRE MUSICAL CO.

In Magnificent Professional Production of the

Boston Cadets' Latest Success,

3 LITTLE LAMBS: (Nee Queen of the Ballet.)

$1000 CASH WILL BE GIVEN AWAY..

On February 14th, 1900,

To Agents Sending Subscribers to

SELF CULTURE MAGAZINE.

Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars to the agent sending in the largest list—$150.00, $75.00, $25.00, $15.00, $10.00, and so on, a total of 53 Cash awards; and in addition very large commission will be given, making the most liberal proposition.

Send for full particulars and free equipment. Profitable work for intelligent persons. Send two references.

THE WERNER COMPANY.
Dept. H. Akron, Ohio.

A Few Rooms.

A Suite of Rooms for a desirable home and locality. Low rent, very reasonable. 6 Eastern Ave.

A Broken Ring.

Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

Optical Specialist

Is making his regular professional visits to the Academies and Colleges of Northern New England.

He will return to Massachusetts about Oct. 1st, and will be at his office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

OCT. 31, NOV. 1, 2,

Where he will be pleased to meet all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

☞ Especial attention given to the eyes of students and school children.

Mr. Worthley's wide experience in this class of cases enables him to treat the eyes of young persons correctly in every case.

Remember the Place

Fall Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

Dialect Recital

— BY —

Mrs. WALDO RICHARDS,

Under the patronage of the Woburn Alumnae and former students of Wellesley College.
In aid of the Wellesley College Endowment Fund,

Friday Eve'g, Oct. 27, 1899,

AT 8 O'CLOCK,

Music Hall, - Woburn.

TICKETS, 50 CENTS.

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NOTICE

Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of Dexter Carter, late of Woburn in the County of Middlesex, deceased, intestate, and has taken upon himself that trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to

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Sept. 26th, 1899.

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Once or twice a year the good housewife has a thorough house cleaning. The house has been swept and dusted every day in the year, but the housewife knows that in spite of vigilance dust accumulates in cracks and corners, and is only to be removed by special effort.

It's the same way with the body. You look after it every day. You take all the ordinary precautions of cleanliness and health. Yet the body needs its special cleaning to rid it of the accumulations of waste and poisonous matter which invite disease. Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, taken regularly once or twice a year, would save many a sickness. It purifies the blood, strengthens the stomach, and cleanses the body of poisonous accumulations.

"Last spring I had a severe attack of pneumonia, which left me with a bad cough, and also left my lungs in a very bad condition," writes John M. Russell, Esq., of Brent, Cherokee Nat., Ind. Ter. "I had no appetite and was so weak I could scarcely walk. My breast was all sore with running sores. I got two bottles Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I believe saved my life. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I am able now to do very good work."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, sent *free* on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

PRINTING HAT TIPS.

THE WORK IS DONE FROM STEEL PLATES OR BRASS DIES.

A Vast Variety of Designs Necessary to Meet the Demands of the Trade. An Interesting Business and How It Is Conducted.

Hatters' printing, which is the printing of names, trademarks and other designs upon hat tips and sweat leathers in hats, and upon the labels used on hat boxes, is a business by itself. The hat tip, or crown lining of a hat, is sometimes made of paper, oftenest of satin. In a silk hat and in some stiff hats the tip covers the entire interior of the crown above the sweat leather; in straw hats the tip is very often composed of a broad strip of satin upon a lace crown lining. Many stiff hats and most soft hats are now finished without tips, in which case the trademark or name is printed on the sweat leather.

Tip printing is done from brass dies and in the finest work from steel plates. These dies and plates are made in very great variety. In a large establishment devoted to hatters' printing there might be found 30,000 dies and 10,000 steel plates. Proof impressions of this great number of dies and plates fill many huge, ledger like volumes, upon whose pages they are secured as in scrapbooks.

There are throughout the country thousands of retailing hatters, each having a separate die of his own, with which the tips of the hats he sells are printed; some hat jobbers might have many dies, including dies of trademarks and designs for special lines of goods. All these dies and plates, however varied and widely distributed their ownership may be, are kept in the establishment of the printer, ready for use on occasion. The owner pays for the engraving of the first die, the cost varying according to its elaborateness; if a die or plate becomes worn and a new die is needed the printer supplies it.

In the large hatters' printing establishments everything pertaining to the business is done, including the designing and engraving of the dies and plates, as well as the printing from them. Some designs, the trademarks of old established houses, become familiar from long continued use. As dies and plates wear out they are simply replaced, the design continuing the same.

On the other hand, every year, for one reason and another, many designs go out of use, and finally the dies and plates are destroyed; but every year there are produced for individual dealers and for general trade purposes thousands of new designs, so that the number of dies and plates on hand at the printer's is always great. These designs, aside from those made for individual hatters, include a very great variety of subjects. Thus there might be seen printed on hat tips ships and locomotives and horses and anvils and many other things; and any name or object of public interest at the moment is likely to be reproduced inside of hats.

Almost every hat worn bears within it printing in some form. If the hat has no tip it appears on the sweat leather, and it may also be in such a hat upon what is called a sticker, this being a piece of paper, cloth or leather, in outline of the exact shape and size of the die, upon which are printed the dealer's trademark and name, the sticker being pasted in the center of the crown of the hat.

The retail hat dealer, wherever he may be, if he desires a distinctive trademark or name design to appear in the hats he sells, sends to some big hatters' printing establishment for a design; he sends, perhaps, a suggestion of his own, or it may be that he relies upon the designer of the printing establishment. One or more designs are made and submitted to him for approval. According as may be required, such designs might embody in some artistic form simply the name and address; often such dies or plates are made in designs appropriate to the region, state or locality. Such dies and plates are made in almost endless variety. The plate would remain at the printer's, and when the retailer ordered hats of the jobber with whom he dealt the jobber would have the tips and sweat leathers with which the hats thus ordered were finished printed from the customer's own dies.

Tips are printed in gold leaf, in silver leaf and in aluminium leaf and in ink in various colors; sometimes they are printed in combinations of colors. Most commonly, however, they are printed in a single metal or color. All sweat leathers are printed in one or another of the metals.

Box labels for hat boxes are made both plain and embossed in a very great variety of styles, and these are printed in variety as to color. A hat dealer might have his own design complete for box label as well as for hat tip; or he may select one from among many box labels that are made with a blank space to receive a die and have his own die inserted in the label.

Many hat tips printed from dies engraved here are exported to Canada for use in hats that are finished there; and there are also made here suitable dies from which are printed hat tips for hats exported to South America.—New York Sun.

A Diving Bell Crushed.

A crushed mass of iron in a Pittsburg scrapyard demonstrates the tremendous pressure of water at a great depth.

It was constructed for a diving bell for use in Lake Michigan. As originally constructed it was about 6 feet square, and tapered slightly at both ends. The material was phospor bronze, more than half an inch thick. Each plate was cast with a flange, and they were bolted together, the bolts being placed as closely as was consistent with strength. The side plates were further strengthened by iron ribs an inch thick and two inches wide.

In fact, the entire structure was strongly braced. The windows to be used as outlooks by the divers were three inches square, fortified with iron bars and set with glass plates an inch thick. The weight of the bell was 23,000 pounds.

When completed, it was sent to Milwaukee and towed out into the lake about 12 miles, where there were over 200 feet of water, and was sent down for a test. The manufacturer was so confident of the strength of the bell that he wanted to go down in it.

He is glad now that he didn't. When the bell reached the depth of about 100 feet, strong timbers attached to it came to the surface in a splintered condition.

Suspecting an accident, the bell was hauled up and found to be crushed into a shapeless mass. The inch thick plate glass bullseyes were shattered. The pressure that crushed this seemingly invulnerable structure amounted to a total of 2,723,548 pounds, or 1,362 tons.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Bryant Had Caught Them All.

Mr. Harold Godwin, grandson of William Cullen Bryant, is the owner of Cedarmere, the poet's old home on Long Island. Among the features of the place are an old trout pond and a picturesque rustic bridge. Some members of the household last summer, so the story goes, were approached by an old man who wanted to know if that was Bryant's home.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Well, there's a rustic bridge around here I want to walk over and a trout stream I want to fish up," he added. He was told that he would be allowed to do both. "Do you know," he continued, "my father used to fish here with Bryant, and he said that those trout were what made the old man famous. If he had a good catch, he'd get enough ideas to write for a month, and if he didn't—well, he'd just scratch his head and walk that rustic bridge all night and for many nights and not do a thing."

"And you come here for inspiration, I suppose?" said some one.

"Well, yes," was the hesitating reply; "I've come to trout for a few lines. I don't expect to get a Thanatopsis, but if I catch a small sonnet it'll be worth while."

Later in the day the old man was seen walking silently by the house without a single catch, muttering to himself, "I've come a long ways to find out if that was true, and I believe it, and I guessed that Bryant caught all the trout before he died."

Pockets and Sentiment.

"Married or unmarried?" asked the measurer of a Walnut street tailoring establishment of a customer yesterday afternoon just as the Saunterer chanced to stroll into the place.

"Unmarried," replied the young man, with a blush.

"Inside pocket on the left side, then," observed the tailor, as if talking to himself, while in the memorandum book on the counter he made a note to that effect.

After the young man had departed the Saunterer could not refrain from the query:

"What difference does his being single make in his inside vest pockets?"

"Ah, my dear sir," observed the knight of the thread and needle with a bland smile, "all the difference in the world. Being unmarried, he, of course, wants the pocket on the left side so as to bring his sweetheart's picture over the heart."

"But doesn't a married man want his wife's picture in the same place?" inquired the scribe.

"Well, there may have been an instance of that kind," replied the tailor in a doubtfully hesitant tone of voice, "but I must confess that such a one never came under my observation."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

What Made Armor Obsolete.

"Firearms and Armor" is the theme of a paper by Julian Corbett in Longman's. The traditional idea that firearms occasioned the disuse of armor is shown to be unfounded. In fact, "plate armor and gunpowder were introduced in the same century." He argues to prove: "The real explanation, then, of the disappearance of armor is, firstly, that with the development of military science light cavalry proved itself more serviceable than heavier cavalry, and, secondly, that light cavalry in their origin were mounted musketeers and were therefore unarmored. Except in their early days musketeers, it must be remembered, never wore armor."

Marine Corps Chevrons.

There is only one branch of the United States service where the chevrons of sergeants and corporals are worn as they were a century ago and as they are still worn in a very large portion of the English service. This is in the United States marine corps, and here they are inverted, the point of the chevron being toward the shoulder instead of toward the wrist, as in all branches of the service. The other curious feature of the service is that the colors of the corps are red and yellow, those of cavalry and artillery, while the service is actually infantry.

Frenchwoman's Way of Lacing.

In the first place, silk corset strings are invariably used. They are not much more expensive than the cotton ones and give far more satisfactory results. Three separate laces are required. The top one is laced loosely to give ease and fullness to the bust. The second one, which is shorter, is pulled very tight to compress the waist line only, and the third, that shapes the hips, is looser than the second, but tighter than the first. One long string may be used instead of three by leaving it loose at the top and knotting it where it tightens above and below the waist line, then tying more loosely at the bottom. Much of the apparent flexibility of Yvette Guilbert's figure depended upon the secret of this peculiar lacing.—Chicago Times-Herald.

HOW HIDES ARE TANNED.

Process of Leather Making From the Fresh Skin to the Finished Article.

The leather man was busy hoisting bundles of leather up from the cellar by means of a pulley rope, weighing it and loading it on the cart which stood at the door ready to carry the load to the shoe manufacturers. He looked up, however, at a question and paused to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"Tell you about leather? Well, that's a long story. You see, there are 50 different kinds of leather if there is one, and the processes through which the hides go between the time they leave the stockyards and the time when the shoe man gets them are many and varied. There are steer hides, calf skins, goat skins and others, which are prepared each in one certain way.

"The green skins come from the great stockyards in Chicago and Kansas City to the tannery, which is generally built on the bank of a pure stream and near woodland. At the tannery the hides are at once placed in great vats filled with fresh, cold water and left there to soak for two or three days. The water tends to soften them. Then the skins are put in a long trough and run through a sort of slide, while heavy hammers pound them to a greater softness and pliability. Water is played on them in a steady stream.

"When the work in the trough is finished, the hides are placed back in the vats, and they soak there a little more—for a day or so. The next move is to keep them four or five days in the sweat pits. The sweat pits are dug out in the sides of the hills and the skins are hung up in rooms inside. It is dangerous for a man to stay in one of these pits, owing to the fumes of ammonia which issue from the hides after they have been confined for a little while. They are powerful enough at times to overcome a person. But the workmen know what they are about and do not imperil their lives by remaining too long in the place.

"After the turn in the sweat pits the hides are ready for scraping. It takes a trained tanner to know just how long to keep them in the sweat pits. When the thing is done right, the hides should be just about at the point of decomposition before they are taken out. Then bare armed men stand ready with long, sharp knives, which they work over the skins with both hands, removing all the hair and the small particles of flesh so that there is not a shread of it left. Each skin is gone over thoroughly and tossed into still another vat filled with a liquid in which there are small strips of hemlock bark. The hemlock bark has a hardening tendency on the skins. In some cases acids are used in addition to the bark.

"Tanners have an instrument they call a barkometer with which they test the strength of the liquid. It would not do to have it too strong or the skins would be burned. So they are generally put first into a weak solution. The bark juice, or whatever you want to call it, permeates the skin through every pore. The next process is that of drying. Then the dry hide is rolled and a coating of fish oil spread over it to give it the peculiar gloss which you notice in leather. The skins are next stored in a loft for two or three days and afterward shipped to the leather sellers in New York and other cities. We have nothing to do here but weigh them and send them off to the shoemen. That is the way that sole leather is prepared."

"What is the best kind of leather?"

"The best quality of leather is made from hides that come from South America, mostly from Buenos Ayres. A great deal of these hides we get from the big western cattle states. The thicker a skin is the better for us. An old cow has a thick skin, but a calf skin is thin and only used for making uppers of shoes. Some hides are very expensive. It would not be possible, on account of their scarcity, to get a buffalo hide for less than $200. These hides here," said the dealer, pushing some with his foot, "we sell for 23 or 24 cents a pound, and they range in weight from 12 to 14 pounds."—New York Sun.

His Life Saver.

A commercial traveler who is putting up at one of the hotels exhibited a curious contrivance to some friends last evening. It consisted of a metal reel almost eight inches long bolted securely to one of the inside corners of his trunk. On the reel was wound about 100 feet of steel wire, terminating in a sort of stirrup. The entire device occupied considerably less than a square foot of room, and the drummer explained that it was a fire escape of his own invention. "All I have to do," he said, "is to put my foot in the stirrup and let myself out of the window. The trunk acts as an anchor at this end and a ratchet at the side of the reel prevents the wire from paying out too rapidly."

"Did you ever have occasion to put it to use?" asked one of the spectators.

"Only once," replied the drummer. "I was in a hotel that caught fire at night about eight months ago, and the first thing I did when I jumped out of bed was to rush for my trunk. It was locked, and in my excitement I couldn't find the key. I hunted high and low and was still hunting when the porter rushed in and led me down stairs. They extinguished the fire, and I subsequently discovered the key under the bureau. Now I have the thing on a chain and am loaded for conflagrations of all brands."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Heathen Blameless.

"Don't the heathen dress ridiculously?" said Maud.

"Of course they do," replied Ethel. "What else can they do when we send them trunkfuls of shirt waists and beaver hats every year?"—Harper's Bazar.

Frost the Windows.

So many people in towns have to live in flathouses or houses in which the back windows are in such close proximity to those of their neighbors that a simple method of rendering the glass opaque, but not excluding the light, may be useful. The frosted appearance of ground glass may be nearly imitated by gently dabbing the glass over with a paint brush dipped in white paint or any other oil color. The paint should be thin and but little color taken up at one time on the end of the bristles. When applied with a light and even touch, the resemblance to frosted glass is considerable.

So Far as Appearances Go.

"Billy, do you think woman ought to smoke?"

"Well, she wouldn't look much uglier than she does chewing gum."—Detroit Free Press.

The average man never thinks it is time wasted to hunt another man and point out where he has made a mistake.—Atchison Globe.

"I GAVE little thought to my health," writes MRS. WM. V. BELL, 230 N. Walnut St., Canton, O., to Mrs. Pinkham, "until I found myself unable to attend to my household duties.

THOUGHTLESS WOMEN

"I had had my days of not feeling well and my monthly suffering, and a good deal of backache, but I thought all women had these things and did not complain.

"I had doctored for some time, but no medicine seemed to help me, and my physician thought it best for me to go to the hospital for local treatment. I had read and heard so much of your Vegetable Compound that I made up my mind to try it. I was troubled with falling of the womb, had sharp pains in ovaries, leucorrhœa and painful menses. I was so weak and dizzy that I would often have severe fainting spells. I took in all several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier and used the Sanative Wash, and am now in good health. I wish others to know of the wonderful good it has done me, and have many friends taking it now. Will always give your medicine the highest praise."

MRS. A. TOLLE, 1946 Hilton St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I was very thin and my friends thought I was in consumption. Had continual headaches, backache and falling of womb, and my eyes were affected. Every one noticed how poorly I looked and I was advised to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One bottle relieved me, and after taking eight bottles am now a healthy woman; have gained in weight 95 pounds to 140 pounds, and everyone asks what makes me so stout."

Love of Liquor Not Hereditary.

Professor Sims Woodhead, speaking before the Society For the Study of Inebriety in England, came to these conclusions: He held most strongly that a direct transmission of the taste for alcohol never occurred. Of course he accepted very fully the fact that certain nervous diseases and degenerations involving certain altered and weakened inhibitory powers are transmitted from generation to generation. These, however, did not always assume the same form, the manifestation of the effect often taking on very different characters in different generations.

But whatever character they assumed the result as regards alcohol was inevitably the same, and until far more evidence was brought forward than had yet been presented he should strongly maintain that what was so often spoken of as an inherited taste for alcohol was an inherited weakness and lessened self restraint affecting many other things besides drink and that a direct transmission of the taste for alcohol from parents to children in a constitution otherwise healthy did not occur. As with tuberculosis, the disease was not transmitted, but only the weakly and unbalanced condition of the tissues.—London Hospital.

Where's the Difference?

"So you don't believe in women smoking?" said the little woman as she watched her husband light his third cigar.

"No, I don't—decidedly! If I ever should hear of your doing such a thing, I would get a divorce!"

"Well, now, really, John, dear, what do you call smoking, anyway?"

"Why, inhaling tobacco smoke, of course."

"But I really don't understand your objection to cigarettes," said she. "Now just look at this room; it is blue with smoke. I have inhaled that into my lungs for the last six years. To be sure, you have held all the cigars, but then—now really, what is the difference? Why would it be any worse for me to hold a cigarette in my hand while I inhale the smoke?"

"It's of no use trying to tell you—there's no arguing with a woman," said John sarcastically.

"There's a little use in arguing with some men, though," said his wife.

He didn't ask why, but she told him, just the same, that it was because of the satisfaction of coming out ahead.—Detroit Free Press.

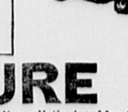
Nansen and His Pole.

When Dr. Nansen visited Leeds, soon after his north pole expedition, a very amusing incident was witnessed. A large crowd stood outside the station to welcome him, two of his most ardent admirers being a couple of old men who kept waving their sticks and shouting themselves hoarse. When the celebrated explorer had passed in his carriage, there followed in his wake a wagon, dragged by horses, bearing a long iron pole which belonged to an electric tramway company. Directly the old men saw it the following conversation took place:

"Well, I'll be blowed, Bill, he's browt t'pole back wi him!" said one.

"Aye," said the other, "and we t'only two at's noticed it. They're all running after t'carriage, sitha. They're that ignorant—well, they can't tell t'north pole when they sees it."—London Answers.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Chicago's Queer Indian.

An Englishman of rank and money visited Chicago recently and with him came his private secretary, a young, fresh faced, jolly fellow just out of Oxford university. The secretary brought letters of introduction to a Chicago man from a well known London actor and an equally prominent man of letters. The Englishman came direct to Chicago, making no stop in New York. The secretary called upon the Chicago man to whom he had letters and who did a little entertaining, inviting three city friends to meet the private secretary at luncheon at a noted restaurant.

It was after the cigars were lighted that the conversation turned upon things American. The Chicagoans knew that the Britons were credited with believing that they could shoot buffaloes under the shade of the Auditorium and shoot grizzlies along the Shokie, but they were not quite prepared for what was to come. The little luncheon party had been waited upon by a coal black negro with crisp hair curled tight to his head. The secretary throughout the repast had eyed the attendant with interest. When the waiter finally had left the room, the English guest turned to his host and said:

"Mr. Nelson, it seems to me that I read somewhere that the American Indians had straight hair. The hair of the one who waited on us curls like astrakhan."—Chicago Tribune.

Married With a Bump.

The marriage customs of the Negulos are peculiar. The young man who seeks a bride first obtains the favor of her parents and then pursues her, catching her in his arms. She breaks loose and runs and does not yield until he has caught her several times. Finally he leads her in triumph to her home. Here her father drags the youth up a ladder to her floor of their hut. The mother drags up the maiden. They are then made to kneel, and the father pours over them a cocoanut shellful of water. He then bumps their heads together, and the ceremony is completed. They spend their honeymoon in the depths of the mountains and for five days and nights are lost to sight, after which they come back to everyday life.

There is another marriage custom which is worth describing. Instead of the youth and maiden being dragged up the hut ladder they are made to climb two saplings that grow near each other. Then an elder of the group grasps the saplings and draws them together until the heads of the young couple touch, with a kiss or a bump, according to the force used. This makes them man and wife.—Forum.

Taking Umbrage.

A few idlers (no very unusual thing) were lounging in front of the shop of the bailie of the burgh, among whom the laird espied the village Aesculapius, who was his political oracle, and thus addressed him:

"How's a' wi' ye the day, doctor? Ony political news?"

"Nothing very particular," replied the doctor; "only it is said that the Dutch have taken umbrage at"— Here the doctor got a touch on his shoulder from his shop boy, who acquainted him that a valuable patient was waiting for him, and he broke off abruptly from his political laird.

"Ta'en Umbrage!" exclaimed the laird. "Mercy upon us! Hae they ta'en Umbrage? Bailie, ken ye if it's a wa'ed town or no?"

"A wa'ed town!" said the bailie; "nae sic thing. It's a sugar island and ane o' the sweetest o' them. The article's up already, but ye shall hae a stane weight hame wi' ye at the auld price."—Cornhill.

An Expensive Knife.

An old man went into a cigar store where pocketknives are on sale. He had a fancy for one of the knives, but thought the price, 75 cents, too high. After a parley with the proprietor he concluded to wager 75 cents against the knife and play a game of poker. He lost the money and then that much again. He continued to lose until he lost $121, all the money he had, but the proprietor made him a present of the knife.

In the afternoon he returned, saying he was dissatisfied with the knife. He had paid $121 for it, but would willingly exchange it for a $1 article. The dealer kindly made the exchange, and the man went his way rejoicing. He had no money to trouble him, but he had a knife, and, after all, a knife is a good thing to have.—Arizona Republican.

Significant Signs.

It has been insinuated that the Appleton-O'Bryanne wedding is off. If you want to know, go past the Appleton house. The sound of a half dozen sewing machines can be heard there from daybreak till late at night. When a marriage is given up for good, the sewing machine is idle, except when patches must be put on the old man's underclothes.—Atchison Globe.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IV, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 22.

Text of the Lesson, Ez. viii, 21-32. Memory Verses, 21-23—Golden Text, Ez. viii, 22—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1899, by D. M. Stearns.]

21. "Then I proclaimed a fast there at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of Him a right way for us and for our little ones and for all our substance." In the seventh year of Artaxerxes, the king of Persia, Ezra and some 1,800 of his people went up to Jerusalem to see to the welfare of those who were there, to carry up much silver and gold, a free will offering from the king and his counselors unto the God of Israel, for the temple and for sacrifice and for the will of God, as Ezra might be directed (chapter vii). Ezra was a ready scribe in the law of Moses and had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord and to do it and to teach it (chapter vii, 6, 10). Notice the order of doing and teaching and compare Acts i, 1; Mark vi, 30. Our lesson begins with Ezra about to start on the journey and making final preparation by a season of special waiting upon God.

22. "For I was ashamed to require of the king a band of soldiers and horsemen to help us against the enemy in the way, because we had spoken unto the king, saying, The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him." See his references to the hand of the Lord upon him in chapters vii, 6, 9, 28; viii, 18, 31; also Neh. ii, 8, 18; Ezek. iii, 14, 22; viii, 1, etc. It is no use to say that we trust in the Lord if we don't do it, and, while there would have been no sin in Ezra's having a band of soldiers, he would not thus have shown as much faith in God.

23. "So we fasted and besought our God for this, and He was entreated of us." Esther and her people fasted and prayed, and God heard and delivered (Est. iv, 16). Our Lord said concerning the evil spirit which He cast out of the child after His transfiguration, Howbeit this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting (Math. xvii, 21). Barnabas and Paul were set apart to missionary work with prayer and fasting (Acts xiii, 2, 3). It is true that overindulgence of appetite does not tend to spirituality, yet there is no special credit in doing without food, but when we want something from God for God's glory more than we want anything else we will be very apt to give ourselves heartily to prayer and fasting. See Dan. ix, 3; x, 3.

24, 25. "Then I separated 12 of the chief of the priests * * * and weighed unto them the silver and the gold * * * which the king and his counselors had offered." These two verses tell us that these offerings included also that which was given to all Israel there present and that all was for the house of God. I do not know of any giving on record that can compare with the gifts of Israel, both rulers and people, for the tabernacle and the temple (Ex. xxxvi, 6, 7; xxxviii, 24-31; I Chron. xxii, 14, 16; xxix, 1-9). If there was the same zeal for the house of God today—that is, the church of God, composed of all true believers—to complete it, what an abundance of missionaries and of money there would be seen to the glory of God.

26, 27. In these two verses he tells the exact weight of the silver and gold and of the vessels, and, knowing the value of a talent of gold or silver, the current value of all could be estimated, but value among men and value before God are often two wholly different things, though we make no reference to this particular case. We know that in the temple one day our Lord saw the rich people casting in of their abundance, and He saw a poor widow cast in 2 mites, which make a farthing, and He said that she had cast in more than they all. She cast in all that she had, even all her living.

28. "And I said unto them, Ye are holy unto the Lord; the vessels are holy also, and the silver and the gold are a free will offering unto the Lord God of your fathers." As the Lord who called the priests and Levites to their office was holy, so they were to be holy also—set apart wholly for Him (Lev. xxi, 6, 8). The Lord chose them to stand before Him, to serve Him, to minister unto Him, and it is even so with true believers now, for all believers are priests, and all are chosen vessels to be holy unto Him and to bear His name (II Chron. xxix, 11; I Pet. ii, 5, 9; Acts ix, 15).

29. "Watch ye and keep them until ye weigh them before the chief of the priests at Jerusalem in the chambers of the house of the Lord." We think of our Great High Priest who will never lose any vessel which the Father has given to Him, for no power can ever pluck us out of His hand, and we may gladly say, I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day (John x, 28; xvii, 12; xviii, 9).

30. "So took the priests and the Levites the weight of the silver and the gold and the vessels to bring them to Jerusalem unto the house of our God." In verses 33 and 34 we read that all the silver and gold and the vessels were safely delivered by weight and number at Jerusalem, and thus their work was successfully performed. Not at Jerusalem, but at the judgment seat of Christ, we will give account of our stewardship of all that with which He has intrusted us in His service, and it may help us to remember day by day that the Lord weigheth actions and spirits and trieth heart and veins and will give every one according to his ways and the fruit of his doings (I Sam. ii, 3; Prov. xvi, 2; Jer. xvii, 10).

31. "The hand of our God was upon us, and He delivered us from the hand of the enemy and of such as lay in wait by the way." When we become children of God by faith in Christ Jesus, we have from that time the world and the flesh and the devil as our enemies, but we need not fear, for He who is in us is greater than all, and victory is sure while we rely upon Him and cry, "Thine is the power." We may say, God, who raiseth the dead, delivered us and doth deliver and will deliver. The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom (II Cor. i, 9, 10; II Tim. iv, 18). He is able. We will trust Him.

32. "And we came to Jerusalem and abode there three days." On the next day they gave in their report, and burnt offerings and sin offerings were offered for all Israel. There is no blessing and no safety apart from Him who is both sin offering and burnt offering, but in Him, by His precious blood, there is perfect safety and the assurance that as we have been justified we shall also be glorified (Rom. v, 9; viii, 30).

UPHOLSTERING!

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(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices

Dr. Greene's NERVURA

BLOOD & NERVE REMEDY.

You are irritable, nervous, despondent, do not eat or sleep well, wake tired, have headaches, weakness, debility and exhaustion. You need Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. This wonderful health-giver restores health, strength and renewed vigor and energy to the entire body.

Mr. John McCaffrey, Lawrence, Mass., says: "I was greatly troubled with my stomach for years. Then again, I was frequently annoyed by sharp, piercing headaches, and had a bad throat besides. Had Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy recommended to me by a friend, and gave it a trial. Before the second bottle was gone my stomach began to be set right and now I feel well and can take risks with food such as I have not dared to do for years. My wife has suffered a great deal from headache and other annoying difficulties. I urged her to try Nervura and she did so. She regards it as a good medicine and feels that it helps her."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., cordially invites all who are out of health to consult or write to him about their cases, and his great skill, counsel and advice are at your service free of charge. Do not delay but write at once.

Weak, Nervous, Irritable, Blue, Discouraged.

Walking Up Stairs.

A physician who declared that few people knew how to walk up stairs properly was asked to describe how it should be done. He said: "Usually a person will tread on the ball of the foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should in walking or climbing stairs seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible.

"In walking up stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The woman who goes up stairs with a spring is no philosopher, or at least she is not making a proper use of her reasoning faculties.

"The habit, too, of bending over half double when ascending a flight of stairs is exceeding reprehensible. In any exertion of this kind, when the heart is naturally excited to a more rapid action, it is desirable that the lungs should have full play. The crouching position interferes with their action, the blood is imperfectly aerated, and there is trouble at once. Give the lungs a chance to do their work everywhere and at all times."—New York Sun.

Why There Was No Room.

When he was a young man, Senator Hale of Maine, like many young men who have later on in life made their mark in the world, was not without that egotism which is said to be an element of success.

On one occasion Mr. Hale was riding in an old fashioned stage coach with Senator and Mrs. Frye. The only other passenger was an Irish woman past middle life, rather comely of face, who wore enormous hoops, fashionable at that period. To amuse his fellow passengers Mr. Hale pretended to be much enamored of Biddy and would sidle up close to her as if he were about to put his arms about her, look unutterable things at her and entertained himself and his companions at the good natured creature's expense. Finally at one of the stations a man put his head in the door and asked if there was any room to be had inside the coach.

"No," said Mr. Hale. "All the seats are taken." Then turning to the Irish woman and looking into her eyes with great tenderness he said:

"There isn't any room in here, is there? We don't want any one else in here, do we?"

"No," said Biddy, with a delightful brogue. "My hoops are pretty large, and I see you feel pretty large, and there is no room here."—Detroit Free Press.

Note the Change.

In March, 1815, the Paris Moniteur announced the expected return of Emperor Napoleon from Elba. The first announcement of the Moniteur was far from polite, but as the little Corsican approached Paris a gradual change took place in its tone:

"The cannibal has left his den."

"The Corsican wolf has landed in the bay of San Juan."

"The tiger has arrived at Gay."

"The wretch spent the night at Grenoble."

"The tyrant has arrived at Lyons."

"The usurper has been seen within 50 miles of Paris."

"Bonaparte is advancing with great rapidity, but he will not put his foot inside the walls of Paris."

"Tomorrow Napoleon will be at our gates."

"The emperor has arrived at Fontainebleau."

"His imperial majesty Napoleon entered Paris yesterday surrounded by his loyal subjects."

The Cause of It.

A reflection not altogether without value to such feminine scribes as have not yet found their public is contained in a remark made at a recent dinner in London, where 200 literary women met one another. Says the London Outlook:

As the extremely well dressed crowd surged and swayed round the platform after the recitation which followed the dinner a young woman ventured to remark to one of the "old hands" upon the exceedingly prosperous appearance of several of the literary women.

"Bless you," was the quick response, "that is not literature—it is husbands!"

Things to Remember.

Never forget that women are made out of girls and that men are made out of boys; that if you are a worthless girl you are a worthless woman, and if you are a worthless boy you will be a worthless man, and the best educated men and women once did not know "A, B, C;" that all the things which you are learning had to be learned by them; that the efforts spent in making others happy will in some way add to your own happiness; that a life of usefulness and helpfulness is worth many times more than a life of pleasure.

Not Amusement.

"I am willing to do almost anything for amusement," panted the portly member of the Tourists' club, who had dragged himself half way up the mountain side and stopped to rest, "but this is a little too much."

"This isn't amusement," explained one of the other members of the club. "This is sport."—Chicago Tribune.

Those Loving Girls.

Helen—See my new engagement ring. Don't you think George has good taste?

Mattie—He certainly has—in the selection of a ring.—Chicago Record.

Surmounting a Difficulty.

A busy government clerk hurried into an avenue pie foundry during the half hour allowed the department employees for luncheon. There were many little tables about, and each one was attended to by an ebon hued servitor, who floated back and forth from a long counter that acted as a sort of a coaling station, laden with apple dumplings, deviled crabs, tripe and oysters and other similar dainties so familiar to the ordinary lunchroom.

"Bring me a sandwich and a glass of milk," called the busy government man. The negro bolted away and quickly returned with the desired food and drink. The clerk stowed away the leaden sandwich and floated it with the lacteal fluid.

"My check, in a hurry!" he shouted to the darky. The waiter pulled forth pad and pencil and began to laboriously inscribe weird characters on the paper. Twice did he seemingly finish the writing when he would stop, look at the result and tear up the bit of paper. At the third attempt the customer called again impatiently for the bill of damage.

The negro made a final effort and handed the clerk the check, on which was written, "One piece pie, one milk."

"Here," said the young man as he looked at the slip of paper, "I didn't order pie."

"I know, boss," replied the abashed servant, "but pie and a sandwich costs jes' the same, an I can't spell sandwich."—Washington Post.

Answered His Own Letter.

A certain young railroad man who has charge of a department in the auditing branch of his company's business had occasion recently to dictate a letter to the head of a corresponding department of another road. There was a point in dispute between the two railroads involving money, and this young official had taken a stubborn ground that the other official was totally at fault and advanced what seemed to him unanswerable arguments to prove it.

A short time after he had forwarded the letter he received a proposition from headquarters of the other railroad, which he accepted, and within a few days he became the head of the department with which he had been in dispute. The first letter which he found on file ready to be answered was his own on the point in question.

There was only one thing to do. He immediately dictated an answer to his own letter, refuting and repudiating its argument, and wound up by a heated insinuation that the writer of it was an unmitigated donkey. Of course, the letter was addressed to himself, but in his enthusiasm for the interests of his new employer he did not mind a little thing like that.—Chicago News.

He Was Too Smart.

He was the only man at the table full of lovely girls, and, like all only men, he was spoiled. So when the belle of the table remarked that she was very fond of pepper and then sifted half the contents of the pepper box over her food he sprang an old gag on her.

"It won't hurt you. This pepper is half peas."

"What is that you say?" asked the landlady from the next table. "Speak a little louder, please."

He reiterated his remark.

"That isn't true," retorted the landlady hotly. "I do not use adulterated goods on my table."

"My dear madam," said the bland joker, "there are always a lot of p's in pepper."

There was an impressive pause, then the landlady said in a crushing voice:

"Oh, yes, just as you always furnish part of the dessert."

"I don't understand."

"The chestnuts."—London Standard.

Reaches Back to Adam.

The emperor of Japan is entitled to be considered the most aristocratic ruler on earth. The royal family of Japan has a genealogical tree which reaches to Adam. There have been 121 emperors of Japan, and they all belong to this family. The first one governed Japan just about 2,500 years ago. He was on the throne 300 years before Alexander the Great thought he had conquered the world. The Japanese have the history of all of their emperors from that time down to this and they assure you that the mikado is a lineal descendant of the first emperor.

Then There Was Trouble.

A well dressed, ladylike looking woman entered a car the other day with her little boy of about 6 years of age. On the conductor coming to collect the fares the lady handed her little son a quarter, he being nearer the door. The little fellow examined the coin carefully and then gave it to the conductor. Scarcely had the man returned the change than the youngster clapped his hands and, looking at his mother, exclaimed triumphantly:

"Mamma, mamma, he has taken the bad quarter!"

Why Are All Widows "Charming?"

"Now, I should like to ask you why men always speak of a widow as a 'charming widow,'" said a pretty Kirkwood girl. "There is a young widow at Kirkwood, and I am free to admit that she is charming, but she isn't any more charming than a dozen—yes, than at least 30—Kirkwood girls whom I could mention, and yet I have never heard a man refer to her except as the 'charming widow.'"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The debris left from coral made into articles of jewelry, etc., is crushed, scented and sold as a tooth powder at a high price by Italian performers.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 2, 1899.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4 03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.58 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:
Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.
Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.
Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.
Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.
Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.
win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.
Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.
Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.
Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.
☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.
Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.
Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.
All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, then every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 8.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.
Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.
Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.
Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.
Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., leave Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.50, 7.10, 7.55, 2.25, 8.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.
Leave Stoneham at 7.35, 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Arlington at 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.
Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.
People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Supt.

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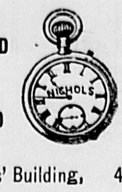

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IT IS TIME
To commence to take some kind of Spring Medicine to brace up after the cold and sickness of Winter, and prepare for the languor and weakness of early Spring. Try
Nervo-Celery Compound.
We make it. It has proved a success. It costs 50 cents.
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The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Callahan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.
One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

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Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

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Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

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415 Main Street, WOBURN.

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H. S. ADAMS; Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE OLD HUNTING COAT.

A thing of stiff canvas, dirt spotted and torn;
Soiled corduroy collar, huge pockets that tote
The game, and its fabric is crumpled and worn,
Yet memories cling to the old hunting coat.

Its color of tan with the ground smoothly blends
And frights not the timid and sharp sighted game;
By delicate thread its lone button suspends,
Untouched by the hand of the unseeing dame;

On the sleeve a light feather seems destined to stay,
The scent of burnt powder around it doth cling,
And its pockets conceal but a motley array
Of pipe and tobacco, shells, matches and string.

And many a night it has pillowed the head
That rested in peace 'neath a sheltering tent
That on some stream's banks, tree protected, was spread,
Where few but Dame Nature's wild creatures e'er went.

Ah, if it could speak, it would eagerly tell
Of long, breathless chase through the thicket and thorns
In pursuit of the elk that fought nobly and well,
But whose antlers the old hunting coat now adorns!

Or perchance it would whisper of morning's sharp chill
And rush hidden boat in some lake at daylight
And speak of the silence and e'en of the thrill
That it felt when the canvasback started the flight.

Or yet it could speak of the favorite camp
Where the brook makes sweet music and soft breezes blow
And the odor of firs and of wild flowers, dew damp,
And the leaping of trout where the slender weeds grow.

The broadcloth may scorn it, the woolen may sneer—
Aristocrats they, keeping always remote—
Yet none of them offers the comfort and cheer
And happiness found in the old hunting coat.

—Colorado Springs Gazette.

NARDO'S GHOST

A Gondolier Found to His Cost That It Is Not Safe to Speak Disrespectfully of Wandering Spirits.

BY W. L. ALDEN.

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When Lissandro had the misfortune to kill Nardo, there was scarcely a gondolier in Venice who did not sympathize with him. Lissandro was a good tempered, jovial young fellow, without a single fault, unless it was that he was a free thinker. Of course it is very bad to be a free thinker, though, after all, it is a matter which does not greatly concern any one except the free thinker himself, and then he can always change his opinion when he comes to die and confess and be absolved like any other Christian unless he has the ill luck to be drowned where there is no priest at hand. Sandro was always ready to help a friend in distress, and he nearly always had money in his pocket, for he was so frank and honest in his ways with the foreigners whom he rowed that he could nearly always charge them at least double the tariff fare and collect it without making them suspicious. That so good a fellow and clever a gondolier should have been compelled to stab a man was certainly a great pity, and the day that Sandro went to prison more than one friendly gondolier shed tears and cursed the meddling of the police in the strongest possible language.

Sandro did not stay in prison longer than about four months. Although everybody knew that he had stabbed Nardo and thrown his body into the basin at the farther end of the Riva Degli Schiavoni, the body was never found, and so the magistrate said that there was not sufficient proof that Nardo was dead and that Sandro must be released with a solemn warning never to stab another man.

While people were glad that Sandro was released, there was a general feeling that the magistrate had no right to dispute Sandro's word. Had he not said dozens of times that he had been obliged to kill Nardo because the latter openly asserted that Sandro's grandfather did not win the regatta in 1793, whereas the flag that the grandfather won is still hanging in Sandro's house? It was certainly not polite in the magistrate to pay no attention to what Sandro said and to decide that there was no proof of Nardo's death. But magistrates have no regard for other people's feelings and that is the reason why they are magistrates and send poor men to prison for next to nothing.

When Lissandro came out of jail, 11 gondoliers belonging to his traghetto gave him a dinner at the Osteria della Pace, in the calle Lunga S. Barnabo. It was a capital dinner, consisting of fried fish and polenta and all the wine that any one cared to call for. The fish were beautifully cooked; the polenta was of the best, golden in color and as light as a feather; two slices of it were all that a man wanted to eat, so generously thick did the landlord serve it. As for the wine, it was last year's Verona, reasonably pure, and good and strong. When the dinner was finished, the guests lit genuine Tuscan cigars that the landlord furnished without charge, and each man began to drink in earnest.

Lissandro had borne his imprisonment well. He was a trifle thinner than formerly, but he was in excellent health and spirits. He told once more the familiar story of his dispute with Nardo, introducing several entirely new variations which tended to show his great forbearance when the quarrel began and the tremendous strength and activity which he exercised when the fatal struggle culminated.

His comrades unanimously agreed that he could not have acted more nobly than he had acted and that there were no terms strong enough to characterize the conduct of the police in arresting him for a matter which was none of their business. Suddenly a grave old gondolier, who was regarded as the father of the traghetto and who had been absorbing his wine in comparative silence, asked Sandro if he did not fear that the ghost of Nardo would appear to him.

"Thou knowest," said the old gondolier, "that when a man has not had Christian burial his ghost will wander everywhere, trying to find some one who will give him a comfortable grave. Now, Nardo must have been carried out to sea, and it is my opinion that some night he will come back and haunt you."

"Go away, Bartolo!" cried Sandro. "There are no such things as ghosts. When a man dies, either that is an end of him or else he goes so far away that he never can find his way back. Besides, I should not be in the least afraid of a ghost, even if there was one who came to see me. If I am not afraid of live men, I need not be afraid of dead ones."

"When you say there are no ghosts," replied Bartolo, "you forget the picture in the academy which proves that the blessed Saints Mark and Nicholas and George appeared to a fisherman and made him row them over to S. Andrea. If there are ghosts of saints, there must be ghosts of sinners."

"Not at all," said Sandro. "The saints—and I don't deny that there may be saints, though I never have seen one—can, of course, work miracles and consequently they can make ghosts of themselves if they want to. But Nardo was not a saint, as every one will agree. So whatever St. Mark and his comrades may have done has nothing to do with what Nardo can or cannot do. Besides, I am not so sure about that story of the saints and the fisherman. True, there is the picture, but any one could have painted it. What I want to know is where is the ring that the ghost of St. Mark gave to the fisherman. Show me that ring and perhaps I may believe the story."

Just then a loud clap of thunder shook the wall of the Osteria, and two of the younger gondoliers crossed themselves. "You see, Sandro," said the old gondolier solemnly, "it does not do to say blasphemous things about St. Mark. There is going to be a storm, and who knows that it is not sent to rebuke thee? There was a man whom I knew, a man much of thy age and appearance. He, too, was an unbeliever, and he said one night at the traghetto of S. Toma, in the presence of four or five of us, that he didn't consider St. Mark fit to be a patron saint because he did not send German travelers to Venice except in the spring. Ten days later that man played eight soldi in the lottery, putting two soldi on each of four numbers. What happened? Why every one of those numbers won, and the man was fit to kill himself because he had not played on the quaterno. Instead of winning a few lire he might have won a fortune. That shows that it is dangerous to speak lightly of the blessed saints."

"I have nothing to say against the saints," returned Sandro, who did not seem very much impressed by the other's narrative. "I let them alone, and I expect them to let me alone. But ghosts are a different thing. Now I don't care a centesimo for all the ghosts in purgatory. In the first place, there isn't any purgatory; in the second place, there are no ghosts, and, in the third place, if Nardo has a ghost looking for me, I shall be glad to see him here or anywhere else and will agree to offer him a bottle of wine and to share it with him."

"For heaven's sake, Sandro!" cried a young gondolier—Antonio, the foolish—"don't speak such wild and wicked words. Who can tell who is listening? Above all, don't talk in that way while there is a thunderstorm growling. It is as black as midnight outside. I myself don't always believe in everything when the sun shines, but when it is as dark as this and the thunder may strike at any minute, I believe everything."

A fresh thunderclap that seemed to rush from one side of the heavens over Venice to the other and back again, as if it was in search of some one, compelled the company to keep silence. When quiet returned, Sandro once more, with unabashed spirits, resumed his skeptical comments on ghosts.

"You are wretchedly superstitious—all of you," he said. "I don't so much mind your ideas about religion, for unless you waste too much money in masses and other"—

Another crash that sounded as if the Osteria itself had been struck or smashed into a million of pieces, interrupted Sandro, and when he was able to continue his remarks he did not take the trouble to mend his broken sentence.

"As I was saying," he continued, "I don't find fault with you for believing in religion and saints and all such things, for if you want to be children you have a right to suit yourselves. But that you should believe in ghosts and be afraid of them, is trying to my temper. Consider a little. How can a ghost hurt you? He never carries a knife; no man ever yet pretended to have seen a ghost with a knife. He can't hit you, for he is as thin as so much smoke, and you might as well expect a whiff of Toni's cigar to hurt you—which is strong enough in all conscience to hit you between the eyes and knock you down. If there are ghosts, they are as harmless as so many girls, and for my part I should as soon think of being afraid of a 2-months-old girl baby."

"Wait till you see a ghost," said old Bartolo. "You will sing a different song then. If a ghost were to appear to you tonight—and it is an excellent night for ghosts—I believe that you would be the worst frightened man in Venice."

"You think I would be frightened?" cried Sandro angrily. "You are an old man, and I am a peaceable one, or I should have something to say to you on that question of being afraid. But I will tell you what I should do if I were to see a ghost. I should welcome him as if he was my oldest friend. I should say to him, 'Come and have a bottle with me and tell me all about the place where you live.' Then I would put my arm in his and sing him something to raise his spirits and unless he was as solemn as Bartolo we should have as jolly an evening as can be had in Venice."

The door opened and a stranger entered. He was evidently a gondolier, and a wet one. It was natural that he should be wet, since it had been raining torrents for the last half hour, but he had apparently had an unexpected bath in the canal, for bits of seaweed were clinging to his beard and hair and the thick blue mud of the lagoon was everywhere plastered over his clothes.

"Come in!" shouted Sandro. "Come and drink a glass with us; though, to be sure, what you need is a little brandy, for I can see that you have been overboard."

The stranger did not speak, but he bowed a polite acquiescence in Sandro's invitation, and, tossing his hat into the corner, sat down opposite Sandro, where the other guests made room for him.

As they looked at his face, now that it was no longer obscured by his hat, they one and all crossed themselves, with the solitary exception of Sandro. For the newcomer was no other than Nardo, the dead man. There could not be a shadow of doubt as to his identity. The face and the figure were unmistakably those of Nardo; besides, there was a stain on the left breast which might possibly have been mud, but which every one believed to be blood. And it was precisely in the left breast that Sandro had been obliged to stab Nardo.

Not a word was said either by the stranger or by any one of the guests. They sat in profound silence, except for the chattering of the teeth of Antonio, who, had it been possible for his bronzed face to change color, would undoubtedly have been as pale as marble.

Presently old Bartolo rose up and walked silently and softly from the room, waving a farewell to Sandro that was full of despairing pity. The other gondoliers lost no time in following him; indeed they crowded through the door as if a fire had broken out in the Osteria and they were in imminent danger of a horrible death. Sandro and the stranger were left alone, each apparently waiting for the other to speak.

"Very well, Nardo," exclaimed Sandro, when he saw that the stranger was obstinately silent; "so you've come back to Venice again. What was the matter in purgatory? Did they turn you out because you were not sympathetic—and you know, Nardo, that you were never a sympathetic person—or did you break out, the same as you did when you were locked up in the prison at Treviso for stealing from your brother?"

This allusion to a form of theft regarded among all honest gondoliers as nothing less than dishonorable was well calculated to draw an angry reply from Nardo, but he still remained silent.

"I never believed in ghosts," resumed Sandro, "but now that I see a very dirty ghost sitting before me and refusing to drink wine I know that there are ghosts and that they are not good comrades. Drink your wine, Nardo, and speak up like a man. I'm not afraid of you now that you are dead any more than I was when you were alive, but I don't like to sit over my wine with one who does not open his mouth even to speak."

The ghost was not to be taunted into breaking silence, and gradually that silence oppressed Sandro. The latter spoke the truth when he said that he was not afraid of Nardo, but any one will admit that it is not cheerful to sit at table with a ghost who is soaking wet and disgracefully muddy and who will neither drink nor speak, but sits staring as rudely as if he were a German tourist.

Sandro was irritated by the ghost's conduct, and under the circumstances no one can blame him. The best man who ever lived would be irritated if the ghost of a man whom he had had the misfortune to kill should come back in a draggled and dirty dress and do nothing but stare and drip water on the floor.

"If there is anything that you want, Nardo," said Sandro, "perhaps you will mention it. If you don't want anything, perhaps you will go away and let me finish my wine in peace. Nobody invited you to come here, and it was just a little impertinent for you to thrust yourself among a dinner party of honest folk. But you always were impertinent. That was the reason, if you remember, why I was obliged to spoil my knife against your ribs."

The stranger gazed steadily into Sandro's eyes, but he made no sound. Just then the door opened the breadth of a hand, and the scared face of Antonio was visible through the opening. He had ventured back to see if Sandro was still alive, and if so, whether he was as badly frightened as the rest of the gondoliers had been. Sandro saw and read the meaning of Antonio's face and seized the opportunity to show his utter fearlessness of ghosts.

"See here, Nardo," he exclaimed, "I will do anything that a man can do to please you tonight. What would you like to have me do? Say the word, and I am at your service."

The stranger rose up and, moving toward the door, from which the terrified Antonio had already vanished, beckoned slowly to Sandro to follow him.

"Certainly," said Sandro. "Perhaps you have forgotten that it is still raining dogs, but no matter. A little rain will not hurt us. Lead the way, and I will follow—that is, if my legs will let me, for the wine has loosened the joints of them till they are like the legs of the beggar of the Campo Sant' Angelo, who, we all know, has no legs whatever."

There is no doubt that Sandro had drunk too much wine and that his brain as well as his legs was affected by it. Still his courage was undiminished, and he was ready to follow the ghost to purgatory or anywhere else. As the two passed into the calle and turned to the left, directing their steps to where a gondola was moored, Sandro saw a group of his late dinner companions gathered at a corner, at what they supposed to be a safe distance from the ghost.

He called to them: "Goodby till we meet again! I am going to dine in purgatory with the good Nardo. I will tell you all about it when I return."

When the gondola was reached, the ghost motioned to Sandro to enter and seat himself under the felze. "This is really too kind," said Sandro. "Nardo, thou art a good devil after all. Take me to my house, and my wife will pay thee, in case I am too drunk to find my pocket. Thou are a most excellent devil, and I ask thy pardon for that stab I gave thee."

Sandro dropped with his head on the cushioned seat of the gondola and fell instantly asleep. The ghost took the oar, and the gondola floated down the narrow canal until the Canalazzo was reached. This rapidly crossed, and the gondola took the shortest way across the city toward the Ponte dei Mendicanti.

Sandro's late companions, after crossing the traghetto, followed swiftly on foot. They were in time to see the gondola gain the open lagoon. In spite of the storm the ghostly gondolier rowed steadily toward the cemetery and in a few minutes was lost to view in the driving rain.

"Heaven have mercy on poor Sandro's soul," said Bartolo. "We shall never see him again."

And they never did. What was believed by many to be his body was found in the lagoon a fortnight later, but it was never satisfactorily identified. That he was carried off by the ghost of his victim, who escorted him straight to purgatory, was firmly believed by all who knew the unfortunate Sandro. Certain skeptical policemen maintained that the ghost was in reality Nardo's brother, who had lured Sandro into his boat and murdered him when out of sight of any witnesses.

Doubtless Nardo had a brother, for it was notorious that he had once been imprisoned for robbing his brother of a new suit of clothes, but nobody in Venice had ever seen the brother, who was variously alleged to be a gondolier at Burano, a cab driver at Treviso and a fisherman of Chioggia. The only certainty is that Sandro was never seen alive after he entered the stranger's gondola, and nobody but an infidel can doubt that his bold and blasphemous language at the dinner table was fitly punished by the ghost of the dead Nardo.—New York Press.

Table Proud People.
Housewives who enjoy sending to the table the daintiest dishes that good materials and skilful cooking can provide—are loudest in their praises of
Keystone
Silver White
Gelatine
not because it costs more than the common kind, but because it does more—being double refined. There is not a table that cannot afford the hundreds of dainty dishes Keystone Silver White Gelatine will provide. There is not a table too good to receive the tempting desserts made from it. It is the kind used in the leading clubs and hotels of America. Is it too good for your table?
If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free, with recipes by the most noted chefs. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS,
Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

Those Pullman Car Names.

The story runs that Mr. Pullman used to give a gold coin to a lady of his family for the name of each Pullman car, it being her duty to name them all. Whether or not this is true we do not know, but all the world knows the results. They have made us familiar with the names of Scipio, Africanus and Numa Pompilius. We have learned also the names of Aphrodite and Astarte. We are told that there are Pullman dining cars running under the names of Hepatitis and Gastritis, but these we have not seen.

To the plain citizen of the republic this is impressive, but inconvenient. Who is there among us who, having got off at a way station to stretch his legs for a minute, has not been covered with confusion when it became necessary for him to ask a porter where his car was?

And who is there who has not been amazed and enlightened by the porter's pronunciation of the name? We remember that once in traveling over the K. P. we found a young Pullman conductor who spent his spare time reading the Greek Testament. He said that he was a theological student, but we suspected that he was "chucking a bluff." Later we have thought that perhaps he was preparing himself to master the nomenclature of his profession.—Railroad Gazette.

Why Alexander Was Depressed.

"Why, my dear, what is the matter? What can you mean? You look so depressed. It cannot be—and yet—oh, relieve this killing suspense! Alexander, have you failed?" said his wife, with clasped hands.

"No, my dear, my credit is yet unimpaired, and business is looking up."

"You don't mean to say, dear, that your old pain in your head has come back?"

"No."

"You haven't had to pay any bills for your brother Joseph?"

"No."

"Have you—now tell me, Alexander Bidlack—have you had another attack of rheumatism?"

"No."

"Now I know—I expected it—I knew it all the time—I felt sure it would be so. Mr. Debonair has asked for Seraphina."

"No; nothing of the kind."

"Then tell me without waiting another minute what has happened. I can bear it. Let me know the worst."

"Well, that button I told you about has got tired of hanging by one thread, and here it is."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

JOKES OF GREAT JOKERS.

Tricks Played on Unsuspecting People by Fun Loving Men.

Hook forged 4,000 letters to 4,000 tradesmen and others requesting them to call on a certain day and hour at the house of a wealthy widow, Mrs. Tottenham, in Berners street, London, against whom he had conceived a grudge.

These people began to arrive soon after daybreak. The rush continued until nearly midnight. They came by fifties and hundreds.

There were 100 chimney sweeps, 100 bakers, 50 doctors, 50 dentists, 50 accouchers. There were priests to administer extreme unction and Methodist ministers to offer last prayers. There were 50 confectioners with wedding cakes, 50 undertakers with coffins, 50 fishmongers with baskets of cod and lobsters. They pushed, quarreled and fought, and the police were called out to prevent a riot. Finally among the hoaxed ones came the governor of the Bank of England, the royal Duke of Gloucester and the lord mayor of London, each lured thither by some cunning pretext. A police investigation followed, but the perpetrator was not detected.

Florence and Sothern once asked Captain Lee, Adelaide Neilson's English husband, to dinner at Gramercy Park hotel, where he was to meet Vanderbilt, Astor, Governor Seymour, Longfellow, Bryant and other noted Americans.

These gentlemen were for the occasion personated by Billy Travers, Larry Jerome, Nelse Seymour, Dan Bryant and other choice spirits, who, after violent quarrels, drew pistols and bowie knives and filled the room with curses, shrieks and explosions. The Englishman, convinced that these were ordinary American manners, dived under the table, where he remained until dragged out amid the laughter of all present.

A horse dealer having refused to give "Sherry" further credit, the wit wrote asking that the dealer's wife should bring the carriage and get the money. Sheridan's footman induced her to sit down to a delicate lunch, and while she was eating it "Sherry" slipped into the carriage and drove off. Again he ordered two pairs of boots from two reluctant makers. When they were brought, he sent each maker away to stretch one of his boots. Then he put on the remaining two and took a trip to the country.

Philip, duke of Wharton, when a young man had a tutor whom he cordially disliked.

One night long after the good dominie had retired the duke awoke him in seemingly great haste and excitement. The dominie hustled into his dressing gown and slippers and came trembling, yawning and groaning to the door.

"Sir," said Wharton deferentially, "will you lend me a pin?"

After the defeat and flight of Charles I the daredevil Duke of Buckingham disguised himself as a mountebank, set up a stage in the heart of London and for days laughed in the faces of the stern Puritans, who were thirsting for his life. One day when his own sister, the beautiful Duchess of Richmond, was passing, the jocular duke set the mob on to drag her from her carriage. They forced her to witness the pranks of her brother, whom she recognized, but could not betray.

A noted joke immortalized in Lever's "Charles O'Malley" was actually perpetrated by Mr. Frederick Welcome, a student in Trinity college, Dublin.

Mr. Welcome pretended to hear a voice in the sewer and persuaded the mob that a prisoner had escaped into the sewer from the jail and that he was perishing there. The mob excavated the street. The troops were called out, and a riot followed.—St. Louis Republic.

The Watch Oak Tree.

The Brooklyn Times gives an interesting account of a fine oak tree which stands on the grave of a Presbyterian minister in the cemetery at Huntington, N. Y. The clergyman's son has encircled the tree with a bronze tablet with the following inscription: "This tree was grown from an acorn taken from the historic watch oak tree of England and planted by the Rev. James McDougal, 1862."

The watch oak tree referred to stands near the town of Battle, England. The place was formerly called Senac. It is near the spot where Harold II, the king of England, gathered his army for a battle with William the Conqueror on Oct. 14, 1066. Tradition has it that the oak tree stood in a prominent position and that from its branches Harold's men observed the movements of the invading Normans. The name watch oak was given it, and as such it has been known during the centuries since that memorable battle.

Tactful.

A little tact sometimes saves a great deal of pain, and every man whose duty it is to select or dismiss employees will find its use as essential to his own comfort as to that of the men with whom he deals. The New York Sun tells the story of a case which called for extraordinary tact and received it.

The conductor was trying the voice of a young woman who wished to secure a place in an opera troupe. The manager was standing by. The candidate was frail and timid. She finished her song with an air of distress.

"How is it?" asked the manager unceremoniously.

The conductor caught the pleading eyes of the girl. But he had his duty to perform. He struck three notes on the piano and left the rest to the manager.

The three notes were B A D.

Best Time to Take Medicine.

According to Professor Moritz, writing in a German medical periodical, the most speedy absorption of a drug into the human system is secured by administering it with water on an empty stomach. In many cases, he says, a definite effect will thus be produced, when no effect would be perceptible from the same dose administered shortly after the taking of food. Food taken immediately after medicine retards the absorption of the drug.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, OCT. 27, 1899.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor,	W. Murray Crane of Dalton
For Lieut. Governor,	John L. Bates of Boston
For Secretary of State,	William L. Olin of Boston
For State Treas.,	Edward S. Bradford of Springfield
For State Auditor,	John W. Kimball of Fitchburg
For Attorney General,	Hosea M. Knowlton of New Bedford
For County Commissioner,	Levi S. Gould of Malden
For Sheriff,	John R. Fairbain of Cambridge
For Senator,	Howard K. Sanderson of Lynn
For Councillor,	George F. Harwood of Lynn
For Representatives,	
Frank E. Wetherell	of Woburn
Arthur B. Roberts	of Reading

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

As stated in last week's JOURNAL, the Democrats of the 28th Middlesex District nominated for candidates for Representatives to the Legislature Mr. Robert J. W Phinney and Mr. Michael J. Doyle, both of this city.

In Mr. Phinney the Party made a judicious choice. He is a gentleman, about 52 years old, of pure Cape Cod stock, and a worthy and respected resident of Woburn for many years. The *New England Grocer* says of him:

"Mr. Phinney is a man of large business experience, a man who has most decided and well considered opinions upon the great commercial problems that confront the people today. He has hosts of friends everywhere."

His father, Major S. B. Phinney, was for half a century, or so, Editor and proprietor of the Barnstable *Patriot* and a Democratic leader not only on the Cape but in the State. He was a strong and influential man in his Party. He gave his son Robert an academic and college education. After graduating, his health being impaired, Robert joined the Engineer Corps of the Union Pacific Railroad, where he remained until the great line was completed.

Since that date Mr. Phinney has been engaged in mercantile pursuits in Boston. In 1878 he married Miss Sarah Clough, daughter of Dr. John Clough, a leading citizen of this town in his day, and both he and his wife are prominent in social circles.

Democrats can vote for Mr. Phinney with good grace. He is intelligent, clean, and worthy of the united support of his Party. Besides that, if elected he would make a good Representative. He is honest, upright, and well disposed, and the only wonder is that the Democrats should have made choice of a man so worthy of popular suffrage.

Mr. Doyle is a native of Wilmington. He is a lawyer by profession; a young man; a recent settler in this city; and not so well known as is Mr. Phinney. He is spoken of as a smart young aspirant for political and professional fame and coin. A gentleman of this city intimately acquainted with him tells the JOURNAL that Mr. Doyle is a worthy candidate, and if elected would do credit to this city in the Legislature. He also told the JOURNAL that the Democrats were planning to elect Esquire Doyle over all competitors.

GO TO THE POLLS AND VOTE.

On Nov. 7, one week from next Tuesday, the State election will be held. The Republican campaign has been a quiet and noiseless one, but it does not follow that an average vote will not be cast. In view of the importance of a hearty and unmistakable endorsement of the Administration in its policy towards our recently acquired possessions in the far East, Republicans should rally in force at the polls and cast a solid vote on the 7th ult. This we think they will do.

In this city the conditions appear to be favorable for a large vote. Of course the Republican ticket from Governor to the last name on it is safe, but the election of Representatives for the Legislature in this District already show signs of warm work, and it is safe to predict that the candidates will see to it that every voter is at the polls on election day.

But Republicans ought not to wait for some one to come around and lead them up to the ballotboxes. Each should resolve himself into a committee of one to make sure that he is on hand early, and that his Republican neighbor is equally prompt to deposit his ballot for the whole Republican ticket next Tuesday.

THE CUP SAFE.

Last Friday the Columbia won the third race in the best three in five for the American cup. There was a spanking breeze, a half gale, as sailors call it, and better conditions to test the merits of the two yachts could not have been had. It was the kind of wind Sir Thomas Lipton had been longing for, but failed to save him.

The trial—indeed, all three of them—proved beyond question that the Columbia is a better craft, in every respect, than the Shamrock, a fact that Sir Thomas and his British friends frankly admitted.

It was a splendid contest of speed, and the Americans keep the trophy. We are all proud of the Columbia, her builder, and the sailor boys of Maine who carried her to a magnificent victory.

☞ Governor Roosevelt has lately been stumping in Ohio for the Republican ticket. He handles the anti-imperialists without gloves, and is doing splendid work generally. In one of his Ohio speeches occurs this paragraph:

"They are repeating precisely the tactics of the Copperheads of the Civil War. Those of you who are old enough will remember that the Copperheads who denounced the Union Army always denounced them in the name of the new gospel of peace. Their cry was 'Peace;' even 'Peace at any price,' and it was these apostles of peace who, by their furious denunciation of Abraham Lincoln and of the Northern people, and their frantic invectives against every measure of the Government, finally stirred to madness the dark and gloomy souls that are always to be found on the outskirts of such a movement. In 1863 the preachers of the doctrine of cowardly peace were responsible for the terrible and bloody outbreaks in New York city, which we know by the name of the Draft Riots. In 1865 these same craven preachers of peace were responsible for the murder of Abraham Lincoln. Nowadays, their successors, who use their exact language in denouncing our conduct in the Philippines, have stained their own souls with the blood of our soldiers and of their Philippine foes."

☞ The Annual Dinner of the Republican Club of Massachusetts is to be held at Music Hall, Boston, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 31. It will be a great and notable affair. Among the speakers Governor Roosevelt of New York, and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of this State, will take prominent parts. Members of the Club have already absorbed the 1200 tickets, and hundreds of Republicans must miss the great treat.

☞ It is encouraging to see the Boston *Journal* drop the Republican platform long enough to give a little serious consideration to Rev. Peter McQueen and his disloyalty.

☞ Rev. Berle of Brighton bobs up again. He had been silent so long that some people hoped for the best. But the other day Berle spoke.

☞ Reading Republicans are enthusiastic over the Representative ticket. Roberts is a strong candidate in that town.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

F. N. C.—Social.
Moran—Dressmaking.
G. H. Poore—Mort. Sale.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
C. W. Clark—Pet. & Order.
J. W. Scribner—Adm. Sale.
Woman's Club—"Griselda."
Pettengill & Co.—Dr. Green.
Tremont Theatre—"3 Little Lambs."

— State election on Nov. 7.

— Hallowe'en next Tuesday, Oct. 31.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— A Whist tournament is soon to be opened by the Central Club.

— 50c. neckwear can be bought for 25c. at Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Thanksgiving Nov. 30. It is time to begin to stallfeed the turkeys.

— Hanson & Co. will have the largest and finest stock of holiday goods in this city.

— The machinery of the Tidd leather factory in Stoneham is being removed to this city.

— A water pipe busted on Beach st. Tuesday morning and flooded the whole neighborhood.

— The city campaign will open on Wednesday, Nov. 8, day after the State election.

— The Socialist Democrats of this District have not put up candidates for Representatives.

— The South End Club will give a ball at the Auditorium on Thursday evening, Nov. 2.

— Clarence E. Littlefield is in San Francisco and thinks he will return to Alaska next spring.

— This is the harvest time of the city Tax Collector. Mr. Maguire is wallowing in wealth.

— Come and examine our Suffolk Derby a $3.00 hat for $2.50, Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— The First church Christian Endeavorers hold weekly "cottage meetings" in Cummingsville.

— Wear the celebrated Harvard hat. The latest hat out. Price $2.00. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— If Winchester's howling has justification the Mystic Valley Street Railroad must be a tough one.

— Last Wednesday was a day to make one regret changing summer for winter underwear so soon.

— Mr. A. H. Smith of Wakefield is to take the Dexter Carter place on Main street in November.

— NOTE: The last day and hour for paying water rates is 5 o'clock, P. M., Wednesday, Nov. 1, 1899.

— Miss Moran of Franklin st. advertises Dressmaking in the JOURNAL this week. Read her card.

— There is talk of organizing a Lodge of Elks here. Several members of the Order reside in this city.

— Mr. Leonard B. Buchanan, Electrical Engineer, is employed professionally at Rumford Falls, Maine.

— Mr. Charles Eaton has bought the Charles Kimball estate on Elm st., and will occupy it early in November.

— Col. Phinney takes the honor of a nomination for the Legislature modestly, as all gentlemen should and do.

— Mr. Clarence A. Pierce of this city has obtained a valuable patent for improvements in fastening devices, or clasps.

— Copeland & Bowser have a fine stock of fall and winter dry and dress goods, Also outside garments for the ladies.

— There is no better place in the city to go to for ones Sunday morning brown bread and beans than Esterbrook's.

— Only a very few people could be found to bet on the Shamrock, so there was but little money lost in this city on the race.

— Lounsbury is at the head of the Men's League again. It needed someone to help regain its former exalted standing.

— Boutwell is doing the Pleasant street concreting under his contract with the city. He is making a good job of it.

— Have you purchased your fall hat? The Harvard hat is the latest and can be purchased at Richardson's 431 Main street.

— Mr. James Durward, Jr., did some good rifle shooting at State Militia contest at Walnut Hill Rifle Range last Tuesday.

— It is said to be very dry in the rural districts, but Horn Pond still holds its head aloft and gives no signs of petering out.

— Why do Woburn people want a State road on Cambridge street? Why not build where they live and it will do some good?

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England — including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— The exhibition of C. C. Colman's pictures at Dall & Richards's 2 Park st., Boston, will close on Nov. 8.

— Mr. George E. Tripp, Assistant of B. A. & C. E. Tripp, undertakers, is quite ill at his home in this city.

— W. H. Slater has put a neat sign on the door of John R. Carter's new coal office. In fine lettering Slater takes the cake.

— Take notice: Worthley, the optician, will be at his office, Hanson & Co's store, next Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

— It is said that the Captain Crane factory is to be used for the manufacture of shoe stock. This however is not a sure thing.

— Charles E. Craal of Providence will lecture at Concert Hall, Sunday afternoon on the principals of the Socialist Labor Party.

— Mrs. Charles H. Taylor returned from a visit in Maine last Saturday. She was accompanied by Mrs. Greenleaf of North Berwick.

— With her free delivery and letter Carrier our esteemed sister town of Burlington, or rather Woburn's daughter, feels quite proud.

— Look in our show window and see our display of the Harvard hat, also a nice line of other styles. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Some wintery weather hovered around here last week. It was followed by a more moderate air on Sunday night, and rain on Monday.

— Wakefield had a $100,000 fire last Monday morning. About a twenty buildings were burned. It was thought to have been set by a firebug.

— A fine assortment of men's working shirts can be seen on our counters at prices ranging from 25c. to $2.00 Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— The rush from this city to the Maine forests for big game is not so large this fall as it was last. Perhaps it is the result of a lack of funds.

— This is the last week and almost the last day of the great Boston Food Fair. Hurry up, gentlemen and ladies, or you will be too late for the fun.

— The one hundred and first session of the South Middlesex Conference will be held in the Unitarian church, Reading, Wednesday, November 1, 1899.

— Miss Florence Fletcher, teacher of violin, can be engaged for concerts, clubs and private musicals by addressing No. 9 Warren street, Winchester.2

— Mr. George S. Hudson returned from reporting the international yacht race for the Boston *Herald* last Sunday. He was on duty there almost a month.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— There were 50 hacks and several carriages in the procession that followed the remains of Mr. Patrick Calnan to the grave last Tuesday forenoon.

— The Trustees of the Public Library have adopted an inscription for the tablet of the Rumford monument which is chaste, neat, and right to the point.

— The Dingley tariff is having a beneficial effect on the business of Ellis & Buswell, contractors. Several large jobs of stonework keep them busy these times.

— Please glance at Mr. W. J. Buckman's new picture and don't fail to read the descriptive matter accompanying it. It will be found profitable reading.

— The funeral of Terrance McGowan was held at St. Charles church last Tuesday morning. A great many people were present and went to the cemetery.

— The Republican State and local campaign is an unusually quiet one. No rallies, no speechmaking, no nothing. The Republicans do not need any of these.

— Several Stoneham men were brought into the District Court last Monday morning on a charge of gambling on Sunday. Stoneham is a tough place.

— It is suspected that the Democracy will use money in large amounts to elect Phinney and Doyle. They are putting in work and say they are bound to win. Sho!

— The boys were drinking soda water in a drugstore when news of the Columbia's victory reached town. You may depend upon it, there was a picnic right then and there.

— Richardson's overalls and coats are all warranted and they give general satisfaction to the wearer to be had at Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Mr. Charles H. Johnson and family are about to abandon their Court st. home and move into the Sherborne residence on Main street owned by the Hammond estate.

— A little illustrated pamphlet called "Keeping Cows for Profit" will work into our business quite handy this fall and winter. It contains just the information we have been looking for.

— Mr. D. W. Bond has charge of the Dow factory under the new arrangement. The big Company could not have selected a better man for the place. Fancy leather is to be made there.

— Last week James Eames picked for Ald. Nichols, on the John Cummings farm, 121 barrels of apples in five days, for which masterly feat he is clearly entitled to the champion apple-picker's belt.

— There was a tremendous jam at the Food Fair last Saturday night. Sousa's last appearance there drew crowds of people from everywhere and Mechanics Building was plum full and running over.

— Fred Hartwell is getting things ready to be the first man to appear out on runners this fall, as usual. He carries the pennant and had rather lose a quarter of beef than have it taken away from him.

— Woman's Relief Corps, 161, had company last Tuesday. There were many out of town visitors, a large flock arriving on the 2.30 p. m. outbound train. The meeting was held in 161 G. A. R. Hall.

— Mr. James T. Freeman found business good in New York and the Middle West, and brought home a walletful of orders for the machine shop of J. T. Freeman & Co. The Dingley tariff takes the trick.

— The 26th Regiment, in which is Lieut. Homer B. Grant, arrived at Manila last Tuesday and were ordered to proceed at once to Iloilo, 300 miles distant from Luzon, to thrash a few ugly Tagalogs on the Island.

— Miss Maud Littlefield is not only teaching a good violin class, but she and her instrument are in demand at entertainments and private parties. She is a fine player and draws the sweetest of music from her violin.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Alderman Lynch is a candidate for Mayor. He is a popular leader among the Democrats and it is thought he can unite the warring factions of the Party and prevail on them to concentrate their vote on him. Time will show.

— The L. C. S. and Alliance of the Unitarian church will meet Thursday afternoon, Nov. 2. Rev. J. A. Eliot, Secretary of the Unitarian Association will speak at five o'clock. Harvest supper at 6.30 for 15. All are cordially invited.

— A good many Woburn emigrants fall into Somerville's dish. Winchester isn't quite tony enough for us. The emigrants will be glad though to get back here one of these days. Better places to live in than Woburn are not very plenty in this State.

— The members of the Schoo Board whose terms expire this year are; Vannie B. Dow, Charlie A. Jones and Herbert S. Riley. Present signs indicate that the number of applicants for the vacancies far exceed that necessary to fill them.

— Miss Grace Chamberlain will give "Griselda" at Music Hall on the evening of Nov. 10, under the management of the Woman's Club. An advertisement in this paper gives the particulars of the entertainment, to which the reader is respectfully referred.

— Deputy City Treasurer, Mr. John E. Buck, had charge of the City Clerk's office last Tuesday while Clerk John H. Finn attended the funeral of his father-in-law, Mr. Patrick Calnan. There was no hitch in the administration of the affairs of the office that day.

— As a native of Woburn and a resident of Winchester after the division, Supt Emerson is free to say that the way the Metropolitan Commission and the State Highway Commission neglect and give Woburn the cold shoulder is outrageous. We second the nomination.

— Mrs. A. M. Winn's address is and will be this winter 291 Beacon st., Boston. She has been at Swampscot during the summer and fall and only recently changed her residence to Boston. Social circles in Woburn will miss her this winter.

— This has been housecleaning week with the JOURNAL and if any shortcomings are discovered in its columns lay them to that. You know how it is yourself—things are topsyturvey when housecleaning is going on, and the operation is bad for the nerves.

— The Board of Public Works for 1900 will be made up of the present members, with probably the same assignment to Departments as at present. There is no doubt either but that Mr. French will continue to fill the office of General Superintendant and Engineer.

— If John W. Johnson, Esq., consents to take a nomination for Mayor this year, as it is said by some that he will, other aspirants might as well draw out of the contest. He would make a strong candidate and a good Mayor, if elected. We hear considerable talk about him in connection with the office.

— Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of the Boston Branch, hope to get into their new store in the Fowle Building on Main st., next week. The fixtures will be here in a day or two, and when they are in place the store will be ready to be occupied by the old and popular Boston Branch.

— Mr. Harry M. Call is in the job printing business in New York City. Denver was not exactly to his liking, so he gathered up his kit and moseyed back East. Mr. George S. Hudson met him on Broadway the other week and came back and reported that he was well and happy, and so likewise were his family.

— F. Chandler Parker & Son do not belong to the American Hide & Leather Company (is that the name of the trust?), but are doing a firstrate business, all the same. We are told that they are running their factory full handed and turn out a large lot of leather every week.

— Mr. John Duncan, Jr., is meeting with the best of success in selling telephones in this city and vicinity. His agency covers Woburn, Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, and other towns, and in each of them he has put in several, making an aggregate of over 30 in the last 10 days.

— Be so kind, will you, as to read Friday Night Club's advertisement in this paper. On account of the variety and multiplicity of private parties and public entertainments next Tuesday evening, the Club were compelled to give up their Hallowe'en Party and substitute an "Opening Social" on Friday evening.

— Next Sabath will be observed as Old Folks Sunday at First church. Rev. Dr. March will preach and appropriate music is to be provided by Organist Hood. Rev. Dr. Scudder will see to it that nothing is left undone to render the occasion and services interesting and pleasing to his aged parishioners.

— Mr. Worthley, the optician, comes here next Tuesday at the close of a professional visit of two weeks at the D. L. Moody School at Northfield and Mt. Hermon. He will remain 3 days. Prof. Worthley has also visited the leading schools and colleges, professionally, in Maine, since the beginning of the fall terms.

— In another column appears an announcement of the marriage of Dr. Charles W. Pollard of Omaha, Nebraska, a Woburn boy, a graduate of our High School, and at one time Major of the High School Battalion. He was a popular young man and has many friends in this city who congratulate him on his marriage.

— It is expected several leather plants in Woburn will be closed up on account of the recent formation of a leather trust. Should these industries shut down many men will be thrown out of work, and as it is generally thought they will, the matter for some time before that city of building a school house, has been postponed.—*Winchester Star.*

— John P. Feeney, Esq., will soon reopen his Boston law office, which was closed during his illness through the summer and early fall. He will be at his Woburn office mornings and evenings and conduct cases before the Woburn District Court. Mr. Feeney, we understand, is doing a large and lucrative business.

— St. Charles Fair is in full feather at the Auditorium. It closes this week or early next. It has been a marked success from the drop of the hat and will yield an abundant golden harvest for the Parish. The management has been excellent, and the interest in it general and lively. It is expected that money enough to pay for the improvements on the church will be raised. The attendance each evening is very large.

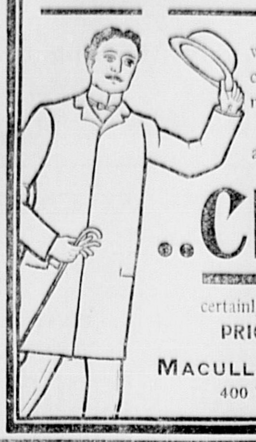
— Ald. J. Wilbur Brown, dealer in tanning bark, who has for several years supplied the Woburn, Salem, Peabody, and other tanneries with nearly all bark used by them, says the new order of things has had a good effect on his trade, and he sees no reason why it should not continue to do so. Ald. Brown has been engaged in the business a long time and is probably one of the largest bark dealers in this part of the State.

— Mr. John R. Carter was a pioneer in the coal business in Woburn; at least, he is the oldest dealer now in the trade and one of the largest and most successful. After occupying his present office many years, on Nov. 1, he will move into a new one, 369 Main st., the rooms lately occupied by Belcher, next north of Stowers's grocery, where his many customers will find him always on hand for business. Mr. Carter makes the change of office the better to accommodate his patrons.

Weak Men Should Write

to Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., about their complaint. Dr. Greene, discoverer of that great vitalizer and strength restorer, Dr. Greene's Nervura, is the most famous and skilful specialist in the world in curing nervous diseases of men arising from overwork, indiscretion, excesses and abuses, and he gives to weak men advice and counsel as to how to be cured, personally or by letter, without cost or charge. Write him confidentially about your case.

The Coming Man



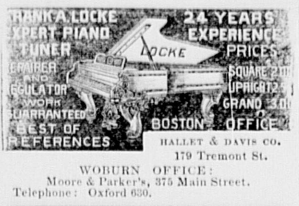
will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere.
PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

— Mrs. G. Edward Winn returned home from Thetford, Vt., last Saturday much improved in health, although not fully recovered from her recent illness. Mrs. Emma Persis Bond, sister of Mrs. Winn, and niece of Judge B. E. Bond of the District Court, who has been visiting here, was called to her home at Thetford on account of the dangerous condition of her mother a few days ago.

— We had a pleasant call from Mr. E. E. Pell of Thetford, Vt., yesterday morning, who, with two of his daughters, is visiting his old home here. The family moved from Woburn, after a residence of 21 years, in the fall of 1893. Mr. Pell's trade is that of watchmaker and optician which he carries on, with good success, at Thetford and neighboring Vermont towns. He found many friends here who were glad to see him.

— The Rev. Daniel March D. D. of Woburn has very kindly consented to give a lecture at Bethany Chapel on Cross street, on Monday evening next, Oct. 23, at quarter before eight. The lecture will be one of great interest and is entitled "Street Scenes in Cairo, or First Impressions of an Eastern City." A great many will no doubt be glad to avail themselves of this opportunity to hear Dr. March on such a subject.—*Winchester Star.*

— Mr. William Reilley has recently had a severe tussle with the Water Board over the foul condition of the water furnished to his residence 19 Reed st., and at the present writing there is a faint prospect of getting the Board to do something. He made complaint to the Commissioner, Superintendant, Clerk and finally had to apply to the Board of Health for relief, which he hopes to secure some time this fall or winter. The water that comes to his house is very bad, due probably to a foul state of the pipes.

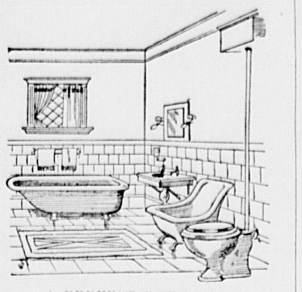
— Several Woburn and Burlington people took advantage of Mr. J. Howard Nason's excursion to attend the great Unitarian convention at Washington, D. C., last week. Among them were: Mrs. L. J. Carswell, Miss F. L. Carswell, Mrs. Mary H. Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hammond Richards, Mrs. John Winn, Miss Marcia Winn. The excursion consisted of 264 persons. They visited Mt. Vernon and other places of interest in and about Washington, and were delighted with the trip.

— Mr. Marshall Tidd got a letter a few days ago from the artist who has been at work on the Rumford monument at Munich, Bavaria, informing him that it was completed and ready to be shipped to Woburn. The statue is a replica of the Munich one, which is said to be the best piece of sculpture in Europe. Not many days will elapse before the monument will grace the Public Library lawn, unless something unforeseen happens to prevent. For such a generous gift the Library Trustees and the city feel grateful to Mr. Tidd.

— Mrs. Waldo Richards will give her Dialect Recital at Music Hall this evening at 8 o'clock. As we have had occasion to remark several times in the last three weeks, the lady has no peer in her line of work, and to listen to her for an hour or two is a rare and delicious literary treat. She has appeared before great audiences of distinguished people in foreign lands as well as in this country. For her reading she has received well earned plaudits everywhere. All people who love to be entertained as Mrs. Richards entertains audiences should be at Music Hall this evening.

— Mr. J. Howard Nason of Boston, an excursion agent, who conducted a party of 264 delegates to the Unitarian Conference from Boston, was last night presented by them with a purse of gold as a token of their appreciation of his efforts in arranging for their comfort and welfare. The presentation speech was made by Rev. Dr. Bodge.—*Washington, (D. C.) Evening Star, Oct. 19.* From which it would seem that our worthy former fellowtownsman, Mr. Nason, is appreciated as an excursion manager and a gentleman. The simple fact is, he is an all round good fellow, and one of the most popular tourist conductors in Boston.

— If there are any professed temperance men in this city who regard the success of "No License" as of more importance than the election of any particular individual for Mayor, we would suggest to them that they cannot begin too soon to prepare for the city election. A good deal of hard work will be required to carry things their way and it can't be done in a day or a week. The experience of last year, when men went square back on their professed principles, has raised doubts in our mind as to the sincerity of the pretentions of a large number of our voters; but the JOURNAL proposes to keep right on "pegging away," and is buoyed up with the hope of seeing, some day, prohibition prevail in Woburn.



A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health. Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.

We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

— Malaria is still with us, but not so prominently as at some periods. This is the season for it. Decaying vegetation, incident to autumn, is what sends the microbes into the air, to be inhaled by humanity, producing vitiated bile, which is the seat of all malarial diseases. A sovereign remedy for such diseases, and a sure preventative, is "Dr. Gordon's Malarial Tablets," sold by all druggists, and at wholesale by Edward C. Church, and Goodwin & Co., Boston. Many Woburn people have used these "Tablets" with the best results, and numerous families keep a supply of them on the medicine shelves in the closets of their homes. They are a deadly foe to malaria, ague, billiousness, etc.

— We had a pleasant visit from Mr. William Kimball of Wilton, N. H., last Saturday. Although born in 1816, thanks to pure N. H. mountain air, a temperate life, and clear conscience, he is as smart as a boy physically, and intellectually bright and sound. York county, Maine, veterans are all that way. Mr. Kimball has been a prompt paying subscriber to the Woburn JOURNAL and its predecessors 52 years continuously, and bids fair to take it many years to come. Last Friday evening his nephew, Mr. James M. Kimball of this city, gave the venerable uncle an orchestral musicale at the residence of a friend in Reading, which he enjoyed very much. Besides James M. Kimball, players from Boston, and even one from Providence, R. I., composed the orchestra, and its music was very fine. Mr. Kimball left for his N. H. home Saturday afternoon.

— We are pleased to observe signs of a gay and festive season of entertainments between this and next planting time in Woburn. Dancing is coming strongly to the forefront, and enough musicales are being planned to keep the atmosphere constantly laden with vocal and instrumental harmony. Afternoon teas are still in vogue and will not be neglected this fall and winter. They prevail chiefly among the Upper Ten and are delightful. Bowling too will play a conspicuous part in the season's entertainments, and whist of course is staple goods. Mention of oyster suppers by the churches, an old fashioned but charming species of amusements, must not be omitted. They are always in order, and everybody admires them. Civic and semi-military organizations, church auxiliaries, clubs, and literary combines, will also take part in the season's gay goings-on, not to mention a good many other things. Then why shouldn't we all be happy?

— Have you bought your winter underwear? We have all the leading brands at the least possible price. Richardson's, 431 Main St.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Are You Aware
What a Good
Coffee
We are selling for
15c. per lb.
Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

A CARD.

We sincerely thank our neighbors and friends for all their kindness through the long illness of our little daughter, also for the beautiful floweral offerings.

MR. AND MRS. JAMES H. GRAYDON.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Preaching Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Adam and Fallen Man." All are welcome.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Jesus in the Storm." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "Well Meaning People." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., Celebration of Old People's Day and preaching by Rev. Dr. Daniel March. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Commemoration of Prison Sunday with a special sermon by the pastor. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Preparatory Service.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Three Upward Steps." Sunday School at 12 M. Thursday afternoon, Ladies Charitable Society and Alliance with speaking by Rev. S. A. Eliot and Harvest Supper at 6.30.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—22d Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

Married.

In Cambridge, Oct. 22, by Rev. Patrick J. Supple, James J. Corrigan of Woburn, and Nellie M. Hanlon of Cambridge.

In Boston, Oct. 18, by Rev. Edward Stuart Best, Edward S. Knowlton of Woburn and Dora Louise Wade of Boston.

In the Congregational church in Braintree, Dr. CHARLES WHITNEY POLLARD of Omaha, Neb. (formerly of Woburn) to Miss FANNY GERTRUDE BADGER, daughter of Erastus B. Badger of Braintree, Oct. 25.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 21, Patrick Calnan, aged 76 years, 5 months, 8 days.

In this city, Oct. 22, Terrance McGowan, aged 55 years.

In this city, Oct. 24, Catherine, widow of the late Patrick Kelley, aged 54 years.

In this city, Oct. 24, Marion, daughter of Charles and Annie Riley, aged 1 year, 5 months.

In Winchester, Oct. 23, Joseph, son of Robert and Minnie Little, aged 3 years, 3 months, 10 months.

The Season is Here

— AND —

So Are the Goods.

EVERYONE SHOULD SEE OUR FALL LINE OF MEN'S SUITS, RANGING IN PRICE FROM $7 TO $25.

OUR HEAVY WINTER-WEIGHT BLUE SERGE SUIT, the most dressy fabric to be found for men's wear, is a bargain at **$10**

Your Suit will be right in fit, style and price, if you buy it here.

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.
Established 1851.

MARK-DOWN
— IN —
CORSETS!

We find that on account of lack of shelf-room we are obliged to close out some lines of corsets. These are good shapes and are worth $1.25 the former price, but we shall offer them

AT 75c. PAIR.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Men's League.

Last Friday evening Oct. 20th, the Men's League opened a new season in the parlors of the First Church. After a very enjoyable social hour and having been well fed by Crawford, caterer, the League proceeded to business with President Lounsbury in the chair.

The chief business of the evening was the election of officers for the ensuing year. This accomplished, many brief speeches showed the thought members of the League have bestowed on its work, and new and promising methods were advanced. The high standard set by the League in the past will be maintained in its meetings this season and something new and interesting, especially to members, is hinted at by the Committee.

The following officers were chosen; President, Edward H. Lounsbury; Vice-President, Alva S. Wood; Secretary, J. Winn Brown; Treasurer, Geo. W. Norris; Executive Committee, The pastors of the church, Rev. Daniel March, D. D. and Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., Ward W. Hart, Fred Stanley, Frank C. Nichols.

The Treasurer's report showed a good substantial balance on hand and all looked forward to a very successful year.

The next meeting will be held on the third Friday evening in November.—C.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist. Guaranteed.

Patrick Calnan.

In the death of Mr. PATRICK CALNAN, which occurred at his home, No. 93 Winn street in this city, on Saturday evening, October 21, 1899, Woburn lost one of its best citizens. He enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him, and a wide circle of warm friends now mourn his loss.

Mr. Calnan was born at Morrow, Ireland, on May 13, 1823, and was consequently more than 76 years old. He came to America in 1846, and after being engaged in stonework at Roxbury a few months came to Woburn the same year where he has ever since made his home. During his active manhood he worked at the trade of a currier and for many years was in the employ of John Cummings, who in his prime was the largest leather manufacturer in Woburn. Mr. Calnan understood his business and was a faithful and valued workman. Subsequently, for many years, he carried on the heel-stiffening business in the factory now conducted by his son, Ald. Timothy Calnan, on Winn street, which, after securing a competency by industry and honest dealing, he left to enjoy the balance of his life free from the cares of business.

In 1850 Mr. Calnan and Miss Ann Singleton were united in marriage at Cambridge, and for nearly 50 years had spent a happy and posperous life together. The members of the family left to mourn the death of a good husband and kind father are: the bereaved wife; Elizabeth and Nellie Calnan, now at home; Mrs. Timothy Driscoll; Mrs. Mary J. Finn, wife of Mr. John H. Finn, City Clerk; Mrs. Annie T. Began; Patrick and Timothy Calnan. Parents and children constituted a happy family, and the mourners have the sympathy of the community in their bereavement.

Everyone who knew him respected Mr. Calnan. He was upright and honest in his relations with his fellowmen. He was of a genial, happy temperament, charitable and kind, and a true friend to all deserving people. He will be missed in this city.

The funeral took place at St. Charles church on Tuesday morning, October 24. It was one of the largest ever held here. Many beautiful flowers, the tribute of loving hands, covered the casket and accompanied it to the grave. The pallbearers were: Bryan McSweeney, Thos. Moore, John Shea, Michael F. Mylett, Michael Walsh, Patrick Claffy. The interment was at Calvery cemetery, East Woburn.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Fifty Stories of the Far West.

The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, author of "For Love of Country" and "For the Freedom of the Sea," is writing his experiences and adventures as "A Missionary in the Far West" for early publication in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Brady was stationed in the far West for eight years as a missionary. In that time he had some most stirring and exciting and often humorous experiences, and fifty of the most thrilling and unusual of these he will relate in a series of articles. He has never before told these experiences. He will do so now. They will have to do witn encounters with cyclones and blizzards, prairie fires, unusual weddings, funerals and baptisms.

We think that the news that Naval Constructor Bowles believes that "he can convince the Armstrongs, the builders of the New Orleans, that there is a five-inch minus in the metacentric height of the New Orleans and her sister ship, the Albany, now nearing completion at the Armstrong shipyards at Elswick, England," is generally puzz'ing, if not di-turbing.—*Boston Journal.*

Flower Mission.

The Flower Mission of the W. T. C. U. opened in First Church, July 7. The number of bouquets sent were sixty-six. That was very good for a beginning, but the ladies who had so kindly taken hold of this work, feeling they ought to do better than that, exerted more of their time and energy to have a larger number of bouquets at the next meeting; so at the next meeting we were much encouraged to find the contributions amounted to one hundred and forty-nine.

As we came to the mission from week to week the interest deepened and the number of bouquets increased so that at the end of the month of July the whole number sent out was six hundred and twenty-seven. For the month of August sixteen hundred and nine. For September, three thousand four hundred and sixteen, making a total for the season of five thousand six hundred and fifty-one.

Our meeting had an average attendance of thirty. We had very pleasant and happy gatherings; indeed, the dear pleasant faces of those Christian ladies, the loving smile, and kindly words of each one, all intent on doing their utmost to make this branch of their work a success, was of very great encouragement to the Superintendent. Each one felt that she was working in a good cause as indeed they were.

Some one has beautifully designated the flowers as God's Smiles. There is something lovely in that thought, and this Union will feel recompensed when they reflect that they have sent into five thousand six hundred and fifty-one lives those sweet floral emblems typical of the Divine love.

We were greatly cheered and encouraged by the weekly calls and kind words of Dr. March, also from friends outside this Union who were more than generous in their contributions. We thought it best this season in order to let the people know what we were doing and to awaken interest in our work to make a display of our beautiful flowers; so we had them arranged on six large tables making a most lovely showing, many of our visitors expressing the great pleasure it gave the many of them their first idea as to what a flower mission was.

Our work for the season is over; the thousands of sweet fragrant messengers have gone out from our hands to bless and cheer, to comfort, and we trust to awaken in some hearts pleasant memories and holier, better thoughts. To many who received them they came, the one bright bit of summer that cheered their sad lives it was little for us to give but much for them to receive for each one went from us with a blessing.

In closing this report we would make special mention of the kindly help given by Mr. Elmore A. Pierce by grand contributions and also the reading of beautiful selections from Longfellow's Poems at our closing meeting.

We would also express our thanks to Mr. Everett P. Fox for the great privilege accorded us in the use of the room for carrying on our work; also to Mr. Hobbs of the JOURNAL who so kindly called attention to our mission with words of encouragement and great good will. May his pathway in life be bright with flowers.

Thanks are also due to the merchants of our city for the generous supply of boxes so freely given. Also Hart & Co's Express for their good service, and to Mr. Platts for his cheerful help.

In submitting this report the Superintendent would thank all those who have aided in making the mission a success; and another season let us take hold and interest others that we may make this flower mission of Woburn a work of which our city may yet be proud.

IANTHE E. C. PRESTON, Supt.

During the winter of 1897 Mr. James Reed, one of the leading citizens and merchants of Clay, Clay Co., W. Va., struck his leg against a cake of ice in such a manner as to bruise it severely. It became very much swoolen and pained him so badly that he could not walk without the aid of crutches. He was treated by physicians, also used several kinds of liniment and two and a half gallons of whisky in bathing it, but nothing gave any relief until he began using Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This brought almost a complete cure in a week's time and he believes that had he not used this remedy his leg would have had to be amputated. Pain Balm is unequaled for sprains, bruises and rheumatism. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting held by the South End Social Club, Monday evening, Oct. 9, 1899, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:—

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Almighty God to remove from our midst our brother member, Edward A. Harney; and

WHEREAS intimate relations long held by the deceased with the members of this Club, render it proper that we should place on record our love and esteem; therefore

Resolved, That we deplore the death of Edward A. Harney with deep feeling of regret softened only by the confident hope that his spirit is with those who having fought the good fight here are enjoying happiness in a better world;

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family our sincere condolence and our sincere sympathy in their affliction at the loss of one who was a loving son and brother:

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be presented to his family, and that a copy be spread upon the records of the Club, and that a copy shall adorn the walls of our Club room, and be published in each of the Woburn newspapers.

DANIEL C. FOLEY,
TERENCE J. McMANUS,
PATRICK MARTIN,
WILLIAM MARSHALL,
Com. on Resolutions.

Mr. Lucius Tuttle.

The election of Mr. Lucius Tuttle as President of the Maine Central Railroad is to be highly commended. Mr. Tuttle will not only exercise care for the interests of the corporation but will give the public superior service as the improvement in the Boston and Maine Railroad has shown since his Presidency of it.—*Boston Courier*.

Bristol's enthusiastic tribute to Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, the designer of the Columbia, is echoed in the heart of every American sportsman.

Important for Weak Men.

Weak men, suffering from the results of overwork, indiscretion, excesses and abuses, have the privilege of free consultation and advice, personally or by letter, with Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who is the world-famous specialist in the treatment of nervous and private diseases of men. If you cannot call, write the Doctor confidentially about your case. Dr. Greene is the discoverer of that greatest restorative and vitalizer for weak men, Dr. Greene's Nervura.

JAPOL TABLETS

are a marvelous remedy for the QUICK CURE of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness,

Sore Throat

and "That tickling in the Throat."

10 & 25c. packages.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

WINCHESTER.

Sam Pease has got back from the Klondike.

The water of the Upper Mystic Lake is unusually high.

The registration for the State election is comparatively small.

A match game of 10-pins was played on the Calumet alleys last evening.

George W. Taintor's house was injured by fire last Tuesday evening.

The Congregational Sunday School held a Harvest Concert last Sunday.

Brother Twombly went through the Representative convention last week kiting.

A Pink Supper will be given by the Women's Auxiliary on Nov. 2. Tickets 35 cents.

Calumet Club's Ladies Night on Tuesday evening was a brilliant social event. A large company were present, the pleasure of whom was perfect.

Calumet Club held a successful Ladies Night last Tuesday evening. Whist, pool, bowling and dancing were the features of the pleasant occasion.

He Fooled The Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O, after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Literary Notices.

There is a dominant Thanksgiving spirit evident in the text and illustrations of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for November, for no magazine keeps more closely in touch with the current phases of our national life. The Story of the Transvaal Struggle casts brilliant side lights on little known phases of the situation. The Homecoming and Aftermath of Peter MacQueen, special staff correspondent of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE in the Philippines, will be read with interest by those who have been following him in his exciting and adventuresome trip Around the World With the Flag. In view of the increasing national prosperity America's Supremacy in Iron and Steel is a most timely and interesting article. The Publisher's Department, Convictions, Women's Congress of the World, Second International Congregational Council, and the various special articles and regular departments are bright and full of interest. Five Kernels of Corn, a Thanksgiving poem by Hezekiah Butterworth, presents a charming version of an old tradition. It is appropriately illustrated. In the fiction line this number is a leader. The Thanksgiving stories, sketches and drawings all have their special points of excellence, and the cover and frontispiece, the productions of artists of distinct ability, are unsurpassed by any periodical. Altogether, it would be hard to obtain a larger or better "10 cents' worth of reading matter" than the November number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c. at Gordon Parker's drug store.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

"Three Little Lambs," R. A. Barnet's latest and brightest musical comedy, has made the biggest kind of a hit at the Tremont Theatre, where, under the title of "Queen of the Ballet," it was first made known to playgoers by the Boston Cadets. In the present instance it is presented by the Fifth Avenue Theatre musical company, an organization formed by Manager Edwin Knowles, which has taken the place in the estimation of the New York public formerly held by the famous company that was disbanded after the death of Augustin Daly. Many of the most popular members of the Daly company, in fact, are now with Mr. Knowles' forces, and the organization is remarkably strong in comedians as well as singers, including, as it does, Miss Marguerite Lemon, Miss Nellie Braggins, Miss Marie Cahill, Mr. William E. Philp, Mr. W. T. Carleton, Mr. Raymond Hitchcock, Mr. Edmund Lawrence, Mr. Harold Vizard, Mr. Thomas Whiffen, Mr. Tom Hadaway and Mr. Richard Ridgley, together with an ensemble of sixty-five people. The piece is magnificently staged and costumed, and with its highly diverting story, its wealth of rollicking fun, its delightful music and its lively dancing, it is attracting and entertaining audiences that test the capacity of the Tremont. Matinees are given on Wednesdays as well as Saturdays.

Our troops are in San Isidro again. This time they will stay there. The former Tagal capital is to be used as the base of operations against the present capital at Tarlac, about twenty miles to the northwest on the line of the North Luzon railroad.

At the very time that Carl Schurz was descanting at Chicago on the "noble disinterestedness" of the Filipino "patriots," one of these patriots, second in rank to Aguinaldo, was trying to drive a bargain with Gen. Otis to betray his cause and his leader for half a million dollars!

CORK LEGS ARE MYTHS.

Information From an Expert In the Artificial Limb Business.

"The term 'cork leg' is a misnomer," said a man who used to be in the artificial limb business. "There never was any such a thing, and a leg actually made of cork would be as unwieldy as a sawlog. The up to date artificial limb is a very thin shell of weeping willow, covered with rawhide, and some of them that come clear up to the hip have been built as light as three pounds.

"It is a singular fact that a first class leg, which is supposed to have a life of about five years, will be more than paid for in the saving of shoes. Of course, the false foot wears a shoe, just the same as the real one, but for some reason that has never been fully explained it isn't as hard on leather. A flesh and blood leg will wear out four shoes while its mechanical mate is wearing out one, due perhaps to the footgear never being removed at night and the lack of elasticity in the tread. The best customer of the makers is the government, which pays for a new artificial limb once every five years for pensioners maimed in war. The price fixed by law is $75, but scores of old soldiers simply draw the money and make the same leg do for as long as 15 years at a stretch. Artificial arms are made very successfully nowadays, and a certain amount of action is secured in the hand, even when the stump reaches only a few inches from the shoulder. With one of the styles, for example, a man can lift his hat and replace it on his head with a surprisingly natural movement. The mechanism by which the false hand is made to open and close is controlled by a strap, which reaches to the opposite shoulder. A slight shrug does the work, and a little practice renders it imperceptible.

"There has been a wonderful improvement in limbmaking during the last ten years, and a properly constructed artificial leg cannot be detected by the casual observer. The chief difficulty with the old style was its tendency to swing outward in an arc of a circle at every step. That has been entirely overcome. Some years ago, when I was in business at Chicago, I fitted out a man who had lost both legs and both arms in a Dakota blizzard. When I first saw him, he was simply a helpless trunk, lying on a cot in the hospital, and his deplorable condition had reduced him to a state of despair bordering on insanity. I took a great deal of interest in the case, and I flatter myself that I did a fairly good job. When I got through with him, he was able to get up without assistance, walk about, feed himself and do a hundred and one little things that changed life from a mere blank to something really endurable. When he found himself emancipated from total helplessness, he improved mentally, and now, I dare say, he wants to live as long as anybody.

"One of the greatest obstacles to successful limb fitting is the carelessness of surgeons in performing amputations. An operation may be entirely successful from a surgical standpoint, yet leave a stump upon which a false leg can never be worn with comfort. I know of a number of cases in which a reamputation has been submitted to for the express purpose of correcting such difficulties. Every medical college course ought to include at least one lecture with practical demonstrations by a thoroughly scientific maker of artificial limbs. It would be of inestimable value to the students in after practice." — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Dolls' Heads.

Years ago doll heads were made of wood, carved out by hand, and great numbers of dolls were sold that were entirely of wood, with jointed arms and legs. Some dolls of this sort, looking quaint enough now, though they were once so common, are still sold, but the great bulk of the dolls now made have bodies of cloth or leather, with heads of china, bisque or papier mache. There are also dolls' heads of metal, these heads being made of brass in two parts, stamped out with dies and joined together.

In the process by which these heads are made, many dies are used in the production of a single head, the metal being worked to its final shape gradually. The first die makes but a barely perceptible impression upon the piece of sheet metal from which the head is to be formed. The next shapes it a little more, and so on by pressure from successive dies, each a little more sharply defined, the head is brought finally to its perfect form. These heads are made in various sizes and in various styles as to details of finish. They cost about the same as the best bisque heads, but one of the merits claimed for them is indestructibility.—New York Sun.

Freezing Furs—and Moths.

Once upon a time a woman who had cedar chests in which to store her winter belongings was considered a fortunate being indeed and looked upon with envy by her sister housewives. Now cedar chests, camphor and moth balls are all scorned as old fashioned and inadequate by the patrons of cold storage warehouses, where furs are taken care of and costly draperies, rugs, etc., are sent for protection from the moths.

The expert furriers say that heat and not moths is the chief danger that threatens furs. A month's wear in warm weather is harder on fine furs than years of use with the thermometer at freezing point. Heat takes the life out of fur and pales the color, leaving it limp, dull and faded. In the modern storage house the furs are kept in rooms where the air is dry as a bone and the temperature many degrees below freezing point. Any daring moth that found its way into this room would be at once frozen stiff.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

What the Church Carpet Cost.

The Chicago Advance gives the following estimate of the direct and collateral cost of a church carpet. The price was $800, but as the women of the church raised the money by giving entertainments the pastor's estimate was that when all the items of cost were figured in the carpet had cost fully $4,000. He reached this astonishing total by estimating the work, worry, nervous strain, bodily weariness and heartaches of 100 women, the heroic efforts of men, women and children to eat the things which were to be eaten and hear, see or buy things which had been provided to extract money from them; the colds, fevers and other ailments contracted while attending the entertainments and the consequent doctors' bills; the money spent in other churches, for if they come to your entertainment you must go to theirs, and, worst and most costly of all, the demoralization of the church and the curtailment of the legitimate giving which follow in the train of such methods of raising money. But they got their carpet.

Backing Up the Horse.

Not all of the driver's skill is devoted to driving ahead; it takes a good driver to be able to back up in good shape. Not every driver, by any means, can halt and then back up to a curbstone and hit it square and true with both wheels the first clip. That is something that requires more skill than might be imagined by one who had never tried it.

But in backing up on the level, if a man fails to hit the curb exactly the first time, he can maneuver until he does. There are places where skill must be exercised and where a level head is called for too. For instance, in backing up, or rather backing down, into an excavation on the inclined causeway left for that purpose. The excavation is begun at the rear of the lot, and the earth forming the causeway, running up to the level of the street at the front, is left until the last. In the later stages of the excavating the causeway is left just wide enough at the top for the carts or wagons to move on, and its sides slope down precipitously. The driver who backs down on one of these narrow cellar causeways simply must hit it right.—New York Sun.

The rumor that the Fenians or some other Anglophobists are designing to go in an American submarine boat to terrorize the English Channel, with occasionally a retreat to a base of supplies on "an obscure coral reef on the French coast," may reasonably be met with doubt.

"I wish to express my thanks to the manufacturers of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrœa Remedy, for having put on the market such a wonderful medicine," says W. W. Massingill, of Beaumont, Texas. There are many thousands of mothers whose children have been saved from attacks of dysentery and cholera infantum who must also feel thankful. It is for sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

These South African battles are Santiago over again in the extraordinary mortality among the officers. It looks as if it were destined to be that way always in modern warfare—that the leaders of the men are to be the first to fall.

On the 10th of December, 1897, Rev. S. A. Donahoe, pastor M. E. Church, South, Pt. Pleasant, W. Va., contracted a severe cold which was attended from the beginning by violent coughing. He says: "After resorting to a number of so-called 'specifics,' usually kept in the house, to no purpose, I purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which acted like a charm. I most cheerfully recommend it to the public." For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Boston firms are among the bidders for the six new cruisers of the Denver class. The Boston-built Marblehead proved the most active and successful ship of her type in the war with Spain, and the same skill which launched her can create these larger vessels.

You assume no risk when you buy Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Gordon Parker, druggist, will refund your money if you are not satisfied after using it. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful remedy in use for bowel complaints and the only one that never fails. It is pleasant, safe and reliable.

The honor conferred on Gen. Sir William Penn Symonds, K. C. B., the commander of the British forces that won a victory at Glencoe the other day, is not the first that he has earned on the field of battle.

It seems a little more than like taking time by the forelock, yet the fact is that they who wish to send Christmas boxes to the boys in the Philippines must have the good things ready before the first of November.

Thus far the Boers have exhibited much of the deadly marksmanship that paralyzed the British Tommies thirty years or so ago.

"GOT A GRIP"
on the public's confidence in selling
GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.
WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

FRIDAY NIGHT CLUB.
Opening Social,
MUSIC HALL,
Friday Evening, Nov. 3, 1899
Vocal, Instrumental Music and Dancing.
Admission 25 Cents.

Woburn Woman's Club.
The German Drama
"Griselda"
And a short comedy by
Miss Grace Chamberlain,
In aid of the Scholarship Fund,
Friday Ev'ng, Nov. 10, 1899,
At 7.45 o'clock,
Music Hall, Woburn.
Tickets 25 Cents.
Tickets for sale by Club members and at the door.

Mortgagee's Sale
— OF —
REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Martha Wallace to the Stoneham Five Cents Savings Bank, dated June 15, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2201, Folio 277, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, the 13th day of November, 1899,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain tract or parcel of land situated in the towns of Stoneham, Winchester, and Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing about three acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the most easterly part thereof at the junction of Marble and Hill streets; thence the line runs westerly by said Hill street to land of M. McNulty (formerly of Wm. Weston); thence southerly by said McNulty's land to Forrest street; thence northeasterly by said Forrest and Marble streets to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain tract or parcel of land, with the buildings thereon standing, containing about seven acres, more or less, situated in said towns of Stoneham and Winchester, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northeasterly corner thereof at said Marble street and by land of Lyman Dike; thence the line runs southerly and westerly by said Dike's land to the division line between the said towns of Stoneham and Winchester; thence southerly on said line to land now or late of the heirs of Calvin Richardson, deceased; thence westerly by said heirs' land to land of Elvira L. Warren; thence northerly by said Warren's land to said Forrest street; thence easterly by said Forrest and Marble streeets to the point of beginning, or however either of said parcels may be butted or bounded.

Said premises are sold subject to a previous mortgage to the said Savings Bank for one thousand dollars and accrued interest, and also subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particulars inquire at the Savings Bank.

Terms at time of sale.

THE STONEHAM FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
By Onslow Gilmore, its Treasurer.
Stoneham, Oct. 16, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage given by John R. O'Connell to Agnes C. Monk, dated January 7th, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2627, Page 550, and thereafter duly assigned to Frank M. Frost and Albert G. Frost, for breach of condition of said mortgage, will be sold by public auction on the premises therein and hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 20th, 1899,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situate in Woburn in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded:—Beginning on the easterly side of Vernon street at a point distant five hundred fifty feet southerly from land now, or late, of Frank Hammond; thence running easterly at right angles with said street one hundred ten feet to land now, or late, of Foster; thence southerly on said Foster land fifty feet; thence westerly on a line at right angles to Vernon street one hundred ten feet to said street; thence northerly on said street fifty feet to the point of beginning; containing 5,500 square feet.

One hundred dollars must be paid at the time and place of sale, and other terms of sale will be stated then.

FRANK M. FROST,
ALBERT G. FROST,
Assignees of said mortgage.

October 27, 1899.

Abstract of petition presented to the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex by James E. Kelley, William E. Gowing and Charles J. Sargent, Selectmen of Wilmington, in said County:

The said petition shows that the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation constructed its railroad across a pre-existing highway now called Burlington Avenue in said town, carrying said highway over said railroad by means of a bridge; that the crossing was reasonably safe and convenient for public travel until about the year 1887, when said bridge was raised by the Boston and Maine Railroad, the lessee now operating said railroad, which claimed to raise said bridge under a decree of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, passed in 1887, since which time the said crossing and the approaches thereto, have become very difficult and dangerous to public travel; that the petitioners are of the opinion that it is now necessary for the security or convenience of the public, that an alteration should be made in said crossing, the approaches thereto, and the said bridge, by widening and changing the grade of the approaches, rendering the ascent thereto more gradual and by widening the bridge or constructing at one side thereof a passageway for travellers on foot.

Said petitioners pray that said County Commissioners may give notice, hear the parties interested, determine the case, prescribe the manner and limits within which the alterations shall be made, and do all other things comformably to the Statutes applicable to the case.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDESEX, SS.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899:

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and Corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Commissioners' Room in the Court House in Cambridge aforesaid on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of November next, at 9.30 of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Boston & Maine Railroad and the Clerk of the town of Wilmington each with an abstract of said petition and copy of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners, at the time and placed fixed for said view and hearing.

WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,
WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy.

Attest,
SAMUEL W. TUCKER, Deputy Sheriff.

E. PRIOR, - Auctioneer.

Administrator's Sale
— OF —
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs, Harnesses, Farming Tools, Wood, &c.
AT AUCTION
In North Woburn,
— ON —
FRIDAY, Nov. 3, 1899
At ten o'clock, A. M.,

At residence of the late DEXTER CARTER, No. 949 Main street, North Woburn, consisting of 1 Phaeton, 1 Carryall, Concord Buggy, 3 Carriages, Express Wagon, 2 Sleighs, 1 Sled, lot heavy and light Harnesses, Robes, Blankets, Farming Tools, about 15 Cords Hard Wood, in lots to suit. Small lot of Household Goods, together with a general assortment of merchandise.

Per order J. W. SCRIBNER, Administrator.
Woburn, Oct. 26, 1899.

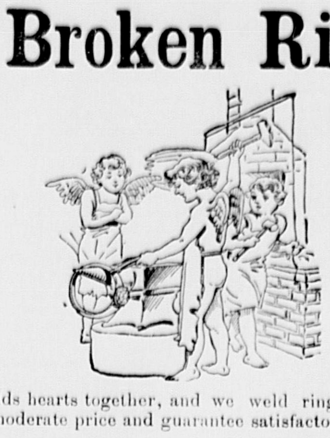
TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.
Every Evening. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
5TH AVE. THEATRE MUSICAL CO.
In Magnificent Professional Production of the
Boston Cadets' Latest Success,
Barnet's Musical Comedy,
3 LITTLE LAMBS:

LADIES'
TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS.
Party, Ball, Street, and Evening Costumes Artistically Designed.
MORAN,
26 Franklin Street, WOBURN

A Few Rooms.
A Suite of Rooms for a desirable home and locality. Low rent, very reasonable. 6 Eastern Ave.

THOUSANDS of people use Bay Rum, Shampoo Mixture, Tooth Powder, and Cologne, but not one in a thousand know how to make them. Full instructions how to make the best, sent you on receipt of TEN CENTS. Address, C. B. LEATHE, Box 510, Norwood, Mass.

A Broken Ring.



Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free
3 Days Only!
N. T. WORTHLEY, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO., 409 Main Street, Woburn,

Three Days Only, Tuesday, Wednesday & Thursday,
OCT. 31, NOV. 1, 2,

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. He has just returned from an extended tour to these institutions. The fact that he visits these schools professionally by invitation of the officials is alone a guarantee of his ability. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 31 and Nov. 1 and 2, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

HOURS: Tuesday 11 A. M. to 9 P. M.; Wednesday 8 A. M. to 6 P. M.; Thursday 8 A.M. to 9 P.M

Eyes Examined FREE.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, October 20, 1899.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899,

in the following places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two,—Armory, Montvale Ave.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Councillor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, Sheriff, for remainder of term of three years.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sophia C. Thomson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Thomas R. Corbett of Woburn, in said County, or some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward W. Kenney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by William C. Kenney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Jersey Heights
Creamery Butter
From Vermont
— AT —
Linnell's Market
406 Main Street.
Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
— DEALER IN —
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
426 Main St., Woburn.
Opp. Walnut Street.
Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

TELEPHONE 6-3,
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

DAVID R. PERRY,
Practical Plumber.
Estimates given on all work.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Springtime

Is the sweetest season in human life, as it is in Nature generally. It is the time of promise. As the young girl draws near to that mysterious line "Where womanhood and girlhood meet," her whole destiny is in a measure being determined. How often the sweet young girl, under the influence of the change, withers and droops like some blighted bud. Nature generally needs some little help at this critical period, and this help in its best form is contained in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, and gives the vigor of perfect health to the womanly organs. It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, nor other narcotic.

Miss Emma Lee, of Williford, Sharp Co., Ark., writes: "I was suffering severely and tried several doctors' remedies, but received only very little relief; therefore, I feel it my duty to write and let other sufferers know what your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' have done for me. I took eight bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' six vials of the 'Pellets,' also one bottle of your 'Compound Extract of Smart-Weed.' As soon as I had taken the first bottle I could see that the medicine was helping me. I had disease of internal organs with bronchitis and catarrh. I also used the local treatment you suggested."

The sluggish liver can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

ESCAPE.

I stood beside the body of one dead
Who had in life been alien to all good,
Had ever with the baser party stood,
Was ever to the meaner practice wed,
But now the form from which the soul had fled
Was calm as sleep, and on the marble face
Of gross or evil passion not one trace
Remained. Then softly to myself I said:
Much do we hear about the grievous wrong
Done by the flesh to the indwelling soul,
But here was one, and many there may be
Like him, whose spiritual part was strong
The subject flesh most basely to control.
Now from that long enslavement it is free.
—John White Chadwick in Century.

WHEN PAGANINI PLAYS

A New Translation of Heinrich Heine's Famous Description of the Performance of the Great Paganini.

Copyright, 1899, by Ervin Wardman.

I believe that only one person has succeeded in fixing the real face of Paganini on paper. He is a deaf painter named Lyser, who, in his brilliant madness, drew the head of Paganini so well with a few strokes of his crayon that the beholder laughs and is frightened at once at the resemblance. "The devil directed my hand," said the deaf painter to me, giggling mysteriously and nodding with good natured irony, as he was used to do when he indulged in his harmless jests. This painter ever had been a curious creature. Despite his deafness he loved music enthusiastically, and it is said that if he was near enough to the orchestra he could read the music from the faces of the musicians and that he could judge of the more or less successful execution by their finger motions. Indeed, he wrote the operatic criticisms for an important newspaper of Hamburg. After all, what is there wonderful in this? The deaf painter could see the tones in the visible signature of the music. There are persons to whom the tones themselves are only invisible signatures, in which they hear colors and forms.

I am sorry that I own that little drawing of Lyser's no longer. Only in glaring black, hasty lines could there be seized those fablelike features, which seemed to belong more to the sulphurous shadow realm than to the sunny world of life.

"Assuredly the devil guided my hand," insisted the deaf painter, as we stood before the Alster pavilion in Hamburg on the day when Paganini gave his first concert there. "Yes, my friend," he continued, "it is true what the whole world is saying—that he has sold himself to the devil, body and soul, to become the best violin player, to fiddle millions into his pockets, and first to get away from the slave galley, where he had suffered so many years. For see, friend, when he was orchestra leader in Lucca, he fell in love with a theater princess, became jealous of a priest, stabbed his faithless Amata in good Italian style, was sent to the galley in Genoa and, as I have said, sold himself to the devil to get away, to become the best violin player and to lay each one of us under tribute tonight to the extent of $2. But see you! All good spirits praise God! See, there he comes himself, with his suspicious familiar."

Indeed it was Paganini himself. He wore a dark gray overcoat, which reached to his feet, making him look very tall. The long, black hair fell to his shoulders in torn curls and formed a dark frame around the pale, corpselike face, on which sorrow, genius and hell had graved their imperishable signs. Beside him danced a short, comfortable figure, prosaically ornate, rosy, wrinkled face, a little light gray coat with steel buttons, saluting to all sides with offensive friendliness, but always squinting upward full of worried timidity at the gloomy form which stalked, grave and thoughtful, at his side. One imagined that he saw that picture of the place where Faust is walking with Wagner before the theater in Leipsic. The deaf painter made comments on the two shapes in his own fantastic way and called my attention particularly to the measured, broad steps of Paganini. "Is it not so," asked he, "as if he carried the iron bar still between his ankles? He has acquired for good the habit of walking that way. See, too, how contemptuously ironical is the glance which he sends down on his companion when he burdens him with his prosaic questions. But he cannot rid himself of that companion. A bloody pact binds him to this servant, who is nobody else than satan. The ignorant public, it is true, thinks that this companion is Harris, the writer of comedies and anecdotes, whom Paganini has taken along to manage the finances. The public does not know that the devil merely borrowed his body from Mr. George Harris and that the poor soul of that poor creature is locked up in a chest in Hanover with other rubbish to wait till the devil returns its flesh envelope. Probably he will accompany his master, Paganini, in another form through the world then—namely, as a black poodle."

If Paganini seemed fablelike and weird to me in the bright noonday, under the green trees of Hamburg's Maiden lane, how did his frightfully bizarre appearance amaze me in the evening at the concert! On the stage there appeared a dark form that seemed to have risen from the under world. That was Paganini in black gala dress, the black coat and the black waistcoat of a dreadful cut, as perhaps hellish etiquette prescribes at the court of Proserpine, the black trousers timidly fluttering around the thin legs. The long arms seemed even lengthened as he held the violin in one hand and in the other the bow, and nearly touched the ground with them while he displayed his nameless bows before the public. In the angular distortions of his body there was a dreadful woodenness, and also something grotesquely animallike, so that one had a strange desire to laugh; but his face, which seemed still more cadaverously white in the bright light of the stage, had something so beseeching, so stupidly humble, that a horrible pity drove away the desire to laugh. Has he learned these motions from an automaton or from a dog? Is this begging look that of a dying man or lurks there behind it the saturnine humor of a sly miser? Is this a living man who is dying, and who is to amuse the public in the arena of art like a dying gladiator, with his spasmodic movements, or is it a dead man, who has climbed out of the grave, a vampire, with the violin, who sucks, if not the blood out of our hearts, at all events the money out of our pockets?

Such questions crossed themselves in my head while the master cut his atrocious compliments. But all such thoughts had to hush when the wonderful master put his violin to his chin and began to play.

With the first stroke of his bow the scenery around and behind him was changed. Suddenly he stood with his music stand in a cheerful room, decorated in merry disorder with twisted furniture in the taste of Pompadour; everywhere small mirrors, gilded Amorettes, Chinese porcelain, a most delightful chaos of ribbons, garlands, white gloves, false pearls, diadems of gilt, such as one finds in the studio of a prima donna. Paganini's appearance, too, had changed, and to the greatest advantage. He wore short knee breeches of lilac satin, a silver broidered white waistcoat, a coat of light blue velvet, with gold buttons, and the hair, carefully dressed in little curls, played around his face, which was all young and rosy, and shone with tenderness when he cast his glances at the pretty damsel who stood by his side while he played.

Truly, at his side I saw a pretty young thing, dressed in the old style, the white satin swelling below the hips, the waist charmingly tiny, the powdered hair dressed high, the pretty round face looking out freely with flashing eyes, finely painted cheeks, beauty plasters and an impertinent, sweet little nose. In her hand she had a white paper roll, and the motion of her lips, as well as the coquettish swinging to and fro of her shoulders, made it appear that she was singing. But no tone was audible, and only from the violin play with which young Paganini accompanied the charming child could I ascertain what she sang and what he himself felt in his soul during her singing. Oh, these were melodies like those fluted forth by the nightingale in the evening dusk, when the rose's odor makes her expectant spring heart drunken with desire! Oh, that was a melting, sensually dying, blessedness! These were tones that kissed each other, then fled petulantly, then again embraced with laughter, became one and died in drunken unity. Yes, the tones indulged in a merry play, like butterflies when the one teasingly avoids the other, hides behind a flower, is caught at last and then, light heartedly happy, flutters upward in the golden sunlight.

But a spider, a spider sometimes can bring to such lovesick butterflies a sudden bitter fate. Did the young heart forbode such a thing? A melancholy sighing tone, like a premonition of a disaster stealthily approaching, glided softly through the most entrancing melodies that glowed out of Paginini's violin. His eyes became moist. Adoring, he kneels before his Amata. Alas! As he bends to kiss her feet, he sees under the bed a little priest! I know not what he had against the poor fellow, but the Genoan became pale as death. He seizes the little one with furious hands, boxes his ears and kicks him, throws him out of the door, then pulls a long stiletto out of his pocket and thrusts it into the breast of the young beauty—

But in this moment there sounded "Bravo! Bravo!" from all sides. Hamburg's enthusiastic men and women gave their best applause to the great artist who had just ended the first part of his concert, and who was bowing with even more angles and contortions than before. In his face, it seemed to me, there whined a humility still more beseeching than before. In his eyes stared a fearful terror, like that of a poor sinner.

As Paganini began to play anew, it became somber before my eyes. The tones did not transform themselves into bright colors and shapes. The form of the master rather draped itself in gloomy shadows, from the darkness of which his music wailed with most stabbing tones of lament. Only sometimes, when a small lamp that hung above him threw its dim light on him, could I see his pallid face, in which, however, youth had not yet been extinguished. Strange was his costume, split into two colors, of which the one was yellow and the other red. On his ankles there weighed heavy chains. Behind him there moved a face whose physiognomy hinted merrily at that of a goat, and long, hairy hands, which, as it seemed, belonged to the face, occasionally reached helpingly into the strings of the violin which Paganini was playing. Sometimes, too, they guided the hand which held the bow, and a bleating laugh then accompanied the tones that welled ever more painfully and bleeding from the violin. Those were tones like the song of fallen angels who had reveled with daughters of earth and, bowed with shame, are descending into the underworld. Those were tones in whose abysmal depth neither comfort nor hope glimmered. When the holy ones in heaven hear such tones, then the praise of God dies on their paling lips, and, weeping, they cover their gentle heads. Sometimes when that goat laugh bleated into the tortures of this playing I could see in the background a horde of little women, who nodded in evil merriment with their ugly heads. From the violin then there rushed sounds of fear and a pitiable moaning and a sobbing as has not been heard on earth before and as never may be heard on earth again unless it be in the valley of Jehoshaphat when the colossal trumpets of the judgment are wound and the naked corpses crawl from their graves and await their fate—

Had a string really broken? I do not know. I noticed only the transfiguration of the tones, and with them Paganini and his surroundings seemed totally changed again. I could scarcely recognize him in the brown monk's habit, which hid him rather than clothed him. The wild face, half secreted in the hood, a rope around his hips, barefooted, a solitary, defiant shape, Paganini stood on a rocky promontory by the sea and played the violin. It was the time of dusk, the red evening flooded the wide floods of the ocean, which became ever more ruddy and roared ever more solemnly, in mysterious accord with the strains of the violin. But the more ruddy the sea became the more pallid became the heaven, and when at last the swelling billows looked all like scarlet blood, the sky above became ghastly pale, corpse white, and great and threatening there came out the stars, and these stars were black—black, like shinging coals. But the tones of the violin became ever more stormy and daring. In the eyes of the dreadful player man gleamed such a mocking lust for destruction, and his thin lips moved so frightfully fast that it seemed as if he were muttering accursed words of enchantment of a long dead time, with which one calls the storm and looses the wicked spirits that lie fettered in the chasms of the sea.

Sometimes, when he, thrusting his naked arm, gaunt, far out of the flowing monk's sleeve, swept the air madly with his bow, then he seemed indeed a magician who rules the elements with his wand, and then it howled like mad in the sea depth, and the fear stricken blood waves then sprang so mightily into the air that they almost flecked the pale canopy of heaven and the black stars with their red foam. It howled, it shrieked, it cracked, as if the world were about to break into ruins, and ever more stubbornly did the monk scrape his violin. He meant, with the might of his raving will, to break the seven seals with which Solomon had closed the iron pots after he had imprisoned the conquered demons in them. These pots had been sunk in the sea by the wise king, and they were the voices of the pent spirits that I heard while Paganini's violin growled its angriest bass tones. But at last I thought to hear exultations of liberation, and from the red blood waves there rose the heads of the unfettered demons—monsters of fabled ugliness, crocodiles with bats' wings, snakes with antlers, sea dogs with patriarchal long beards, green camel heads, all staring with cold, sagacious eyes and reaching with long fins at the fiddling monk. In his madness his hood had fallen from his face, and the curling hair, blown wildly by the wind, twined around his head like black serpents.

The appearance was so crazing that I closed my eyes. Then the whole enchantment vanished, and when I looked up again I saw the poor Genoan in his customary shape, making his customary bows, while the public applauded without end.

Quietly Paganini brought his violin to his chin again, and with the first motion of the bow the wonderful transfiguration of the tones began once more. But they were not so glaring in color or so decided in outline. The tones unfolded themselves calmly, majestically, surging and swelling, like those of an organ in a cathedral, and all the surroundings had expanded wide and high to a space colossal, such as not the bodily eye, but only the eye of the spirit, can grasp. In the middle of the space floated a flaming sphere, where there stood, gigantic and proud, a man who played the violin. This sphere—was it the sun? I do not know. But in the features of the man I recognized Paganini, ideally beautified, celestially purified, lovingly smiling. His body bloomed in strongest manliness, a light blue garment inclosed the ennobled limbs, around his shoulder billowed in shining curls the black hair, and as he stood there, firm and sure, an uplifted image of God and played the violin, it was as though the whole creation harkened to his tones.

He was the man planet, around whom the universe moved with measured solemnity and sounded in celestial rhythm. Those large lights, which floated around him in such peaceful splendor, were they the stars of heaven? And that sounding harmony that rose from their motions, was it the song of the spheres, of which poets and seers have told such delightful things? Sometimes, when I strained my sight into the dawning distance, I thought to see all flowing white garments, wherein were hidden colossal pilgrims, with white staves in their hands, and, curious, the golden buttons of the staves were the great lights which I had thought were stars. These pilgrims moved in wide circles around the player, ever more shining did the golden buttons of the staves become from the tones of his violin, and the choral songs that came from their lips and those I had thought were the songs of the spheres were really only the dying echoes of that violin. An unnamable holy fervor dwelled in these strains, which sometimes trembled, hardly audible, like secret whispering on the water, again swelled, sweet thrilling, like the hunting horn in the moonlight, and then at last roared on with unbridled delight, as if a thousand bards were striking the strings of their harps and raising their voices to a song of triumph. These were strains such as the ear never hears, but only the heart can dream when it lies at night on the bosom of the beloved.—New York Press.

The Bishop's Label.

Bishop Huntington once went down to a town in Connecticut to perform a marriage ceremony. He arrived the day before the wedding, and he left at the same time the bridal pair did, although he was driven to a different railway station. As he passed through the station, carrying his traveling bag, he was aware that he was creating a sensation, but was totally at a loss to account for it. In the car he found that he was still the object of amused attention. The porter positively snickered as he passed his seat, and finally just as the train drew out he came up and assisted the churchman to remove his overcoat.

"What is the matter with you, my man?" asked the bishop. The porter's snicker broadened into a laugh.

"Ain't you done lef' the lady, sah?" he chuckled.

"Eh?" exclaimed the bishop in surprise. Then his eye fell on the side of his traveling bag which the porter had just turned round. There glued to it was a wide strip of white satin ribbon on which was painted in large letters:

"Married this morning."

The facetiously minded best man had mistaken the bishop's traveling bag for that of the bridegroom, and a chuckling black porter worked late into the night removing that ribbon.—Washington Post.

All mechanical powers, the screw, lever, pulley, inclined plane, wedge, wheel and axle, were known to the ancients and used in everyday life.

Mrs. Pinkham says that irritability indicates disease. Women who are nervous and snappish are to be pitied. Their homes are uncomfortable; their dispositions grow constantly worse. Such women need the counsel and treatment of a woman who understands the peculiar troubles of her sex.

EVERY-DAY TALKS WITH WOMEN

Mrs. Anna E. Hall, of Milldale, Conn., was all run down in health and had completely lost control of her nerves. She wrote to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Now she writes:

"I wish to thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It has helped me more than anything else. I suffered for a long time with nervousness, pains in back and limbs and falling of the womb; also had neuralgia in my head and could not sleep. I told my husband that something must be done, for I was nearly frantic with pain. Having read of the wonderful cures Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had performed, I determined to try it. I have taken it and am happy to say I am cured. I recommend it to all my friends and never tire of telling the benefit I have derived from its use. I have you alone to thank for my recovery."

Mrs. Ellen Flanagan, 1810 Mountain St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—Three years ago I was a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, was irritable and cross, and can say that after taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was entirely cured. I take great pleasure in writing this to you and would be pleased to be interviewed by any one who is afflicted with that distressing complaint. I am very grateful to you."

Ancient Pianos.

There is a very interesting collection of old pianos in the Roman museum at Hildesheim, Germany. Dating all the way from the end of the seventeenth century, the collection exhibits in a very instructive way the primitive origin of piano manufacture, and gives one an idea of the simple instruments used by our greatest music composers.

The oldest instrument on exhibition is a small clavichord of the seventeenth century, possessing 34 tones with 28 two choral bound strings. Another of equal antiquarian value has four full octaves—a one chord Italian spinet, built at an angle and possessing a rich and beautiful tone for singing accompaniment. The strings are rifted with pointed crow quills. Both instruments date from the time of Handel, Bach and Gluck.

One instrument was made in the first half of the eighteenth century and is a bound clavichord of 4½ octaves, 58 tones and 40 strings. There is also an instrument from the second half of the last century which possesses 5¼ octaves. The last two are supplied with strings tipped with brass, and their immediate followers were the hammer pianos of 1760, used at the time of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, and even by Mendelssohn, Bartholdy, Chopin and Franz Liszt during their youth.—Chicago Record.

A Chapter on Pens.

It was not until 1780 that a Birmingham manufacturer named Harrison introduced the metallic pen to England. Even then, 25 years later, when a barrel of them was on sale in London, we read that they were by far too expensive for general use. We do not know the price then asked, but at the time of the battle of Waterloo we read that Sheldon of Sedgley was selling them at 18 shillings the dozen. In the 17 years following that date the price fell to two-thirds this sum.

Today, on the average, 150 pens can be bought for the price which our grandfathers paid for one 60 years ago. Yet there is a good deal of work to be done on the successor of Byron's "Gray Goose Quill." Each of the millions turned out every year (it is a thousand million in England alone) has to go through 16 separate processes.

One English writer on this subject says: "Should we, in place of rolling out the steel into strips the thickness of pens, pull it out into one square bar having the width and height of its cross area each three-sevenths of an inch, then we should get a bar 471 miles long, which could be bent so that one end of the arc rested in London and the other end in Edinburgh."—London Chronicle.

Now that they were married, the ugly old man had a confession to make to the lovely young woman.

"I am not rich!" he faltered, in much apprehension.

She did not start as if stung. Far from it. Indeed, she smiled, not unkindly.

"No matter," she replied. "Everybody who sees us will think you are rich, and credit is just as good as money."

Moreover it was no small comfort, if one must be married, to be married to a person whom one need not treat with respect unless one feels like it.—Detroit Journal.

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Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Mexican Customs.

It is a little startling to newcomers at first to notice the universal custom in Mexico of addressing persons of high and low degree by their first names. As soon as friends are at all well acquainted they address each other by the given name, and this is done not only by those of the same age and sex, but indiscriminately among young men and young women, young people and elder persons. In the latter case, or between elderly persons, a respectful prefix is used, as "Don" Ricardo. Public characters are also commonly referred to by their first names.

In the household the head of the house is called Don Jose or Don Manuel by the servants, and a son in distinction is known as Manuelito (little Manuel). Among servants the customs regarding the names given superiors are not unlike those of the negroes of the southern United States. The lowest classes, or the servants that have grown up in a family, speak to the heads of the house as Nino or Nina (masculine and feminine for child), or call the wife and mother senorita, regardless of the fact that she may have attained threescore.

The servants distinguish between one of their own class and a friend of their master or mistress by such distinctions. If a caller is to be announced, it is a senorita, regardless of her age, that is in the parlor. If a woman of the common class awaits the mistress, it is a senora. A gentleman of the upper classes is referred to as a senor, while a laborer will be called a muchacho (boy).—Modern Mexico.

Outwitted the Trap.

Several days ago a business man, the basement of whose establishment is more or less infested with rats, purchased a patent rattrap.

"The day before I set it," he declared in relating his little tale, "I found a nest of 14 tiny rats in a bundle of shavings in the basement. The little fellows struck me as being just the right kind of bait with which to capture their parents, and I put them into the trap, huddled all together on the top of the lid of a tin can. The next morning I repaired to the basement prepared to see the mother rat, if not the father, safely caged inside the trap.

"You can imagine my surprise when I discovered that not only the old rats were missing, but that the baby rodents were gone as well. The tin can top left in the trap showed me how the mother rat had effected the release of the little ones. It rested on the edge of the door leading into the trap and through which the old rat would have had to pass to get inside, where her babies were.

"Originally the tin can top was at least an inch from the door, but the parent rodent undoubtedly sized up the game and carefully pushed open the door until it rested on the floor. Then she reached in and pulled the tin can top over so that its weight held the door down, after which the work of carrying out the little rats, not one of which was able to either see or walk, was easy. Great rat, that old one, don't you think?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

When Coal Gives Out.

The Adirondack region abounds with streams, most of which can some time be made use of as sources of power for carrying on industries, running railroads and furnishing light and heat. Indeed, the great problem at present is not at all to find available heads of water, but to devise means of transmitting the power with the minimum loss for long distances.

It is impossible to believe that with the success of existing plants and the spectacle of practically unlimited power going to waste on every hand, to stimulate inventive genius, methods will not be devised before very long for overcoming this difficulty of transmission.

Whether it is by the discovery of some new conveyor or by using a succession of generating plants or by a process of storing the electricity and conveying it by freight or express or however, the new power is bound in time to come into practically universal use. If the difficulty of transmission is never wholly obvious, it may be there will be some regrouping of industries and communities in the near vicinity of important sources of water supply.—Gunton's Magazine.

Scared His Hair Out.

The Paris Progres Medical records a most remarkable recent case showing the effect of fright on the hair. A vigorous peasant with abundant hair not yet showing gray saw his small child trampled under a horse's hoofs and was overcome by fright. He trembled and had palpitations and a feeling of cold and tension in the face and head. On the following day the hairs of the head, beard and eyebrows commenced to fall in quantities so that after eight days he was absolutely bald. In a few weeks a new growth of hair put in an appearance.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 29.

Text of the Lesson, Ps. lxxx and cxxvi. Memory Verses, Ps. cxxvi—Golden Text, Ps. cxxvi, 5—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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I suppose the safe journeyings of Ezra and his company in the lesson of last week suggested these songs of deliverance as a suitable topic before entering upon the study of Nehemiah, but why these two psalms the committee probably know. As they all speak of Him, however, we shall have a profitable meditation. Spurgeon, in his "Treasury of David," suggests the following division of Ps. lxxxv: In verses 1-4 the poet sings of the Lord's former mercies and begs Him to remember His people; from 5-7 he pleads the cause of afflicted Israel, and then, having listened to the sacred oracle in verse 8, he publishes joyfully the tidings of future good—9-13. Praise to God is always comely, and we read in Neh. xii, 46, "In the days of David and Asaph of old there were chief of the singers and songs of praise and thanksgiving unto God." The sons of Korah mentioned in the title had great reason to praise God and lead the people's praises, for when Korah and the others were swallowed up the children of Korah died not (Num. xxvi, 11).

1-4. There is on earth a land and a people which, above all other lands and people, are specially the Lord's. He calls them His peculiar people, a holy people unto Himself, a people near unto Him, the dearly beloved of His soul and many other endearing names (Deut. vii, 6; xxvi, 18; Ps. cxlviii, 14; Jer. xii, 7). As to the land, it is called the holy land, the Lord's land, a delightsome land, Immanuel's land, etc. (Zech. ii, 12; Hos. ix, 3; Mal. iii, 12; Isa. viii, 8). They were naturally few, stiff necked, laden with iniquity, rebellious, lying (Deut. vii, 7; Ex. xxxiii, 3, 5; Isa. i, 4; xxx, 9), but He redeemed them from Egypt and gave them the good land, yet they understood not His wonders nor remembered His mercies, they despised the pleasant land and believed not His word, so that many a time He saved them for His name's sake and redeemed them from the hand of the enemy (Ps. cvi, 7, 8, 10, 24). He will yet redeem them from all lands, blot out all their sins and make them a righteous nation forever (Mic. vii, 19, 20; Zeph. iii, 19, 20). Meantime He will accept every penitent sinner who comes to Him and will, for Jesus' sake, blot out all their sins and make them righteous in His sight (John vi, 37; II Cor. v, 21).

5-7. Then shall Israel say when He shall have redeemed them, Thine anger is turned away, and thou comfortedst me. Behold God is my salvation (Isa. xii, 1, 2). Salvation is of the Lord (Jonah ii, 9) in its beginning, development and consummation. See this in the words, Turn us, revive us, shew us (verses 4, 6, 7). We would never turn to Him if He did not draw us by His Spirit. It is all His mercy and His salvation (verse 7) which we receive as His gift and gratefully enjoy, so that we may well rejoice in Him, saying, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God (Isa. lxi, 10; Hab. iii, 18).

8. If we will listen only to the voice of God, we shall have naught but peace, for He is the God of peace, and the Son of God is the prince of peace (Heb. xiii, 20; Isa. ix, 6). All His thoughts to His people are thoughts of peace, for He is our peace, and any one whose imagination is staid on Him will have perfect peace (Jer. xxix, 11; Eph. ii, 14; Isa. xxvi, 3). It is all because of His righteousness which we by faith receive (Isa. xxxii, 17; Rom. v, 1). Peace with God is His gift in Christ Jesus, but the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, depends upon our allowing nothing to come between Him and us, casting every care and anxiety upon Him (Phil. iv, 6, 7). If we know Him who is our peace, we are bound to make the good news known to all people (Luke ii, 10, 14).

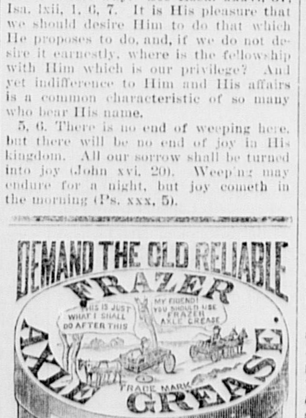
9-13. The writer has his heart upon what he calls "our land" (verses 9, 12), for it is to that land and to the holy city that all nations are yet to go up from year to year (Jer. iii, 17; Zech. xiv, 16). There mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, heaven and earth, met in Him who was and is true God and true man. There He shall yet reign as King of Israel and as King of kings and Lord of lords, and then when God has blessed His people and His land His saving health will be known among all nations (Ps. lxvii). The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will do it. These are not David's thoughts, but God's thoughts, for he said, "The spirit of the Lord speaks by men, and His word was in my tongue" (II Sam. xxiii, 2). The Lord Himself has said that He will not rest till Israel's redemption is manifest before all nations, and He calls upon His people to give Him no rest till He does it (Isa. lxii, 1, 6, 7).

Ps. cxxvi. Many a time did the Lord deliver His people from their oppressors in the days of the Judeas when He raised up and used such men as Othniel, Gideon, Jephthah, Samson and Samuel. After the time of David He delivered them from Babylon, and soon now will He deliver them from all the nations among which they are scattered, and their prosperity and source of blessing to all nations after their restoration is fully described in such passages as Isa. xxxv, 10; Jer. xxxii, 41, 42; xxiii, 5, 6; Ezek. xxxvii, 21-28. All these things will He do to them and for them, not for their sakes, but for His own name's sake.

2, 3. It is becoming in us not only to consider how great things He hath done for us, but also to talk of all His wondrous works (I Sam. xii, 24; Ps. cv, 2), for if we do not tell how great things He has done for us (Mark v, 19) is it not, to say the least, very ungrateful? Israel shall yet say one to the other, "Praise the Lord, proclaim His name, declare His doings among the people, make mention that His name is exalted" (Isa. xii, 4). And every saint should be continually doing this.

4. What He purposes to do He wishes us to ask Him to do. It may seem strange, but it is His way. See Ezek. xxxvi, 37; Isa. lxii, 1, 6, 7. It is His pleasure that we should desire Him to do that which He proposes to do, and, if we do not desire it earnestly, where is the fellowship with Him which is our privilege? And yet indifference to Him and His affairs is a common characteristic of so many who bear His name.

5, 6. There is no end of weeping here, but there will be no end of joy in His kingdom. All our sorrow shall be turned into joy (John xvi, 20). Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning (Ps. xxx, 5).



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Mrs. W. H. Smith, 74 Sutton St., Providence, R. I., says:

"I was sick and my whole system and especially my nerves were in a terribly weak condition. I was dreadfully nervous, and lost almost complete control of myself. I was all discouraged and did not know what I should do. My limbs were swollen, my feet ached and I had pains all over my body. I got scarcely any sleep, and what little I did get did me no good. Finally hearing Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy highly recommended, I determined to use it. After taking one bottle I was almost entirely cured of all my troubles. My nerves were strong, and the pains left me, the swelling disappeared, and I could sleep well. Thanks to this wonderful medicine I am cured. I wish every sufferer might use it."

Why do you not consult the great specialist, Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., about your case personally or by letter? He cordially invites you to do so free of charge.

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AN AWFUL EXPERIENCE.

Trapped In a Mine With a Blast Fuse Lighted.

A man with an empty sleeve told a curious story in one of the hotel lobbies. "In 1889 I was prospecting in the Joplin lead district," he said, "and with two partners had sunk a shaft about 30 feet deep on a promising claim. At the bottom of the excavation we started to 'drift'—in other words to drive a tunnel at right angles. One afternoon, when the tunnel had progressed some 12 feet, it became necessary to put in a blast. I was below at the time and my two companions were at the top, working the windlass. I drilled a hole in the formation, which was very hard, put in a dynamite cartridge, tamped it well with broken rock, lit the fuse and stepped into the bucket. At the first turn of the windlass the rope broke at the top and dropped down into the shaft. The bucket fell only a yard or so, but I plunged head first against the side and it was perhaps a couple of minutes before I could collect my senses.

Then in a flash I realized my situation and jumped back into the tunnel to extinguish the fuse, but it had already burned down to the tamping and all I could see was a little smoke oozing out through the rocks. I could hear my partners yelling to me from above, but I knew there was no other rope in our camp and the only thing I could think of was to pick out the tamping and get at the fuse before it reached the dynamite. For all I knew the explosion might take place at any instant, but I grabbed a drill and began to claw at the tight packed rock. In a few seconds I realized that it was a hopeless task, so I dropped the drill and as a last resort ran back to the shaft and crouched against the far wall.

"If I live to be a thousand," continued the story teller, "I will never forget my agony while I waited for the blast to go off, knowing full well that my chances for escape were almost too small for computation. It seemed as if the explosion would never occur, and all the while a horrible panorama of death and mutilation was rushing through my brain. 'Now!' 'Now!' 'Now!' I kept saying out loud, thinking each time I uttered the word that the roar would follow, but it didn't. I could have sworn that 15 minutes elapsed and I was beginning to feel a wild hope that the fuse had gone out when an awful thunderclap came and everything disappeared.

"My partners had secured a new rope and were pulling me out when I recovered consciousness. My left arm had been crushed and I was peppered all over by flying rock, but I suffered most from the poisonous gases of the nitroglycerin in the dynamite. Next day they took off my arm at the elbow and it was six months before I got out of bed. Strange to say my hearing wasn't affected and, as you see, I have no scars on my face. So I may consider myself very lucky on more counts than one.

"By the way, there was one very strange incident connected with the affair. As I said before, it seemed to me that I lay there an interminable time, waiting for the blast to go off. Afterward, when I was convalescent, I mentioned the matter to one of my partners and he looked surprised. He told me that he was at the shaft mouth when I crouched down and that the explosion occurred immediately afterward. He was intending to drop his coat over me, but didn't have time to take it off."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Facial Irregularity.

"Physiologists tell us," said a lawyer to the writer recently, "that no two faces are exactly alike, and I think they are correct, although we often hear of one person being the exact image of another. That this is largely a matter of imagination can be proved by investigation. I have in my office a clerk who is constantly mistaken for myself. Several people say he resembles me so closely that I must be joking when I deny the relationship.

"In order to ascertain how much reason there was for these statements I took the fellow to a photographer's one day last week and we both had our pictures taken together, and I would defy any one to point out a single point of resemblance. My clerk, however, regards the matter as a good joke, and I half suspect he acknowledges relationship in a good many cases intentionally, so as to cause complications. I have shown the photograph to several people who have made the mistake, but it has no influence upon them whatever, and it is impossible to convince them against their will."—Washington Star.

Temperance Drink of 1832.

On one of the pages of an old diary, dated 1832, this recipe for a temperance hot weather drink was found in the handwriting of a woman:

"Put six quarts of water on the fire, add to it three-quarters of an ounce of hops and half an ounce of bruised ginger; let boil for 30 minutes. Next put in three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar; boil for ten minutes more; then strain and bottle while hot or, which takes less time, put the liquor in a cask. It may be drunk as soon as it is cold. Keep in a cool place. The cost is 6 cents a gallon."—Louisville Post.

One Woman's Bliss.

Mrs. Grimes—Funny how some men never get over their boyishness! I heard my husband tell yours last evening that he would sit astride his shutter.

Mrs. Keene—Are you sure it was not that he would straddle my husband's blind?

Mrs. Grimes—I think those were the words; but it amounts to the same thing, you know.—Boston Transcript.

OLD 19'S RECORD RUN.

A Race Against Time For a Railroad Contract and a Surprise.

"When I first started in on this pike back in the eighties," said the gray haired chairman of the engineers' stove committee, "it was only a pinfeather and didn't have hardly any freight traffic to speak of. It was only a little branch connection between the B. and H. and R. and L. roads. I was put on firing for Bill Kennedy on old No. 19. I hadn't been firing here very long when the B. and H. and R. and L. people hit upon a scheme to try and use our line for a short cut for perishable stuff from one line to the other instead of taking it down to Burlington, a few miles farther south, where these roads had a junction, and sending it back again. Accordingly they decided to give us one train for a trial trip. We were to see how fast time we could make with this freight, and if it very materially lessened the time of the old route our people were to get a permanent contract which would mean considerable money in their pockets. There was quite a little excitement among the engineers as to who would be the lucky man to make the trial trip, as it would be quite a feather in the successful one's cap. It fell to Bill Kennedy, with No. 19, to make the trip, and he and I were considerably elated and determined to do our best.

"The night for the fly run was very dark, but there was a good rail, and conditions were all favorable for quick time. Bill wasn't used to night running. In fact, no one was, as it was very seldom necessary for a night crew to be out on our road. For that reason there were no night telegraph offices open to keep tab on the train. But the train dispatcher at this end had been ordered to stay on duty till we arrived at Rutland Junction, which was the other end of our line then. When Bill and I got around, we found that we were to have company on the engine, as Mr. West, the super, wanted to go along to see how we fared. This put us more on our mettle, and I tell you we were the real thing when we backed over to the R. and L. siding to wait for the special.

"About 9 o'clock she rumbled in and you bet it didn't take Bill long to get No. 19 around and hooked on to her. Everything was ready, and we were soon humming along toward the B. and H. junction point at record breaking speed. Bill was just aching to make a star run, and going up Cheechunk hill, about 15 miles out, he gave her a couple of more notches on the throttle and we fairly seemed to jump forward.

"'You're doing excellently, Kennedy,' said West, looking at his watch; 'we've made the first 15 miles in about 45 minutes, which is excellent with 30 cars.'

"Bill never eased off on her at all, and at 10:45 we were whistling for the junction, having made the run of 45 miles in an hour and 45 minutes, which was about the top notch with a train of 30 cars for those days, and Bill's head was nearly busted with pride when West said to him:

"'Mr. Kennedy, you made an excellent run.'

"As we stopped at the tank, the B. and H. operator came running up breathlessly and said to Bill: 'Here's a message from Smith, your conductor. You left him behind at Cheechunk.'

"Bill looked dazed and read the message slowly while Mr. West held a lantern. It ran:

"Bill Kennedy and Superintendent West:
"A good soldier never looks behind. You left the caboose, seven cars, myself and the crew behind at foot of Cheechunk hill. I had to walk four miles to get the agent to send this message. Please come back after us.

"The message was dated from Cheechunk. In pulling her out going up the hill Bill had broken a coupling pin and left the tail end there. You never saw any one fall flatter than Kennedy and the super did. Bill never said a darn word, but give the 23 cars we had to a yard crew of the B. and H. and lit out backward for Cheechunk, 30 miles to the rear. It was 4 o'clock when we got the tail end to the junction and our road din't get the contract that year.

"If you want to cause a small riot you just ask Bill Kennedy the next time you meet him about the record run he made with the special perishable goods train, but don't tell him I told you."—New York Sun.

$70,000,000 For Amusements.

"There are 5,000 theaters in the United States if we count all kinds," writes Franklin Fyles in The Ladies' Home Journal. "More than 2,000 are fairly classable as legitimate, and over 1,000 more are devoted to vaudeville. The 2,000 others taper off in various ways. To estimate the capital invested in all this theatrical property is difficult. But about $100,000,000 is invested in the 3,000 first class legitimate theaters. That is an average of $33,333 each, which is low enough, some costing as much as $500,000 each. It is equally hard to compute the money paid by Americans for theatrical amusement. Separate audiences yield from absolutely nothing, in extreme cases of failure, to as much as $20,000 at an exceptional performance of opera. A conservative calculation is that the aggregate reaches $70,000,000 a year. Not less than one and a half million persons sit in these theaters each weekday night in the season of at least eight months."

Modest Self Estimate.

"To be a true gentleman a fellow must be born so."

"That's a fact. I liked the very first olive I ever tasted."—Indianapolis Journal.

When doctors disagree, the trouble is that the other fellow is too weak to get out of the way.—Galveston News.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. XLIX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1899. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 48.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 2, 1899.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M.
RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.[illegible], 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.4[illegible], 6.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.[illegible]2, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, [illegible]34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.3[illegible], 5.26, P. M.
For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.2[illegible] A. M., 1.33 P. M.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M. 1.33, 4.42 P. M.
For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.[illegible], 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.
For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.
For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.
FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.[illegible]7, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.[illegible]3, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.[illegible]8 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.[illegible]6, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25, A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.50, 7.10, 7.55, 2.25, 8.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 7.35, 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

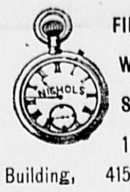
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Supt.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
—DEALERS IN—
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD —AND— REPAIRED
FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.

Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
AND CONTRACTOR.
Pipe fitting of all kinds.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
—DEALERS IN—
Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
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Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged. Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 48-2. Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

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Real Estate Exchange.
Special attention given to the care of estates and collection of Rents.
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CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 20-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS, 19 Main St., Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, TINWARE, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

IT IS TIME

To commence to take some kind of Spring Medicine to brace up after the cold and sickness of Winter, and prepare for the languor and weakness of early Spring. Try

Nervo-Celery Compound.

We make it. It has proved a success. It costs 50 cents.

PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.

The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
—AND—
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street. WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street,
BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

TWO PEOPLE.

'Tis a dear old fashioned place,
And the roses love it;
Blossoms spilled with lavish grace
Round it and above it,
Yearly weave a fairy spell
Round the spot so charming,
Up where Jack and Mollie dwell,
Making love and farming.

Near by runs the road to town;
Trouble takes it straightway;
Never thinks of turning down
Toward their leafy gateway.
Joys from elsewhere made to roam
By dull melancholy
Stop and make themselves at home
There with Jack and Mollie.

Mollie stops her work to laugh,
Jack stops his to listen;
Sunbeams are not bright by half
As her eyes that glisten.
If a fond thought whispers low,
Loving lips will drop it;
They are old enough to know
Better than to stop it.

It is sweet when life seems cold
And the world is lonely,
Such a picture to behold,
Though in day dreams only.
Laughing at the care that kills,
Safe from folly's harming,
Jack and Mollie mid the hills
Making love and farming.
—Washington Star.

PIERRON'S GIFT

A Touching Instance of a Simple Shepherd's Devotion.

BY JEAN RAMEAU.

In the autumn, when the Pyrenees begin to wrap themselves in snow, the shepherds leave the mountains of Bearn with their shivering flocks, their lazy old donkeys and their shaggy dogs, say goodby to their wives, kiss the little ones and go singing away toward the plains of the Adour, where the pastures are always green and the sunshine always kind.

And toward St. Michael's the country folk of Landes see them coming lazily along, folded in their rough red capes, through the broad white roads shaded with dying platane trees.

The mountaineers enter into parley with the planters, and soon the flocks are feeding at will in the meadows and their owners being housed and fed by the people of the valley, to whom is given in return a part of the milk, a pair of great woolen stockings for the master of the house and a pair of knitted mittens for the mistress.

This lasts until the sowing of the grain early in May. Then the sheep begin to bleat strangely, the donkey brays impatiently, the dog gazes at the distant Pyrenees, and some fine morning, as the swallows are returning, the flocks instinctively take the road toward the blue peak of Ossau, back through the lovely white roads, where the platanes are flaunting their first fresh leaves.

Each parish in the valley has the same shepherds, who return to winter in the same farmhouses each autumn, perhaps a little more bent and a bit whiter, and sometimes the planter who has expected an old man will see a young fellow guiding the flock, who stares at him and tells him between two couplets of his song that his father, the former shepherd, died "down there" on the mountain at St. Louis' or St. John's.

A pretty girl was busy shaking the chestnut tree which stood before a white house one day early in October when she saw a large flock of sheep approaching, led by a sturdy donkey.

"'He,' beautiful lady!" shouted a little shepherd who was just visible behind the beast's ears. "Would you tell me how to find the farmhouse of La Ribere?"

"This is the place," answered the young girl.

"I might have known it. My flock took the road by themselves. Well, lady, I am Pierron, the son of your old shepherd, Mathias, who died on St. Lawrence's."

"Very well, Pierron, come this way. I will take you to my father."

Pierron was received in the farmhouse of La Ribere as his father had been, and the sheep began to graze in the familiar pastures, with the well known horizon, on the same grass whose fragrance was so sweet to them.

He was a nice little fellow, this Pierron. He was small and dark and sang in a fresh voice, which the echoes seemed to love. He was not more than 20, but he knew many interesting stories, which were very entertaining in the long winter evenings to the daughter of the farm, pretty Maria de la Ribere. And Maria, a little creature, all smiles, whose eyes seemed soft as the light of the moon to the young men of the valley, loved to hear Pierron tell stories of the werewolf and sorceries and spells cast upon people through effigies. She loved, too, to hear him praise the valley of the Ossau and the blue mountains, with their lacy white tops, which he climbed in his childhood, and she loved still more the beautiful mittens he knit for her at Christmas and the fat little lamb he gave her the day she was 18.

And it was with great sadness that Pierron discovered some tiny white flowers on a cherry tree one evening.

Spring came. The sheep began to bleat in the warm meadows where the daisies were in bloom. The donkey pricked up his ears and looked toward the peak of Ossau.

"May you be with God, Maria!" said Pierron in the fashion of the country. "I must go away again."

Maria bent her head a little and grew very pink.

Then Pierron took her fingers and looked down at the point of his sabots.

"Maria, if you have the same sentiments for me which I have for you we can be married next spring. I love you very much, and I wish I could take you down there on the foot of that round mountain, where I have a good mother, who would love you too. We are not very rich, but"—here his voice lowered—"I can give a fortune to the person I love."

"Now, Pierron, how would you do that?" said Maria, raising her eyes.

"Well, I have an uncle who was as poor as we are once. He has bought a house now every year for 20 years, and nobody has ever been sick in his family. I know a servant of ours who never inherited anything and saved 20,000 francs in a few years, and his wife has the finest children in the country."

"What do you mean, Pierron?"

"Well, my uncle and this man of ours carry the sting of a snake, and it brings them good luck."

"That brings good luck—the sting of a snake?"

"Yes; the sting of a certain kind which I know about."

"Why don't you carry one?"

"Because to have good luck one must carry it without knowing it—some one else must put it in one's clothes. So my aunt hid the sting of a snake in my uncle's belt, and the wife of our servant slipped one of them into her husband's shirt. At our house on Sundays, when the men play tenpins or bowls for money, their wives put a sting in their pockets and pretend not to be doing anything at all, and if their husbands do not see them they always win."

Maria did not dare to smile at the little shepherd. She believed herself in a great many mysterious things of which the old country women had told her in whispers as they crossed themselves.

"Well, then, Mademoiselle Maria, if you will think about what I have said this summer?"

"I will think about it, Pierron."

The air was soft, the fields were full of robins, the apple trees were strewing the fresh young grass with flowers. The sheep, after some aimless maneuvering, ranged themselves in a column and went down the road of the platanes. Pierron was gone.

For a long time Maria stood motionless under the chestnut trees and saw the fading figure of the little shepherd turn around toward her. For a long time she could hear the bleating of the sheep, then she thought she saw the donkey's back upon the crest of the hill—then she saw only the dim blue mountains.

And when Pierron returned to La Ribere the next autumn the kindly glow in Maria's great eyes was there no longer.

Young girls in the valley, like young girls in the mountain, without doubt, sometimes admire a tall, strong fellow who earns 200 francs a month in a large city more than a slip of a shepherd, whose only possessions are the stings of a snake in his belt. That is why Maria de la Ribere has promised her hand during the summer to a handsome countryman, the lucky Joseph de Tauzia, who was the coachman of a rich gentleman in Bordeaux and who promised to take Maria to the city when they were married, Maria being previously bedecked with ribbons and jewelry of course.

Pierron's songs were sad that winter.

But the shepherd was a kindly sort of fellow, who never wished any one ill.

So he gave a pair of beautiful white mittens to Maria as he had the winter before and some fine brown stockings to the farmer and offered his fattest and curliest lamb to the young girl on her nineteenth birthday. He greeted the magnificent Joseph with respect—that elegant coachman of Bordeaux—when he came to pay court to his intended during the carnival, and Maria never heard an unkind word from the lips of the shepherd nor saw a spark of malice in her old lover's eyes.

But Pierron had forgotten how to tell his entertaining stories of the winter before. He had forgotten how to enjoy the delicious chestnuts perfumed with a fig leaf which Maria offered him with an indifferent hand as she offered them to every one else in the house. The shepherd watched the young girl from a distance without speaking a word, and if Maria surprised him he lowered his eyes, said "good night" to his host, then went to his bed beside the sheep in the barn, where he could hear the gentle breathing of the whole flock.

One day Maria came out into the field to speak with Pierron. The spring sun was warm. The poplar buds were bursting in the breeze. All the country folk were plowing for the sowing time.

"Pierron, I am going to be married in three weeks, the first Thursday in May. If you wish to do me a pleasure, you will stay until the wedding and be one of my bridesmen."

"Oh, many thanks, Mistress Maria," he stammered, "but I think I cannot stay so late. My sheep will feel the spring coming before your wedding, and when they wish to go I must follow them."

He did not go the next week, however, as he had told every one he would. Several times he packed his clothes and washed his donkey for the great journey, but he could not seem to leave. It was a sheep which fell ill or a lamb lost on the heaths, which must be found before he could return to the mountain. Little by little the days grew warmer. The first of the grasshoppers had begun to chirp. The locusts filled the bushes, and one day during a storm Pierron saw a long viper crawling by the edge of the brook. The wedding day had come.

* * * * * * * *

"What are you doing there, you scamp?"

It was the coachman of Bordeaux, the splendid Joseph, all in black, who spoke this as he suddenly came upon Pierron in the bridal chamber on the wedding morning.

"Will you tell me what you are doing there?"

Pierron was caught. He quickly thrust something like a needlecase into his pocket and reddened as he looked at the bridegroom.

A cloak of Maria's was lying on a chair. The shepherd seemed to have been handling it and stepped over quickly as if to hide it.

"Here, you rogue, will you get out of here?"

Joseph suspected the shepherd of some theft. Pierron saw the suspicion in the coachman's eyes.

"I have not been stealing," he cried, trembling. "I swear that I have not been stealing."

"What were you doing then? Answer me."

The little shepherd cast a look of reproach at Maria's fiance.

"I want to know what you have been doing in this room?"

"I cannot tell," answered Pierron. "No, I cannot tell."

The coachman made a threatening move toward Pierron, who stood trembling and twisting his cap in his hand. Then he took him by the ear and sent him flying out with a savage kick.

"Get out of here, you rascal—you jailbird!"

And Joseph lost no time in telling of the occurrence to his intended.

Maria was all in white. Her godmother was finishing her toilet before a mirror. The bride was so lovely that the guests were standing speechless looking at her with their eyes and mouths wide open, as they would gaze at the sun. The wedding party was about to leave.

When Marie heard this story from the man who in an hour would be her husband, she went swiftly to her room. The wardrobe door was half open, and her cloak was thrown on a chair. She grew very pale. She examined the cloak quickly, and under the lining, where there was a ragged, unfinished cut, she discovered a white paper, and in this paper was something black and long and fine, ending in a fork. A sting! She laid the cloak on a chair. She stole out of the room, and, making a detour so that no one could see her, she went toward the barn. She heard the sheep bleating. She found the little shepherd, with his eyes all red, tying his clothes in his red cape.

And then, all white in the midst of the white sheep, she, who perhaps had never caressed a man before, went straight to Pierron and kissed him.

And the little shepherd closed his eyes.

"You found it!" he stammered. "All the worse! I wanted to hide it. Now it has lost its power. I will never come here again. May you be with God, Maria!"

And he was gone. The sunshine was gentle. Down from the platane road Pierron turned to watch the bride cross the green fields to the church.

Then from the top of the hill, where he could still see the farmhouse of La Ribere, he stopped to listen to the bridal bells.

And, crossing himself, he joined his flock, his donkey, his dog and went on toward the dim blue mountains.—Translated From the French For Short Stories.

The Bill Went Through.

A former governor of the Australian colonies tells of a curious experience he once had with a long headed prime minister. The latter brought in a certain measure, calculated to make the government popular with the working classes, although it affected a foreign power so much that representations were made to the imperial authorities on the subject. A dispatch was accordingly sent out to the governor to veto the bill. He sent for the premier.

"I'm sorry, old man," said his excellency, "but I've just got orders from home, and I shall have to block that bill."

The premier replied: "Look here, guv'nor, I don't care a hang about the imperial guv'ment or about the queen, as far as this thing is concerned, and what's more, I don't care a hang about you. I've made up my mind to get that bill through, and I'll bring it through."

The governor, who was politic, asked the "old man" to have a drink and dropped the subject. The measure in question became a law in due course.

Nature's Secrets.

All knowledge is hidden from man until he finds it out. It is not forbidden to him to discover the secrets of earth. Who shall say that it is unlawful to go further, if he can, and pry into the mysteries that seem to lie outside of earth? Is it trespassing to seek for sure tokens of another life? Who shall say so? The most that conservative observers may say is that so far spiritualism has seemed trivial, misleading and inexpedient. That demoralization, if not madness, has seemed to lie that way, and that those who have been content to go about their business here, taking the future life on trust, have seemed to fare better than those who have directed earthly energies into a search for proofs of unearthly facts.—Scribner's.

A Political Trick.

"There is a good deal of pure moonshine," said a local warhorse now out of harness, "in the faculty of remembering names and faces which is attributed to most successful politicians. In nine cases out of ten they have no abnormal powers of that kind, and their apparent feats of memory are very easily explained. Take, for example, the case of a political personage at a public reception. He is sure to be surrounded by a group of local leaders who know everybody in town. Presently a valuable constituent approaches. 'Colonel,' whispers one of the henchmen, 'here comes Mr. Blank. He's an active party worker and a great admirer of yours. He met you here last fall.'

"The personage catches on promptly. 'What does Blank do?' he whispers back.

"'He's a produce merchant,' replies the henchman. By that time the valuable constituent gets in range.

"'How are you, my dear Mr. Blank?' exclaims the notable cordially. 'I'm delighted to see you again. And how is the produce business coming on?'

"Poor Blank has spasms of joy. That the famous man should remember him so accurately makes him as proud as a peacock, and 20 spectators proceed to tell the story in proof of the colonel's miraculous mental gifts. Thus reputations are made."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Anaesthetics were known in the days of Homer, and the Chinese 2,000 years ago had a preparation of hemp known as "una yo" to deaden pain—something similar to our modern cocaine.

Keystone
SILVER WHITE
Gelatine

Possesses every quality that gelatine should have. Its perfect purity and cleanliness are apparent as soon as you open the package. Its convenience is evident the minute you dissolve it (it dissolves readily and quickly in *hot water*—making a clear, firm jelly). The most prominent chefs praise and have written many recipes for Keystone Silver White Gelatine. Leading cooking authorities indorse its purity and convenience; experienced housewives appreciate its great economy—package makes one-third more jelly than the same quantity of any other gelatine.

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Largest makers of gelatine in the world.

THIEVES AND OMENS.

HAPPENINGS IN WHICH CROOKS SEE SIGNS OF BAD LUCK.

Black Cats Are Sure Forerunners of Disaster, and Fridays and the Thirteenth of the Month Are Days on Which They Shun Roguery.

Professional criminals have many superstitions. Not one in 100 will commit a theft of any daring on a Friday or on the 13th of the month. In support of this superstition almost any old time crook will cite the instance of Charles McLaughlin, alias McLain, an expert hotel sneak and all round thief who worked in New York city in the early seventies. In 1872 he, a pal named Howard and two other thieves planned to rob an office in Brooklyn. The only date on which the job could be done with profit and safety was on June 13. On that day the cashier's money drawer would be full and the office force would be small. All the crooks regarded the date dubiously, and would have selected another, with less prospect of success, but for the expostulation of McLaughlin. So the raid was made on the day originally determined upon. It proved a disastrous failure. All the men were caught except McLaughlin, who escaped through a window. Those who were captured were sent to prison for seven years each. McLaughlin never had any good luck after that. He was caught in the Westminster hotel, New York, loaded with plunder, and was sentenced on a Friday, the 13th of the month.

Thieves can tell many anecdotes to prove that Fridays and the 13th of the month are days set aside for rest. For instance, they will tell you how Dan Kelly, a bank burglar, who worked in and around Louisville, Ky., in the early eighties, was killed on the 13th of December while robbing a safe in a small town and how his partner was struck by lightning while making his escape.

Crooks in general avoid black cats and blind dogs. It is regarded as a challenge to disaster and misfortune to kill either. If a thief on his way to commit a theft sees a black cat or is followed by a dog, he will probably abandon the job for the time being. If a black cat runs in front of him, he will quit work for a week. In 1882 Frank McCormack, James Leonard, Tom Freemont and Mike Duffy, safe blowers who were making their headquarters in Buffalo, went to Lockport one night to rob a safe in the office of a flouring mill which stood close to the Central railway tracks. It was an ideal spot for a burglary, because the noise of passing trains would deaden the sounds made while drilling and blowing open the safe. The quartet were passing through the railway yards about 2 a. m. when a black cat darted across the tracks not two yards ahead of them and, stopping in the shadow of a switch, howled hideously. All the men stopped.

"You can count me out," said Duffy to Leonard.

"You going to let that cat scare you?" asked Leonard.

"That's just what I am," Duffy retorted.

McCormack and Freemont staid with Leonard. The trio got into the place and had just blown the door off the safe when they were surprised by two men fully armed. Freemont and Leonard were dangerously injured. They and McCormack were sentenced to six years in Auburn prison. Leonard told the story as here related to a Buffalo detective present at the trial.

Most crooks lose their money at some sort of gaming. A thief, especially a housebreaker, believes in working while his luck is good. For instance, he will often leave a game he is winning to go out and commit a robbery, believing that good luck will continue to attend him. When he loses and is compelled to go out and rob, he is nervous, feeling that his ill luck will continue. If a burglar can touch a hunchback, he is confident that his lucky star will rise immediately.

Once inside a house there are many things which are ominous to the susceptible housebreaker. For instance, the sobbing of a child is looked upon as a forerunner of discovery, and many burglars will immediately depart on hearing such a noise. Another thing which is regarded as a bad sign is to get in a room where a clock stops. If it stopped before the thief sees it, no notice is taken, but if it stops while he is in the room he will make haste to get out. Burglar Tom, who 20 years ago was an expert, had great faith in the clock stopping sign and he relates this story:

"I got into a house in Montreal one time, and was going through a man's trousers pockets when a small clock in the room stopped. I went on with my search and was about finished when a man in the bed beside me said, 'Hands up!' He had a gun and it was pointed at me. I surrendered and did seven years in prison for burglary, first degree."

Pickpockets have a superstition of their own. They believe that to pick the pocket of a one armed man is followed by bad luck of some sort. They sometimes believe that a run of the hardest kind of luck will befall the thief who robs a blind man.—New York Sun.

Asbestus Scenery.

"There are some decided disadvantages about asbestus scenery," said Theatrical Artist Theodore Behr. "The first and foremost is its enormous expense. The cost of asbestus canvas is almost prohibitive, and there is no special reason for believing that it will ever be any cheaper. The mineral fiber of which it is made is not overabundant, and it is hard to mine and difficult to weave.

"Then, again, the fabric does not afford a good painting surface. It has an indescribable greasy feeling and soaks up colors like a piece of blotting paper. It is impossible to obtain bold, sweeping effects, and the paint has to be daubed on in a way that calls for unlimited time and patience. No scenic artist likes to work on the stuff. However, the cost is the essential handicap, and if the material was cheaper all large theaters would employ it on account of the reduction it secures in insurance rates.

"At the same time its general introduction would contribute very little to safety. Modern theaters are invariably provided with noninflammable drop curtains, and such precautions are taken back of the stage that a fire in the scenery is next to impossible. Nowadays it is the rarest thing in the world for a fire to originate in that quarter during a performance."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Bees as They Battle.

It is amusing to watch a guard bee seize upon an enemy and conquer him. The bee holds the hostile insect in its front legs, pitching it and rolling it about, and also stinging it if possible. When the invader is made helpless, the conquering bee still holds her victim in her forelegs, makes strenuous efforts to fly with the heavy burden, and, finally succeeding, she rises with her closely clasped victim, and when at a certain distance from the hive drops it.

Sometimes it takes several of the guards to overcome the struggling enemy, and together they push the insect over the porch of the hive.

The bees, if simply wounded, sometimes succeed in getting back to their own hive, but, being incapacitated for work, they are no longer welcome there and only meet with repulse from their fellow colonists, and, excluded from their hive, they crawl off somewhere and die. For, in the co-operation of the colony of bees, each has her appointed task, either to gather pollen, bring water or honey or to nurse the young bees or guard the hive, and when unfitted for these tasks and no longer necessary to the welfare of the colony she is turned out to perish.—Hartford Courant.

Two Strings to His Bow.

"One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives half its time," said the young housekeeper, "and what makes me reflect in that awfully profound way is something I discovered today, which has robbed me of a good deal of my charity.

"The kitchen chairs needed mending, and I'd been advised to have them attended to by a skillful, though sightless, man called 'Blind Aleck.' He is known among his customers to be married and in comfortable circumstances, and his home bears witness to this, but when I entered his little workshop what was my amazement to discover in him the blind street singer who so often stations himself on our corner in the evenings and to whom we had often given money. As a beggar he was dirty and miserable; as a caner of chairs he was brisk, clean and businesslike.

"I hadn't the heart to tell him that he ought to be ashamed of himself, and the chairs had to be mended, so I gave him my order and came away. But I've been thinking a lot about it ever since, and I wonder what explanation he would give if I told him I'd found him out."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

When It's Easy.

A man has to be brave to say "I can't afford it" when he is asked to do something—unless it is his wife who asks him.—Louisville Journal.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 3, 1899.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Governor,	W. Murray Crane of Dalton
For Lieut. Governor,	John L. Bates of Boston
For Secretary of State,	William L. Olin of Boston
For State Treas.,	Edward S. Bradford of Springfield
For State Auditor,	John W. Kimball of Fitchburg
For Attorney General,	Hosea M. Knowlton of New Bedford
For County Commissioner,	Levi S. Gould of Malden
For Sheriff,	John R. Fairbairn of Cambridge
For Senator,	Howard K. Sanderson of Lynn
For Councillor,	George F. Harwood of Lynn
For Representatives,	
Frank E. Wetherell	of Woburn
Arthur B. Roberts	of Reading

THE TICKET.

The Republicans offer a good list of names to vote for next Tuesday. The ticket is sound timber from top to bottom. There is not a poor stick in the whole lot. There is not a man on it that is not worthy of the hearty support of the Republican Party and a full vote.

The ticket will be elected. The size of Republican majorities is the chief question to be decided at the ballotbox on Nov. 7. But it is a large one. It is of sufficient importance to induce every Republican voter to go to the polls and cast a ballot for the ticket. The duty should not be neglected. Because our candidates are safe, Republicans ought not to feel indifferent and stay at home. Our State and District tickets should go through with their customary big majorities, and will, if every member of the Party does his duty.

Then again, signs point to a hot contest over the election of Representatives in this District. The Republican candidates will doubtless be elected, but by good rights they should run ahead of the vote for Governor. We say they will be elected, but indifference and neglect of duty may jeopardize their chances and perhaps turn the scales the other way.

At anyrate, the only safe course for Republicans to adopt is to go to the polls next Tuesday and vote the straight Republican ticket. Never rely for victory on the weakness of the enemy. It is not safe to do so. Let every Republican work and vote just as though the issue were in doubt, and it will take the Democrats a month of Sundays to find out what hit them.

CANDIDATE ROBERTS.

We advise the Republicans of Woburn to duly consider the importance of voting for Mr. Arthur E. Roberts, the Reading Republican candidate for Representative. He is worthy of the solid support of the Party in both towns.

The danger will be, if any, that Mr. Roberts being a Reading man, his claim to a full vote in Woburn will not impress itself as strongly as it ought on the conscience of some Republicans, and in this way his election is liable to be endangered. Again, the names of the Representative candidates being at the tailend of a long list some voters get tired of marking before the last one is reached and fail to give it the same consideration that the head of the ticket receives.

It need not be urged that this is wrong and a palpable failure to discharge an important duty. Republicans should go carefully through the whole list and mark every one of the Republican candidates.

Mr. Roberts's vote in this city ought to be as large as Mr. Wetherell's, and if every Republican does his duty it will be.

SENATOR SANDERSON.

This prominent Lynn gentleman has served one term in the State Senate, or will have when this year closes, and has done the District good service. He received a unanimous nomination for a second term at the Republican Senatorial convention a few weeks ago, and his election will follow next Tuesday as a matter of course.

Senator Sanderson is a sound headed man. He is well stocked with common sense—a rare quality—and has good judgment. He is seldom found on the wrong side of a public question. And besides these qualifications, he is honest.

Senator Sanderson is a dyed in the wool Republican. He believes in the principles of the Republican Party and works for their success. There is not a particle of Mugwump in his composition. We like him; the voters of this District like him; and his Lynn neighbors say he is worthy of public confidence and respect.

Senator Sanderson's majority in this District next Tuesday will be a very large one.

WETHERELL AND ROBERTS.

The success of the Republican candidates for Representatives, Messrs. Wetherell and Roberts, is of as much public importance as that of any names on the ticket, and to the 28th District more so. The vote for Representatives is a truer index of the relative strength of the parties in the District than that for Governor, for reasons which readily suggests themselves to the common mind. The Republicans now have a lead of about 600 which ought to be increased on the 7th of Nov., and certainly will be if every man of the Party does his whole duty.

There is no question as to the election of Wetherell and Roberts, but that should not be enough—their majorities should be larger than Wood's and Grimes's last year, that the question of party supremacy in this District may be permanently settled and forever removed from the sphere of discussion.

GOOD ENDORSEMENT.

There is more than an even chance that Wood and Grimes, who have now represented this district in the Massachusetts House three years running, will be in the Senate together in 1901, the beginning of the 20th century. Straws points that way, so we are told, and here's hoping the straws are making no mistake.—WOBURN JOURNAL.

If you are sure about the Woods end of it, Mr. JOURNAL, we think it safe to predict that Mr. Grimes will participate in the deliberations of the Senate about the time you mention.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Then the matter is as good as settled. Somehow, we always find the *Chronicle* on the right side of the fence.

NO DICKERING.

Rumors are current to the effect that "trading" is going on between some Republicans and a number of Democrats in this city.

That will not do. It is doubtless true that the Democrats are open for a dicker, but we have too high an opinion of Republicans to believe that the rumors concerning them are true.

At anyrate, the Republicans should practice no cheap politics in this campaign. If our candidates can't carry the city fairly and honestly, and without resorting to tricks and trades, let them go under.

VOTE.

To be sure, this is an "off year," but that is no reason why Republicans should neglect their duty next Tuesday. They owe it to themselves, to say nothing of their obligations to the ticket and the National Administration, to go to the polls, every man of them, and cast a ballot on the right side.

Men who shun, or forget to perform, this duty, are false to their party, and are not good citizens.

FOR GOVERNOR.

Hon. W. Murray Crane is a man of few words. When he promised the Republican convention that placed him in nomination, to give his best efforts to the affairs of state, if elected, it meant everything. It meant an absolute surrender of himself to the good of the public, without regard to party, sect, or "ism." And those who know Mr. Crane best, know well that such service will be the best the State could get from any citizen.

☞ It is not likely that Vice-President Hobart will live many days. The latest dispatches from Paterson, N. J., where he has been since returning from his vacation, were to the effect that he was very low and gradually sinking. A short time ago he showed signs of improvement and it was hoped he would be able to resume his official duties on the opening of Congress, but last week the disease took an unfavorable turn and his condition became alarming. The attending doctors give but slight hope of his recovery.

☞ A Mass Meeting, for the purpose of protesting against the admission of the avowed Polygamist, B. H. Roberts, of Utah, as a member of the 56th Congress, will be held in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Thursday evening, November 9, 1899, at 7.45. Doors open at 7. Mr. Eugene Young, of New York, grandson of Brigham Young, and Dr. Josiah Strong, will be the principal speakers. It is hoped that Miss Helen Gould will be present.

☞ The 43d Regiment, now at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont, in which our esteemed townsman, Linwood E. Hanson, is Captain of B Company, has been ordered to New York, from whence it will sail for the Philippines on Nov. 15. The numerous friends of Captain Hanson hope he will find time and opportunity while enroute to N. Y. to drop in on Woburn and stop long enough to say goodbye, if nothing more.

☞ Republicans should be careful to cast their votes for the local nominees of their party in order to keep the legislative majority as large as possible. The party in the State has a responsibility and its support should be hearty and cordial, since it keeps our State in the very front rank of State credit and good government. It makes mistakes of course, but its whole record is one to be proud of and hard to match in any State in the Union.

☞ Why wouldn't it be a wise plan for the Republican Ward and City Committee to appoint a person in each Ward, supply him with materials, and pay him, to take down the names of all well and able-bodied Republicans for whom a hack has to be sent to get them to the polls next Tuesday?

☞ Republicans should come out and vote next Tuesday just as if the result depended wholly on their individual vote. It may in some cases. Make the Republican majority as large as possible.

☞ As Lieutenant Governor, Mr. Crane performed the duties of that office so well that there was only one opinion on the wisdom of making him Governor among his party associates. Make his majority as large as possible.

☞ The sin of omission—failing to vote—is almost as bad as the sin of commission—voting for the wrong man. Vote early and vote for Crane and Bates.

☞ The more votes you get out for the head of the ticket the more delegates you will have to the party conventions. Make your vote for Crane and Bates as large as possible.

☞ It is reported that the Democrats of Reading are not losing any sleep over the prospect of a crushing defeat for the two Woburn Democratic candidates for Representatives.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Reg. of Voters.
J. N. Ames—Dancing.
A. E. Sproul—Reader.
E. F. Johnson—Citation.
J. W. Johnson—Citation.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
Hammond—Lyceum Hall.
Cummings, Chute & Co.—Card.

— Thanksgiving comes four weeks from yesterday.

— Last year our city election was held on Dec. 13.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— The polls will open at 6 a. m. and close at 4 p. m.

— Holdridge is filling his store with fall and winter goods.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— They say the Woman's Club are for Candidate Phinney to a man.

— 50c. neckwear can be bought for 25c. at Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Deacon Whitford has recently suffered another shock and is quite low.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact. Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively. Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Found—a pocket knife. Call at this office for it.

— George E. Tripp, who was dangerously ill last week, is much better.

— Mr. Curtis Greenwood is still extremely ill at his home on Fairmount street.

— Cummings, Chute & Co. will keep their office open every night. See ad.

— It should be made a note of that there are but few business failures in Woburn.

— City Collector Maguire reports a fairly good volume of inflowing money for taxes.

— Afternoon sessions of the city schools now begin at 1.30 instead of 2, as heretofore.

— See our new Men's $15 Overcoats, colors black, blue and brown. Hammond & Son.

— Mr. C. M. Strout has been under the weather for a week, but is again at his post of duty.

— The Alpine Quartet of this city sang at the Y. M. C. A. Reception at Newton last evening.

— Reliable authority places Wetherell and Roberts's majority in the District at 550. That will do.

— The Trustees of the Public Library are preparing for the erection of the Rumford monument.

— The rain Tuesday night and Wednesday was a good one. It was heavy and without letup.

— Wear the celebrated Harvard hat. The latest hat out. Price $2.00. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— At 7.30 a. m. last Wednesday the "No School" signal sounded, which pleased the scholars much.

— The H. & L. truck has taken quarters at Jones's stable while their house is undergoing repairs.

— Mr. A. F. Morrill has placed us under obligations to him for late San Francisco and other papers.

— The South Side Social Club will give an entertainment and cakewalk at the Auditorium this evening.

— Mrs. E. A. Pierce of Bow street will please accept our thanks for a bunch of beautiful calendulas.

— Mrs. S. E. Howe, the well known chiropodist, will be at her rooms in this city, 414 Main street, Nov. 15.

— It is said that the American Hide & Leather Company have bought the currying shop on Munroe street.

— Mr. John R. Carter's new business office is one of the best in the city. Its location can't be surpassed.

— The alarm from box 54 at 11.50 Tuesday night was for a fire in D. M. Bassett's bicycle factory on Main street.

— When Mr. Charles Cummings gets the proposed State road on Cambridge street he will be a very happy man.

— Loyal Woburnites, whether doing business in Boston or not, will buy their postoffice supplies at the home office.

— Last Wednesday the State Park Commissioners listened to Mayor Davis on an application for favors from that Board.

— Have you purchased your fall hat? The Harvard hat is the latest and can be purchased at Richardson's 431 Main street.

— The alarm from box 53 on Fowle street at 11 a. m. Monday, was false; smoke from a tar roofer's kettle being mistaken for a fire.

— It is not without the bounds of probability that Mr. Elwyn G. Preston will be asked to accept the Republican nomination for Mayor.

— Read carefully the notice in this paper of the Board of Registrars of Voters concerning the city election. Everybody should register.

— Maynard Gage Conn, eldest son of Charles K. Conn, died Thursday, Nov. 2, after an illness of nearly six years, aged 29 years, 9 months.

— Mr. John Arnott, watchmaker and jeweler has removed from 426 to 465 Main street, where he will continue to do good work at reasonable prices.

— Clerk Lynch says no complaint has been lodged with the Board of Health against the Skinner tannery, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

— Look in our show window and see our display of the Harvard hat, also a nice line of other styles. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— A fine assortment of men's working shirts can be seen on our counters at prices ranging from 25c. to $2.00. Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— A nice buggy lost its nigh forward wheel by getting in the electric car track on Common street last Tuesday. The wheel was totally wrecked.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— There is a feeling of uncertainty prevailing as to the future of the leather manufacturing business here. Workmen do not feel entirely easy over the matter.

— The JOURNAL is head-over-heels in politics this week and if its readers should discover a dearth of local news in this issue they will know what to lay it to.

— Mr. Frank Skinner, who used to be lamp trimmer for the Electric Company, has returned to this city to live. He was in business down in Connecticut for awhile.

— The safest way is to vote early. When that duty is done there is nothing left to interfere with going after the neglectful neighbor and getting him out to the polls.

— The trees on the public thoroughfares and around the Common are being trimmed this week. There was need enough of it. Some of the trees ought to be cut down.

— Chairman Riley of the Republican Ward and City Committee says nothing will be left undone to get out a full Republican vote next Tuesday. That's the talk!

— Professor Worthley, who closed a successful 3-days visit to this city last evening, will be at his office again, Hanson & Co.'s jewelry store, on Thursday, Dec. 7.

— Mr. N. Z. Tabor is salesman at Loomer's grocery on Main street. He has not been rugged for a year or two, and it must seem like old times to be able to go to work again.

— This is the time of year to have garments re-dyed. Hammond & Son are sending large shipments twice a week to the celebrated Lewando Dye House for whom they are agents.

— It is said that Lawyer Doyle, one of the Democratic candidates for Representative, is putting in some great work for an election. He is a nice young man, but will hardly fetch it this time.

— Richardson's overalls and coats are all warranted and they give general satisfaction to the wearer to be had at Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— If Mrs. Vanie B. Dow consents to accept another nomination for member of the School Board, which is not unlikely, she will be elected hands down. Otherwise, the Board will miss her.

— Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch hope to get into their new store in the Fowle Building some time next week. It will be a fine one, with all modern improvements, and of generous size.

— Mr. P. E. Bancroft was chosen one of the Directors of the Veteran Odd Fellows Association of Massachusetts at their 25th annual meeting last Wednesday evening at Berkeley Hall, Boston.

— Mr. Elmore A. Pierce is raising a second crop of a variety of flowers in his home garden. The first one went to seed and sowed the ground for the second. All of which is due to mild fall weather.

— The old box factory at the corner of High and Prospect streets is to be utilized for manufacturing purposes. Mr. Forest Hooper is interested in the enterprise, and we have heard that Mr. Murdock is also in it.

— The Crombie Rivet Company are crowded with orders. They received one a few days ago for several millions of rivets, but on account of the difficulty of getting material it must be considerably delayed in the execution.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Mrs. Frances E. Hinckley, the widow of E. Russell Hinckley, formerly of Woburn, died of heart disease, Oct. 18, in Centralia, Wash. Mrs. Hinckley leaves a son and daughter whose home is in Centralia. In her childhood, Mrs. Hinckley lived in Stockbridge, Mass.

— Have you bought your winter underwear? We have all the leading brands at the least possible price. Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Mr. John K. Murdock is President of the new manufacturing company that will occupy the old box factory on High and Prospect street, and Mr. F. Hooper treasurer. The business will be the manufacture of steam valves.

— Speaking of shade and ornamental trees, if every other one on Pleasant street was removed it would be better for the street, the houses, and the people. This statement applies equally well to other streets and lawns in town.

— In the voting contest for prizes at the Catholic Parish Fair Margaret Vaughn of Lexington won the business college scholarship; Mary Lyons won in the doll contest; the gold watch was won by Sarah Cox; and the bicycle by Annie Murphy.

— For an example of genuine economy in the conduct of our city affairs read the reports of the Water Department for five or six years past. Compare the expenses of the Department the last two years with years immediately preceeding.

— Benjamin Champney and his daughter, Mrs. Wyer and little one, have returned from their summer home at North Conway, N. H. The venerable artist is in good physical plight and handles the brush as deftly as he did 50 years ago.

— We have been informed, anent a brief item in last week's JOURNAL, that the law would prohibit the building a State Road on Main st. in this city, if one were asked for. The policy of the law is to build such thoroughfares remote from business streets.

— Principal Owen of the High School attended a meeting of the Massachusetts Schoolmasters Club in Boston last Saturday. The dinner was at the Brunswick. Mr. Owen came back home and reported that the reunion was a highly enjoyable one.

— The house of the Hook & Ladder Company on Montvale Avenue is being made a nearly new building of. There was need enough of it. Members of the Board of Health with Clerk Lynch visited it Tuesday with a view of improving its sanitary conditions.

— A heavy rain storm deprived the boys of a great deal of fun on Hallowe'en night. Few, if any, gates were unhinged, clotheslines were generally in tact Wednesday morning, and no unusual noises were heard in the night. It was rough on the boys.

— Vote the whole ticket from top to bottom. Be sure and mark the names of Representatives to the Legislature. Don't flax out when about the middle of the ballot is reached and neglect to mark the Representatives, as too many are in the habit of doing.

— Hon. E. E. Thompson attended the dinner of the Massachusetts Republican Club in Boston last Tuesday evening, and reported a splendid meeting. Governor Roosevelt and Senator Lodge were the Guests of Honor, and delivered immensely able speeches.

— Miss F. Mabelle Ferguson, Secretary, has no hesitation in giving assurance that the "Opening Social" of Friday Night Club this evening will be a fine society affair. She expects to meet a great many people at it. F. N. C. will be heard from many times during the coming season.

— Candidate Phinney has been very busy this week stirring up the voters to a sense of duty. Evidently he does not intend to let his election go by default. That is right. If a man wants a thing he should reach for it. A man who is too modest to reach for it isn't worthy of the place or thing.

— St. Charles C. T. A. Society have elected the following officers: President, Dr. John F. Caulfield; V. P., John E. McColgan; R. S., Dennis Murphy; F. S., T. Collins; T., Wm. Rooney; S. D., Rev. James F. Doherty; Trustees, John Lynch, Edw. Moran, Jr. John F. Caulfield.

— Yesterday was a day to conjure by. The air was freighted with the very wine of life. The rain ceased at 9 o'clock Wednesday evening, the wind shifted smartly into the north, all the water was wrung out of the atmosphere, and Thursday morning was instinct with energy, sweetness, and life.

— What a fine thing it would be for Woburn and Wilmington if the Company could be prevailed on to build the electric link of 3 miles between the two towns. It would be a fine thing for the Company too. Mr. J. N. Ames of Wilmington hopes the link will be a living know-so before many months.

— Attention is directed to the advertisement of Mr. Joseph N. Ames announcing a series of dances to be held at his hall in Wilmington this month. His name is a warranty that everything will be conducted in the best possible manner and that the entertainments will be firstclass. The hall is a nice one and the conduct of the dancing will be A1.

— We are in receipt of No. 1, Vol. 1, of the Melrose *Daily Reporter*, the first number of which was issued on Nov. 1, by Dutton & Patten, publishers for 12 years of the weekly *Reporter* of that town. It is a 24-column folio sheet, handsomely printed, laden with local news, and carrying a good freight of fresh advertising. Success to the enterprise.

— We understand that Miss Chamberlain, who is to supplement "Griselda" with a short comedy at Music Hall on Friday evening, Nov. 10, under the auspices of the Woman's Club, is a smart woman and is sure to give her audience something that will make them laugh very heartily. The price of tickets to the entertainment is extremely low, only 25 cents. It will be worth more than that sum to hear Miss Chamberlain, to say nothing of "Griselda."

The Doctor whom Women Must Consult.

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., discoverer of that greatest cure for women suffering from ill health, female complaints or other diseases, Dr. Greene's Nervura, and who is without doubt the most skilful and successful woman's physician in the world, gives consultation, advice and counsel free of charge, to women who write him about their cases. All communications are confidential, and he will tell you exactly how to cure your case.

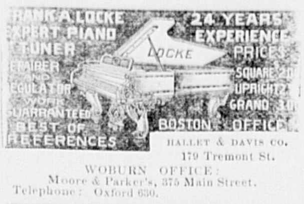
The Coming Man

will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does. In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere. PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

— Mrs. William H. Russell, wife of the Treasurer of the Russell Counter Company of this city, is testing the virtues of Lexington quiet and air for ill health. She finds them beneficial. Her husband, who goes over there nights, thinks Lexington can furnish as much of both commodities, and of as good quality, as any town in the Commonwealth.

— Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of the long established and popular Boston Branch Grocery store, advertise this week "Boston Blend Coffee," which is an article of drink which everyone who uses it approves of. The advertisement, to which we have above referred, makes some disclosures concerning coffee which our readers will do well to make a note of.

— Our readers will no doubt be interested in the announcement that the Massachusetts Horticultural Society are to hold their grand annual exhibition of chrysanthemums at Horticultural Hall, 101 Tremont street, Boston, from 2 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, Nov. 7, to 10 P. M. Friday, Nov. 10. It is calculated that this will be the best chrysanthemum show ever given by the Society.

— "Old People's Day" was properly observed at First church last Sunday. Rev. Dr. March preached an excellent sermon which was supplemented by good music. The evening services were commemorative of "Prison Sunday" which included an appropriate sermon by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Scudder. It contained many facts which the people of this city would do well to seriously consider.

— The recently elected officers of Friday Night Club for 1900 are: President, Percy W. Linscott; V. P's., Mrs. Emma H. Wright, Mrs. H. B. Clewley; Secretary, Miss F. Mabel Ferguson; Assistant Secretary, Miss Florence B. York; Treasurer, G. W. Buchanan; Directors, Mrs. A. A. Dow, Mrs. R. J. W. Phinney, Harry B. Brackett, Charles M. Wright, Miss Alice M. Grammer.

—John W. Johnson, Esq., leaves here next Wednesday for Nebraska on business connected with real estate owned by the late Mr. Robert B. Eaton there. The property is located a considerable distance west of Lincoln, the Capital of the State, which Mr. Johnson will visit. He expects to be gone about a month, which will bring him back home in season to feast on the Thanksgiving turkey and cranberry sauce.

— The great Fair of St. Charles Parish closed on Tuesday evening after a phenomenally successful run of two weeks. The attendance on each evening had been large, and on some occasions immense. On next Monday evening a meeting will be held in St. John's Hall to pass upon the books and distribute the prizes. It is expected that the final settlement will show the receipts to have been very large.

— The old saw factory at East Woburn is to be converted into a brass foundry and manufactory. It has been bargained for by parties who, as soon as the papers are passed, will put it into shape for the new business. If the deal goes through, of which there is no doubt, some 40 men will be employed in the establishment, which will give Ward 5 quite a boom. An increase of manufactories, other than leather, would be a good thing for the city.

— Except in the quality of temperature last Sunday was more like a late November day than the close of October. Sunshine and rain alternated; the wind sighed dolefully through the bare branches of the trees and around the corners of buildings; fallen leaves were blown about and gathered into winrows and little heaps; and, all in all, it was far from being a cheerful day. For some people the temperature, 70 and thereabouts, was its only redeeming feature.

— Societies, clubs and other organizations, intending to give entertainments should be sure to get the new prices for Lyceum Hall. Marked improvements in the dressing, toilet, and check rooms were made a few months ago and with the electric lighting, the perfect birch floor, the fine acoustic properties and the central location, Lyceum Hall cannot fail to be in great demand. The present Board of Directors are John Johnson, President; C. A. Burdett, L. Waldo Thompson, Thomas Moore, and Winthrop Hammond.

— Next Friday evening, Nov. 10, under the general management of the Woburn Woman's Club, the German drama, "Griselda," will be given at Music Hall. Tickets only 25 cents, to be procured of members of the Club. As an afterpiece Miss Grace Chamberlain, a talented lady, will perform a short comedy, as it is termed by their

A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health.
Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.
We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

advertising agent, which, we are assured, will be something extremely nice. The large amount of money hoped to be raised from the entertainment is to be expended in aid of the Scholarship Fund, a most worthy and commendable object, we are also assured. It is the earnest hope of the JOURNAL that "Griselda" and the short comedy will be liberally patronized.

— Mr. Harry A. T. Dow and family have taken up their residence at Somerville. They will board this winter and probably purchase a home there, or in the near vicinity of Boston, in the spring. This means the loss to Woburn of a sterling young man. He is one of the best we have. He deservedly commands the confidence and respect of the best people in this city. He is upright and capable, and it is certain that his removal will be felt. The news of Mr. Dow's change of residence is not agreeable, for there are none too many of his intelligence and integrity here now.

— The schedule for games in the Inter-club League, in which the Towanda Club will figure, is: Nov. 7, Towanda at Central; Nov. 14, Reading at Towanda; Nov. 20, Towanda at Melrose; Nov. 28, Kernwood at Towanda; Dec. 5, Newtowne at Towanda; Dec. 13, Towanda at Glendon; Dec. 19, Central at Towanda; Dec. 26, Towanda at Review; Jan. 4, Towanda at Reading; Jan. 9, Melrose at Towanda; Jan. 18, Towanda at Kernwood; Jan. 25, Towanda at Newtowne; Jan. 30, Glendon at Towanda; Feb. 6, Review at Towanda. The Towandas bowled an exhibition game at Reading last evening.

— All lovers of children and of a real good time are invited to reserve Tuesday, December 12, for an evening of rare enjoyment in the First church. Particulars in our next announcement.

— There will be time enough between the State and city elections for the hottest municipal campaign ever experienced in this town.

— Come and examine our Suffolk Derby a $3 00 hat for $2.50. Richardson's, 431 Main St.

— Mrs. Newhall, Mrs. Balcom, and Miss Mary Louise Newhall, of Boston, visited friends in this city yesterday.

— Woman's Relief Corps 84 will give a dancing party in Post 33, G. A. R. Hall, on Friday evening, Nov. 10.

— Please read Miss Moran's card in this paper.

Col. Roosevelt knows now just how much right our "Anti-Imperialist" handful has to speak for Boston.

The Season is Here

AND

So Are the Goods.

EVERYONE SHOULD SEE OUR FALL LINE OF MEN'S SUITS. RANGING IN PRICE FROM $7 TO $25.

OUR HEAVY WINTER-WEIGHT BLUE SERGE SUIT, the most dressy fabric to be found for men's wear, is a bargain at **$10**

Your Suit will be right in fit, style and price, if you buy it here.

HAMMOND & SON,
Leading Clothiers, Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

Established 18[illegible]

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN,
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Boston Blend Coffee 25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Open Every Night.

We hereby give notice that our coal and grain office will be kept open every secular evening in the week until further notice.

CUMMINGS, CHUTE & Co.
Nov. 2, 1899.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Preaching Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Mortals and Immortals." All are welcome.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Monthly Concert.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Text. Mark 12: 41.44. Subject: "Valuable Gifts in God's Sight." Sunday School at 12 M. At 6 P. M. Young People's Meeting. At 7 P. M. a lecture on "The Heavenly City." Rev. 21: 2. Wednesday evening, Prayer Meeting. Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—23d Sunday after Trinity. Litany and Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Evening Prayer at 7. Service, Friday evening at 7.30. Music by the Vested Choir. Rev. Edward J. Barlingham, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "School and Scholars." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "A Cross Bearer by Compulsion." First in a series under general topic: "Scenes from Calvary." Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Oct. 27, Henry P., son of John and Annie M. Maguire, aged 2 days.

In this city, Nov. 2, Maynard Gage, eldest son of Charles K. Conn, aged 29 years, 9 months.

In Middleboro, Aug. 14, George Warren Roberts, formerly of Woburn, aged 58 years, 2 months, 7 days.

MARK-DOWN

— IN —

CORSETS!

We find that on account of lack of shelf-room we are obliged to close out some lines of corsets. These are good shapes and are worth $1.25 the former price, but we shall offer them

AT 75c. PAIR.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

The Scandinavian Ev. Free Church.

New interest and activity has recently been manifested and several young people have decided to follow Christ. The work of the Lord is moving on slowly but steadily to victory.

A Mission Conference will be held Nov. 30 and Dec. 3. Several ministers from our neighboring churches will be present then. A special free will offering for the benefit of the church will be received at the first meeting Thanksgiving Day at 7.30 p. m. No subscription lists or contribution books are in circulation for this occassion.

The pastor, Rev. L. Akeson, attended a mission conference at Waltham last Sunday and will go to a similar meeting at Manchester, N. H., Sunday, the 12th inst.

Rev. Ergstrom of Specer Brook, Minn., preached a very inspiring sermon last Wednesday evening to an appreciative audience.

Walnut Hill.

Sixteen years ago an association of the ladies residing in the Walnut Hill district was formed for the purpose of instruction, entertainment and sociability, and it has been kept up without interruption ever since. It is called the Walnut Hill Reading Circle, and once a month a meeting is held at the home of one of the members.

Last Friday was the sixteenth anniversary, and the circle was entertained at the home of Mrs. Charles Williams, 191 Salem street, by Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Henry S. Converse.

The full membership of the Circle is now 22, and of this number 17 were present at the anniversary meeting and a very enjoyable afternoon was passed.

The first meeting, 16 years ago, was held at the home of Mrs. Sherman Converse, 181 Salem street. Mrs. George H. Newhall was elected as the first President and Mrs. Archibald M. Brown is President at the present time. —H.

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philidelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they have saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c. guaranteed, at Parker's Drug Store.

General Lee and His Fruitful Hen.

It was General Lee's custom to leave his tent door open in the morning for a sprightly hen that had gone into the egg business promptly and thus had saved her head. When she stepped in, General Lee would put aside his work and walk past deferentially upon the outside until her cackle announced the mysteries of egg-laying at an end. She roosted and rode in his wagon, was an eye-witness of the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and was finally sacrificed upon the altar of hospitality at Orange Court-House, in 1864.—*November Ladies' Home Journal.*

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—ADOLPH L. MILLETT, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

A Matter of Interest.

Accident insurance has always been a necessity but in these times the universal use of the bicycle, the trolly car, and the automibile, have rendered it doubly so. Hence the soliciting of this business has in late years become one of the most remunerative occupations.

The old and popular Massachusetts Mutual Accident Association of 131 Devonshire street, Boston, desires good agents. Its "Model Policy" is unrivalled, the rates are low, the commissions are liberal. Address with references the Association as above.

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Thanksgiving Wonder Ball.

A Thanksgiving wonder ball is wound of yellow wool to simulate a pumpkin. Trifling gifts, as tiny dolls, little whistles, lace pins, etc., are wound in it. As it is unwound the gifts fall out. The wool should be rolled up again as it is pulled off.—*November Ladies' Home Journal.*

By this time, it is safe to say, Ladysmith is a familiar name to the reading public of the whole world.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

Andrew Mack, the most popular of singing comedians, and a remarkably strong Boston favorite, comes to the Boston Museum next Monday, Nov. 6, to begin a two weeks engagement in "The Last of the Rohans," his new Irish comedy drama, which was written specially for him by Ramsay Morris, and which had four brilliantly successful trial performances at the Hollis Street Theatre last spring. Mr. Mack comes to Boston almost direct from a six weeks' engagement at the Academy of Music, New York, where he played to the largest receipts know at that house since the original "Old Homestead" production, and where "The Last of the Rohans" was universally commended as the most entertaining play which the comedian has yet offered the public. It affords him the best part he has ever had, and he plays it in a way to make his old admirers more loyal, and to win him hosts of new ones. He has four fine songs: "Pat and His Pipes," "Grandmother's Songs," "The Story of the Rose," and "The Jack o' Lantern." Messrs. Rich & Harris have given "The Last of the Rohans" a superb scenic production, and they have surrounded their star with a first-class supporting company. Mr. Mack will play the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and docters could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praise throughout the Universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed,

The Speakership.

The Lower Branch of the next Massachusetts Legislature will be Republican by an overwhelming majority and the Speaker will be of that political faith. There are several candidates for the office, and each claims to be well grounded in Republican principles, and to possess just the qualifications for a successful presiding officer. We have carefully examined the records of all the aspirants as to their capabilities for the Speakership and it is our opinion, keeping in mind the good points of each, that Charles R. Saunders of Boston stands out as the best possible choice of the caucus. His Republicanism is sound. He is courageous. He is an excellent parlimentarian. He is straightforward in all his dealings. He is devoted to the public interest.—*Springfield (Mass.) Union.*

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Levi Wade.

Mr. Levi Wade, one of the oldest and wealthiest citizens of Pittsburg, Pa., died of general debility last Thursday night, Oct. 26, 1899, at his residence in Allegheny, in his eighty-ninth year. Mr. Wade was born in Woburn, Mass., and was the father of the late Levi C. Wade of Boston, many years speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. In 1839 Levi Wade married Abigail A. Rogers, direct descendant of the famous English martyr, John Rogers. He was a pioneer shoe and oil man.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Frightful Blunder

Will often causing a horrible Burn, Scald Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25c. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist..

WINCHESTER.

Mystic Valley Parkway to the Fells was opened last week.

Begg & Cobb are largely increasing the capacity of their tannery.

The cost to the town for widening Washington st. was $10,829.84.

The Y. M. C. A. will give a social and supper on Saturday evening, Nov. 11.

The B. Y. P. U. will hold an anniversary rally at the Baptist church on Nov. 23.

Herbert S. Underwood, Editor of the Boston *Record*, has gone to Europe to meet and marry Miss Ann Dustin Bradbury.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand good medicine. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Gen. Lawton keeps up his old habits. The Indians, it will be remembered, named him the Man-Who-Gets-Up-In-The-Middle-Of-The-Night-To-Fight. Now it is said that Aguinaldo calls him "the night General," because he has so often disconcerted him by night attacks.

Most Successful Physician in the World.

There are few, if any, physicians in the world who have had the vast experience and wonderful success in performing cures that Dr. Greene, of Nervura fame, the famous specialist in diseases of women, has had, and the fact that he gives his valuable advice and counsel absolutely free should cause every weak, sick, ailing and discouraged woman to immediately consult or write to Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., about her case.

JAPOL TABLETS

are a marvelous remedy for the QUICK CURE of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness,

Sore Throat

and "That tickling in the Throat."

10 & 25c. packages.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

Literary Notices.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for November contains The Great Boston Fire of 1872, written by Mr. Robert G. Fitch of the Boston *Transcript*. It is one of unique value, illustrated with excellent reproductions from photographs made in many cases during the progress of the conflagration, and containing interesting reminiscences of many who then witnessed the destruction of so large a portion of Boston's business district. The series of articles on New England cities and towns is continued with a history of Franklin and Wrentham. The author, Dr. J. C. Gallison, has imparted life and color to his narrative. The illustrations include views in both towns. The paper on American Economists of To-day attests the value of our schools of economic and political science, paying tribute to those who have done notable work in these fields during the last decade. Portraits of General Francis A. Walker, Henry C. Carey, Henry George, David A. Wells and other leading economists appear. The life work of Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy receives sympathetic treatment by Mrs. Henrietta H. Williams in a chapter entitled The Founder of Christian Science. The article is illustrated with views of places associated with Mrs. Eddy's name, with portraits and with cuts of some of the most important Christian Science churches. The Romance of Pioneering is an admirable portrayal of the New Englander in his westward march a century ago, when his self-reliance and fortitude found zest and enjoyment in a life of hardship. Mr. W. Henry Winslow's chapter on John Ruskin is a careful and critical estimate of Ruskin, especially on the side of his art interests. Too illogical and impulsive for the ordinary functions of an art critic, he should rather be regarded, says Mr. Winslow, as the poet of beauty and the inspired preacher of art. The fiction in this number is of unusual excellence, including a story by Anna Garlin Spencer entitled Jane Simmons, Trustee, and Ada Elizabeth Herrick's How Betty Spoke the Governor; and there are also many good poems. The Editor's Table takes up the subject of the true teaching of patriotism and good citizenship in the schools, with some severe reflections upon false and mischievous patriotism.

For variety of reading the November number of SELF CULTURE MAGAZINE is remarkable. The student of current events will welcome the paper entitled The Transvaal—Boer *versus* Briton, and its accompanying map. The university man and the educator will take a lively interest in Yale University, with its superb illustrations, while those with a bent for biography and literary papers will enjoy sketches of Frederick Tennyson and Angelica Kauffmann, and the papers on Walt Whitman's Work and The Goethe Celebration in Frankfort—the latter with a fine full-page engraving of the festival at Goethe's monument. An Architect's Plaint may set some to wondering why the names of the designers of our finest buildings are almost unknown to those who daily view their magnificent productions. A charming paper is entitled Greenwich, I's Kings, Queens, and Heroes, and interesting articles on American history are found in Civilizing Indians, and Chickamauga and Chattanooga. A moonlight view of The Tidal Bore of the Petitcodiac River and A Trip to the Klondike represent the geographical features of this encyclopaedic magazine, and lovers of folklore will find amusement in the legends of The Great Thunder-bird Mystery. The Editorial pages cover some of the leading topics of the current history of the world, and the Department entitled Woman and the Home sharply arraigns American women for neglect of their home duties. The engravings, some thirty-five in number, maintain the extraordinary perfection to which the SELF CULTURE MAGAZINE has attained in the art of illustration, a perfection which stands out the clearer when contrasted with the crude unfinished products of even the higher-priced magazines.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* remarks that the real imperialists are the inti-imperialists who insist that President McKinley ought to promise to Philipinos independence, inasmuch as the making of any such promise would be a usurpation of the province of Congress, and therefore essentially imperialistic.

Dr. Jameson is now at Ladysmith, and if the Boers become aware of this it will lend as keen a zest to their efforts to take the place as the presence of Cecil Rhodes at Kimberley does to the seige of that town.

England has good reason to suspect that the Boers are receiving the benefit of expert military advice.

ANCIENT INVENTIONS.

THEY GO TO PROVE THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

With All Our Modern Progress We Have Not Been Able to Improve on Euclid or to Devise a More Scientific Game Than Chess.

Something very similar to the telephone was used in China 1,000 years ago. Natural gas conveyed in bamboo tubes was utilized in China ages ago, and one of their writers mentions boxes which repeated the sounds of people's voices that were dead a machine similar to Edison's phonograph.

Ancient Egypt boasted "a nickel in the slot" machine, while Layard found in ruins of Nineveh what Sir David Brewster pronounced to be "a magnifying glass," and nearly 4,000 years ago the Egyptians and Assyrians observed the stars through a sort of primitive telescope.

Thimbles have been found in prehistoric mounds with every evidence of having been made by machinery similar to our own. Hatpins with glass heads and safety pins with a little coiled spring at one end and a catch at the other were in use in Pompeii 2,000 years ago. Combs and hairpins have been in existence for 20 centuries, and housewives 5,000 years ago patched their husband's garments with needles and thread.

Very fine razors are made at the present day, but are of no finer steel than that contained in the Damascus swords and knives which the ancients used several thousand years ago.

The people of Tyre were such experts in dyeing that Tyrian purple remains unexcelled to this day. The Egyptians were also wonderful dyers and could produce colors so durable that they may be called imperishable. They were also wonderful glass workers and could make glass malleable in a way which is unknown to us. They could make glass garments dyed in every shade of color and etched with rare skill.

Electricity derives its name from the Greek word for amber, electron, because Thales, about 600 B. C., discovered that amber, when rubbed, attracts light and dry bodies, and in the twelfth century the scientific priests of Etruna drew lightning from the clouds with iron rods. All mechanical powers, the screw, lever, pulley, inclined plane, wedge, wheel and axle were known to the ancients and used in everyday life. They were expert builders.

Twenty centuries before the birth of Watt Nero of Alexandria described machines whose motive power was steam. He also invented a double force pump, used as a fire engine, and anticipated the modern turbine wheel by a machine he called "neolpile."

While the learned of Europe were forbidding, as a heresy, the doctrine of the globular figure of the earth, the caliph Al Maimon was measuring the length of a degree along the shores of the Red sea. He and his successors repeatedly determined the obliquity of the eliptic. A Saracen constructed the first table of sines, another explained the nature of twilight and showed the importance of allowing for atmospheric refraction in astronomical observations.

In the schools of the present day Euclid's elements of geometry, written over 2,000 years ago, is used as a text book. Euclid also wrote on music and optics antedating much we think we have discovered. Both algebra and chemistry were invented and brought into Europe by the Mohammedans, and chemistry and algebra are Arabic words.

Locks like those in use today, which could only be opened by the knowledge of a certain combination of numbers, were known to the Chinese centuries ago, while Hobbs gave his name to a lock found in an Egyptian tomb.

Our clocks and sun dials were invented in the orient. The finest linen in the world has come out of East Indian looms. The coffee we so much desire for breakfast was first grown by the Arabians, and the natives of upper India prepared the sugar with which to sweeten it, while every schoolboy in the land can tell the meaning of the Sanskrit words "saechara canda."

The virtues of tea were first pointed out by the industrious Chinese, who also showed us how to make the cup and saucer in which to serve it. Breakfast trays were first lacquered in Japan. Leavened bread was first made of the waters of the Ganges river. Eggs as an article of diet were first used by the Malaccans, and when we speak of Shanghai chickens we but mention an Asiatic name. Persia first grew the cherry, the peach and the plum. Alcohol was first distilled by the Arabians, and when we talk about coffee and alcohol we are using Arabic words.

We gratify our taste in the way of personal adornment in the way taught us by orientals—viz, with pearls, rubies, sapphires, diamonds. The most magnificent fireworks are still to be seen in India and China, and Europe has invented nothing which can rival the game of chess. We have no hydraulic constructions as great as the Chinese canal, no fortifications as extensive as the Chinese wall; we have no artesian wells that can approach in depth some of theirs, nor have we ever tried to obtain coal gas from the interior of the earth, while they have borings for that purpose more than 3,000 feet deep.

Oriental physicians practiced vaccination over 1,000 years ago. Anaesthetics were known in the days of Homer, and the Chinese 2,000 years ago had a preparation of hemp known as "una yo" to deaden pain, something similar to our modern cocaine.—Los Angeles Times.

The Bees Took Back Their Own.

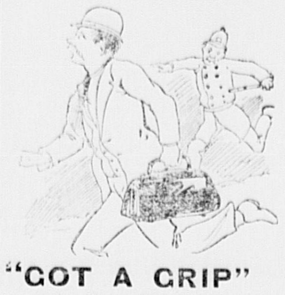
A correspondent writes from Hampshire to relate a curious incident in the bee world. A cottager took two large bars of honey and a square section from one of his hives. This honey he put into a large pan and covered it with a cloth, placing it in an up stairs room of his cottage. During the day the bees got scent of the honey through the open window, and the whole hive entered the room, crept under the cloth cover and took away all the honey in an incredibly short time and stored it in their hive again. The quantity was about ten pounds in weight.—London Telegraph.

The Parsee Edison.

Dinshar Pestonjee Ghadially, known in India as the Parsee Edison, late electrician to his highness Maharajah Rana Sahib of Dholpur, central India, and also late telephone superintendent of Dolphur state, is now in this country, on his way around the world. He is a theosophist, and asserts that the X rays were long known to his cult, representing the psychic forces at work in the universe.

Napoleon's Way With Bribe Takers.

Napoleon was furious at times with the venality of his associates. Talleyrand once admitted that he had taken 60,000,000 francs from various German princes. Massena, Augereau, Brune and Junot were not so colossal in their greed, but they were equally ill disposed, and very successful in lining their coffers. With Talleyrand Napoleon never joked, but when he wished to give the others warning he drew a bill for some enormous sum on one or other of them and deposited it with a banker. There is no evidence that such a draft was ever dishonored. On one occasion Massena disgorged 2,000,000 francs in this way.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.



"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

CITY OF WOBURN

- - THE - -

Registrars of Voters

will in accordance with the provisions of Chap. 548, Acts of 1898, will be in session at their office in

MUNICIPAL BUILDING, COMMON ST.,

to receive applications for registration for the City Election, on the

Afternoon of November 18 from 2 to 5.

Evenings of November 17, 18, 20 and 21, at 7 o'clock, and from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on November 22.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 22.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sec. 47: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the Collector of Taxes, or a certificate from the Assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

WOMEN DESIRING TO REGISTER for the City Election are requested to attend the AFTERNOON SESSIONS, but may register at any session of the Board.

Male applicants, who became residents of Woburn between May 1 and June 12 of the current year, must produce tax bill or certificate of assessment (for this year) from the place of their former residence, or their application will not be entertained.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Nov. 3, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Thomas Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Hiram Whitford, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the twenty-first day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

FRIDAY NIGHT CLUB.

Opening Social,

MUSIC HALL,

Friday Evening, Nov. 3, 1899

Vocal, Instrumental Music and Dancing.

Admission 25 Cents.

Ames Hall
Wilmington, Mass.

DANCING

Saturday Evening, Nov. 4, 1899.

7.45 TO 11.45

Gent's Ticket, 50 Cts
Ladies' Ticket, 15 Cts.

Under management of Joseph N. Ames.

LADIES'

TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS.

Party, Ball, Street, and Evening Costumes Artistically Designed.

Miss M. E. MORAN,

26 Franklin Street, WOBURN

WANTED!

A competent Protestant Girl to serve as cook.

Apply at Prospect St., Winchester.

Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Martha Wallace to the Stoneham Five Cents Savings Bank, dated June 15, 1893, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Libro 2201, Folio 277, will be sold at public auction, for breach of the conditions of said mortgage, on the premises hereinafter described, on

Monday, the 13th day of November, 1899,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, and therein described substantially as follows:—A certain tract or parcel of land situated in the towns of Stoneham, Winchester, and Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, containing about three acres, more or less, and bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at the most easterly part thereof at the junction of Marble and Hill streets; thence the line runs westerly by said Hill street to land of M. McNulty (formerly of Wm. Weston); thence southerly by said McNulty's land to Forrest street; thence northeasterly by said Forrest and Marble streets to the point of beginning.

Also, a certain tract or parcel of land, with the buildings thereon standing, containing about seven acres, more or less, situated in said towns of Stoneham and Winchester, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at the northeasterly corner thereof at said Marble street and by land of Lyman Dike; thence the line runs southerly and westerly by said Dike's land to the division line between the said towns of Stoneham and Winchester; thence southerly on said line to land now or late of the heirs of Calvin Richardson, deceased; thence westerly by said heirs' land to land of Elvira L. Warren; thence northerly by said Warren's land to said Forrest street; thence easterly by said Forrest and Marble streets to the point of beginning, or however either of said parcels may be butted or bounded.

Said premises are sold subject to a previous mortgage to the said Savings Bank for one thousand dollars and accrued interest, and also subject to any and all unpaid taxes and assessments.

For further particulars inquire at the Savings Bank.

Terms at time of sale.

THE STONEHAM FIVE CENTS SAVINGS BANK,
By Onslow Gilmore, its Treasurer.

Stoneham, Oct. 16, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage given by John R. O'Connell to Agnes C. Monk, dated January 7th, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2627, Page 550, and thereafter duly assigned to Frank M. Frost and Albert G. Frost, for breach of condition of said mortgage, will be sold by public auction on the premises therein and hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 20th, 1899,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situate in Woburn in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded:—Beginning on the easterly side of Vernon street at a point distant five hundred fifty feet southerly from land now, or late, of Frank Hammond; thence running easterly at right angles with said street one hundred ten feet to land now, or late, of Foster; thence southerly on said Foster land fifty feet; thence westerly on a line at right angles to Vernon street one hundred ten feet to said street; thence northerly on said street fifty feet to the point of beginning; containing 5,500 square feet.

One hundred dollars must be paid at the time and place of sale, and other terms of sale will be stated then.

FRANK M. FROST,
ALBERT G. FROST,
Assignees of said mortgage.

October 27, 1899.

Abstract of petition presented to the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex by James E. Kelley, William E. Gowing and Charles J. Sargent, Selectmen of Wilmington, in said County:

The said petition shows that the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation constructed its railroad across a pre-existing highway now called Burlington Avenue in said town, carrying said highway over said railroad by means of a bridge; that the crossing was reasonably safe and convenient for public travel until about the year 1887, when said bridge was raised by the Boston and Maine Railroad, the lessee now operating said railroad, which claimed to raise said bridge under a decree of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, passed in 1887, since which time the said crossing and the approaches thereto, have become very difficult and dangerous to public travel; that the petitioners are of the opinion that it is now necessary for the security or convenience of the public, that an alteration should be made in said crossing, the approaches thereto, and the said bridge, by widening and changing the grade of the approaches, rendering the ascent thereto more gradual and by widening the bridge or constructing at one side thereof a passageway for travellers on foot.

Said petitioners pray that said County Commissioners may give notice, hear the parties interested, determine the case, prescribe the manner and limits within which the alterations shall be made, and do all other things comformably to the Statutes applicable to the case.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899:

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and Corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Commissioners' Room in the Court House in Cambridge aforesaid on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of November next, at 9.30 of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Boston & Maine Railroad and the Clerk of the town of Wilmington each with an abstract of said petition and copy of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners, at the time and placed fixed for said view and hearing.

WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,
WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy.
Attest,
SAMUEL W. TUCKER, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.

Every Evening. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

5TH AVE. THEATRE MUSICAL CO.

In Magnificent Professional Production of the

Boston Cadets' Latest Success,

Barnet's Musical Comedy,

3 LITTLE LAMBS:

Woburn Woman's Club.

The German Drama

"Griselda"

And a short comedy by

Miss Grace Chamberlain,

In aid of the Scholarship Fund,

Friday Ev'ng, Nov. 10, 1899,

At 7.45 o'clock,

Music Hall, Woburn.

Tickets 25 Cents.

Tickets for sale by Club members and at the door.

THOUSANDS of people use Bay Rum, Shampoo Mixture, Tooth Powder, and Cologne, but not one in a thousand know how to make them. Full instructions how to make the best, sent you on receipt of TEN CENTS. Address, C. B. LEATHE, Box 513, Norwood, Mass.

A Broken Ring.

Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1899.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday, Dec. 7, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, October 20, 1899.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899.

in the following places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two,—Armory, Montvale Ave.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls will be Open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Councilor, Senator, Two Representatives in the General Court, County Commissioner, Sheriff, for remainder of term of three years.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Sophia C. Thomson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, intestate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration on the estate of said deceased to Thomas R. Corbett of Woburn, in said County, or some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this tenth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Edward W. Kenney, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by William C. Kenney, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the seventh day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of October in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS

Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction

ADDRESS:

87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

— AT —

Linnell's Market

Quality Comes First,
Then Price Follows.
We act on this thought.
We aim to carry only first-class goods.

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,

Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,

357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

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Watchmaker and Jeweler

465 Main St., Woburn.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

TELEPHONE 6-3,

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,

241 Main St., Woburn

DAVID R. PERRY,

Practical Plumber.

Estimates given on all work.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

Hopeless and Helpless.

The consequences of a diseased condition of the stomach and digestive and nutritive system are most disastrous to the whole body. One by one every organ may become involved. The misery is maddening. The most extreme cases of "stomach trouble" and the evils resulting from it have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood and builds up the body with sound healthy flesh.

"I was taken with severe headache," writes Thomas A. Swarts, Box 103, Sub-Station C, Columbus, Ohio, then cramps in the stomach, and my food would not digest, then kidney and liver trouble, and my back got weak so I could scarcely get around. I just gave money to the doctors whenever I thought they would do me any good, but the more I doctored the worse I got until six years passed. I had become so poorly I could only walk in the house by the aid of chair, and I got so thin I had *given up to die*, thinking that I could not be cured. Then I saw one of my neighbor boys and he said, "Take my advice and take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and make a new man out of yourself." The first bottle helped me so I thought I would get another, and after I had taken eight bottles in about six weeks I was weighed and found I had gained twenty-seven (27) pounds. I have done more hard work in the past eleven months than I did in two years before, and I am as stout and healthy to-day, I think, as I ever was."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure biliousness.

LITTLE KISSES.

Little Kisses at the gate
Meets me in the twilight late;
Where the rarest roses be
Waits she with a kiss for me.
Round my neck her ringlets fall.
She's the sweetest rose of all.

"How much do you love me, Kisses—
Little Kisses, crowned and curled?"
Then with arms worldwide she answers,
"Love you—love you—all the world."

Little Kisses at the gate
Whispers to the white rose, "Wait."
To the restless red rose she
Whispers, "Keep me company."
And the red rose petals fall
On the sweetest rose of all.

"How much do you love me, Kisses—
Little Kisses, crowned and curled?"
And the roses hear her answer,
"Love you—love you—all the world."

Little Kisses, at the gate
Linger not too late, too late,
Lest some lonely angel far
Wandering from a loveless star
Where the earthly angels be
Steal your face away from me!

"How much do you love me, Kisses—
Little Kisses, crowned and curled?"
Shall I ever miss the answer,
"Love you—love you—all the world."

—Frank Stanton in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE SUN SAPPHIRE.

Some years ago I had charge of a large hard wood lumber business on the west coast of Mexico. Toward the evening of a busy day, during which we had been loading one of our large lumber schooners with the aromatic Spanish cedar logs, two men rode up to my jacal, or temporary house of cane and palm leaves, on the beach where I held my office as superintendent. They had come down from the village of La Chola, where we kept our permanent office, upon my invitation to see us load the lumber vessel.

One was an Englishman, a mining engineer, by the name of Pickwick, who had charge of some gold mines not far from La Chola; the other, a Dr. Moses, who, as his name implies, was a Jew. He was a man of the world, accustomed to danger, lithe, quick eyed and quick witted, a fatalist, an expert in games of love and chance, generous and friendly, his morality not of the highest order. He was a good shot, a good liar, a good drinker and a good fellow.

I was glad enough to see them, for a white face is eagerly welcomed in that country of brown ones, and after I had shown them the manner of loading the logs on the schooner, and we had watched the big logs battle with the breakers as they were slowly but surely yanked out on the endless line, we repaired to the jacal for our supper.

During the meal the doctor entertained us by recounting his adventures and showed us this ring which I now wear.

"Look closely," said he, "and you will see gleaming far down in the liquid blue depths of this bisected ovoid stone a brilliant golden sun, with its sparkling corona darting out until its rays are quenched in a sea of sapphire blue."

We examined it and greatly admired its beauty. Its central sun shone clearly and steadily.

"The Peruvians," continued the doctor, "prized these stones very highly. They held them sacred and called them opu and have a very pretty tradition in regard to them: Whenever an inca ruler was born the sun, who, according to their belief, was his father and whom the Peruvians worshiped as the giver of all things, dissipated a world—a sort of pyrotechnic display in honor of the happy event. All that was pure and good in that world was concentrated into this one liquid lump and deposited somewhere to be discovered by some lucky person in the empire. When the inca ascended the throne, this lucky person came forward, presented the sapphire and received from him some high sinecure.

"The inca carefully guarded the stone and usually had it set in a resplendent sunburst of pure gold. This he wore on his breast as insignia of his office. Thenceforth it was his lucky stone, his guiding star, his life. As long as its central sun remained bright, so long did that ruler prosper, but when the central sun commenced to pale he knew some danger was coming, and when it went out entirely his death accompanied its extinguishment.

"With stately pomp they interred the inca and placed all his jewels with him in mute testimony of his earthly wealth. Of the 18 rulers of the Huacan dynasty there still remain 5 tombs undiscovered, and if either of you gentlemen feels desirous of possessing one of these stones you can take a pick and shovel and go to Peru and prospect. Another curious thing is that no one has ever found one of these stones in the rough, and no one in modern times has been able, as some folks have thought could be done, to cut a piece of corundum, the material composing sapphires, in such a manner as to concentrate the rays of light in one spot as this does, and thus produce a sun.

"Now," continued the doctor, "suppose we turn our attention from the dry subject of jewelry and indulge as the French say, 'in ze American game of pokaire.' Are you all agreeable?"

Bidding Dona Maria, the cook, remove the remains of the supper, and calling for a fourth hand Theodoro, our Mexican foreman, a protege of mine, who, among other accomplishments, could have instructed Hoyle in card playing, we sat down to play.

Playing the game of poker to me is not very enjoyable, owing, no doubt, to the fact that I invariably lose. It has, however, always been my pleasure to hear and tell poker stories, all of course absolutely true, but never in the course of my observation or hearing, nor in the wildest flights of my imagination, have I known of such luck as that Jew possessed. The way he held cards that took in our shekels was awful, atrocious, blood curdling. If I had pairs, he had better ones; if I had threes, he had a full house; if I had a full house, he had fours or a straight flush. This continued until I was thoroughly disgusted. Even Theodoro lost.

Presently the doctor, who during the last few moments had grown quite pale, much to my surprise said: "Had we not better quit? It is not very valorous in me, who have been winning, to suggest it, but I feel sleepy and you have a hard day before you tomorrow, if you wish to finish loading the schooner. You may have your revenge on me at a later date." And, notwithstanding our losses, we were very glad to stop.

In the early mananita, long before the sun had risen and while the thin veil of mist hung low in the massive forest, making it cool and pleasant to travel, I bade the doctor and Pickwick adieu, but before they left I intrusted Pickwick with $2,000 in bills to take to La Chola and exchange for silver to send me by messenger. The raya, or pay roll, of the men fell due next day, and bills were entirely beyond the comprehensio or use of a people to whom a dollar was a small sized fortune.

The doctor looked very glum and uneasy, and it seemed to me that he was watching something about his hand. Was it possible that he believed in that old Peruvian superstition and that the signs were inauspicious? As I bade them goodby his face brightened, and he said in as cheery a voice as he could command, "Well, old man, goodby, and I hope your revenge will not be put off too long." Then, waving a graceful adios, the two rode away.

That evening Pickwick's messenger arrived in camp, but instead of the money he was to bring, he brought only $1,000 and the following note:

DEAR HERBERT—I have been able to exchange no more than one-half the amount of your bills and now a messenger comes from the mines asking me to start for them immediately. The large Cornish pump is broken. The lower level is flooded, and I must go immediately to see if I cannot remedy matters. I send you what money I could get. I cleaned out the town of ready cash and have intrusted the balance of the bills to Moses, who will go over to Anaya's ranch this evening [Anaya was something of a banker], exchange the money and send it to you by noon tomorrow. In haste, PICKWICK.

The turn affairs had taken did not please me. I was not willing to trust the doctor, but there was no alternative.

The morning dawned and the sun reached the zenith, but the messenger with the money did not arrive. The day ran on; noon passed. The sun shone in the surfmen's eyes as they worked in the frothing breakers, but the froth of the breakers did not portend money, as does the froth on a cup of tea, for none came.

As I sat at the table we had used the night before, making up the log list from the measurers' tags, my hand happened to stray underneath, and I felt something smooth. Investigation proved it to be cards—three kings and an ace, held there by a little watch spring arrangement screwed to the soft redwood. They were underneath that part of the table occupied the night before by the doctor.

I was dazed. So this was the reason he won, and I had been fool enough to believe that he played a "straight" game. Calling Theodoro I showed him the "hold out." He was greatly surprised and very angry, and suggested that we pursue the doctor and recover our money. This I decided to do, and telling the men that pay day would be put off until Monday, Theodoro and I set off in a hurry for La Chola.

We arrived in that pretentious village about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately repaired to the Meson de Guadalupe, the only hostelry in the place, to leave our horses. Hardly had we passed through the grand portal of the meson when Dona Carolina Mendoza, the proprietress, came toward me with such a troubled look that I asked her in alarm what ailed her.

"Ah, valgame Dios! Why did I trust him, the sinverguenza," she wailed.

"What is the matter, Dona Carolina?" I again asked.

"Oh, senor, that picaro Jew has gone away with all his rent and board bill unpaid—more than $24—and that is not all—he took my mare, the best horse in the whole distrito." With this, the poor woman broke down completely.

This was interesting, but not surprising news to me, and I eagerly asked her when he had gone.

"I don't know the hour," she sobbed. "I learned that he had gone only a half hour ago, when I went to put some clean clothes in his room."

Thereupon I hastened to the office of the jefe politico, a police officer with combined state and municipal functions.

I found him idly swinging in a hammock. On my approach he got up and grasped me warmly by the hand and offered me a chair. Disregarding the custom of the country of going around Robin Hood's barn before telling a thing, I immediately proceeded to business, told him all that I have told you and asked him what course had better be pursued.

"It is as I expected," he replied. "Read this." He handed me an official looking document, which proved to be an official letter from the governor of Vera Cruz in regard to a certain Max Bergstein, who was wanted for two crimes—the abduction of a girl and embezzlement. The description fitted Moses exactly. It was he, without a doubt.

"Why did you not arrest him at once? This description is perfect," I asked.

With a shrug of his shoulders he said: "Well, I thought manana would do as well as today, and I still think so. He is gone now and off my hands. Que le vaya bien!"

"But are you not going to try and catch him?" I asked in astonishment.

"Senor Herbert," he answered, with a languid smile, "you are not acquainted with the customs of this country. We Mexicans never fly in the face of Providence as you Americans do. When fortune so favors us as to kill for us a great quantity of trouble, we never try to resuscitate that trouble. Besides in this case it would be foolish to exert ourselves. Moses has, as you say, Dona Carolina's mare, the fastest horse in the district. He probably started this morning, and, if so, is already far down the Maneadero, perhaps at Panuco by this time. You know there are no telegraphs in this state, so, amigo, I am sorry, but you had better bid your thousand dollars adios, and be thankful they were not more. However, if you wish to cool your indignation by chasing Dr. Moses, take as many of my soldiers as you wish. Regard my feelings, though, and if you catch him, don't bring him back here. Put him to some good use, such as fertilizing the orchids, for instance. You know the orchids—they grow high up in the tree." And he smiled significantly.

Thanking him for the offer, I went off to talk the matter over with Theodoro, who had learned that Moses took a servant and a pack animal. He learned further that some washerwomen had seen Moses pass at 3 p. m. This news encouraged me, and I asked Theodoro if he thought we could overtake the doctor.

He studied awhile. "Yes," he replied, "but in only one way. If we can borrow Don Vicente's horse for you to ride and I get a little mule of mine from over the hill in the milpa, I think we can catch him by morning. He cannot travel very swiftly with his mozo and pack animal. Besides he will go by the coast, which makes a long curve to the west. We will follow a wood trail that I know and save an hour's time between here and Panuco."

"Can we handle him, or shall I borrow some soldiers of the jefe, Theodoro?"

"Senor," he answered, "do you remember the night you saved my life from the woodchoppers? How we fought back to back and whipped those nine macheteros. And then you ask me if we can whip one man. I will go alone and bring him back."

"No, Theo," I replied, "we will go together. Let us eat. Then you can get your little mule and I will ask Don Vicente for his horse."

Supper over, we soon procured our horses, and with many blessings and good wishes from Dona Carolina, we started out.

Our way led along the main road, or camino real, until we reached Tzatlan, a small village, where we struck the wood trail. There we learned that about 4 p. m. Moses and his servant had passed. Theodoro had carefully studied the ground from La Chola to Tzatlan, and though the light was now failing rapidly we had no difficulty in recognizing the track of Dona Carolina's mare.

We rode hard. At times the way was bad, and we had to slacken our pace. Occasionally we were forced to duck our heads to preserve our eyes from some thorny bush, and once we rode for two miles through a swampy country where the gigantic trees, arching overhead, completely shut out all light. Once, when riding over a bushy mesa, my horse stopped and snorted, and there, ahead in the moonlight on the trail, stood a large jaguar, but only for an instant; then he turned and crashed through the bushes.

At midnight we stopped beside a small creek and watered the horses and stretched our legs. Oh, how sore I was! I had never ridden so hard before. How I wished for a telegraph line, and I wondered if Herodias suffered as much when she chased her wandering Jew.

About 5 o'clock in the morning Theodoro, who was ahead, stopped, and I rode up to him. "What is it?" I asked.

"We are now," answered Theo, "about half a mile from Panuco. I think we had better try and stop them here. We have traveled fast, and I don't believe they have passed this point."

I agreeing, we turned down an arroyo and reached the camino real. Here Theodoro made a close scrutiny of the ground by the aid of a couple of lighted matches and assured me that Moses had not yet passed.

We tied our horses a few yards back in the wood, and selecting a large clump of mesquite to hide behind waited with anxious hearts the coming of the Jew.

It seemed that we had waited an age, and I was beginning to despair. The day commenced to dawn and the moon to pale, when we heard a rattle of hoofs and stones, and Theodoro said to me, "Here he comes; he is about 300 yards away." I hastily looked at the cartridges and cocked the shotgun that I had brought along in preference to a revolver. It was loaded heavily in each barrel with buckshot.

Nearer and nearer came the sounds, and looking through the foliage I could see in the dim light Moses and his servant. They were asleep. The mare, tired from her all night trip, was walking slowly.

I stepped out from behind the bush. The mare gave a snort and stopped. The mozo awoke him with a jerk, and seeing two men with guns leveled on his master valorously turned tail and went clattering down the road, leaving the pack mule and Moses to our tender mercies.

"Get off your horse, doctor," I cried.

He made an involuntary move toward his revolver, then looked down the barrels of our guns and concluded that it was best to do as I wished.

"That's right," I said. "Now throw up your hands. I don't wish to detain you unnecessarily, doctor, but I would like the money you so kindly changed for me."

Theodoro now stepped up, and while I covered Moses he disarmed him and went through his pockets, grip, blankets and saddlebags, but all he could find in money was $246.

"Where is the rest of my money, doctor?" I asked.

"I lost it cock fighting at Don Ignacio's," he replied.

"All right, then. Your jewelry will be good for $200, and when you get settled in some other country I shall draw on you at sight for the balance."

How his black eyes gleamed with anger at me! Theodoro relieved him of his watch and attempted to take the ring from his hand, but as he did so Moses jerked his hand away and started to run.

"Stop," I cried, "or I'll shoot! Deliver that ring or I'll blow your head off."

He stopped, and with a voice full of sorrow said: "It's no use. I knew it would come to this. Fool that I was to believe that I could in some manner circumvent the predictions of this ring! There, take it." And with a gesture full of bitterness he hurled it at my feet. "May it trouble you as it has me. It has five times unerringly predicted disaster to me, and do my best I cannot escape. Yet I could not bear to part with this stone. It possessed a horrible hold on me. I could not live without knowing the future. Now I am glad it is gone."

"Never mind about me," I replied, "I'll take the chances of the bad luck to come. I ought now to take you back to the jefe, and let him ship you over to Vera Cruz to answer for your crimes there"—he winced at this—"but I shall be more merciful. I know that a Mexican prison is as much to be dreaded as hades, so here is your empty revolver and $5 in silver. My revenge has come quickly, according to your wish, doctor. Now go and let your presence be scarce hereafter in La Chola. You may take the mule."

He climbed on the pack saddle, spurred up the mule and quickly vanished down the road.

Theodoro and I returned to La Chola at our leisure. I gave the watch to him, settled the doctor's board bill, returned the mare, and kept the balance of the money and the ring myself.

So far I have been fortunate. You see [illegible] central sun shines brilliantly.—Ross [illegible] Howard in San Francisco Argonaut.

Belgium.

Belgium is the most confused little nationality on earth. In the great cities the population is made up of inextricable mixtures of Flemish races and the Walloons, pure French and Germans. Add to this broad splashes of the Spanish blood that came in with the princes of the last century and you have a curious conglomerate man—the brave little Belgian.

WOMEN do suffer!
Even so-called healthy women suffer!
But they are not healthy!

MUST WOMEN SUFFER?

The marks left by pain are on the young faces of many of our daughters. Pain that leaves its mark comes from a curable cause. If that cause is not removed its influence reaches out and overshadows a whole life. The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been so uniformly successful for over a quarter of a century in overcoming the suffering of women, is that it is thorough and goes directly to the cause. It is a woman's remedy for woman's ills.

MISS EMILY F. HAAS, of 148 Freeman St., Greenpoint, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I wish to state that I used your Vegetable Compound with the greatest success. I was very sick for nearly a year with hysteria, was down-hearted and nervous; also suffered with painful menstruation and pain in back and limbs. I often wished for death, thinking nothing would cure me. I had doctors, but their medicines did me no good. At last, by the advice of a friend, I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am happy to say it has entirely cured me.

JENNIE SHERMAN, of Fremont, Mich., Box 748, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel that I must write you and tell you what your medicine has done for me. I had neuralgia of the stomach for two years, so bad that I could not do any work. I had two or three doctors, but did not seem to get any better. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and improved from the first, had better appetite, and after taking three bottles of Compound and one box of Liver Pills, can say that I am cured. Your Vegetable Compound is a wonderful medicine."

Two Giant Cherry Trees.

On the Skokomish Indian reservation, in this state, is a cherry tree whose trunk about three feet from the ground is 9 feet 4 inches in circumference, and four feet from the ground, where the limbs begin to spread, it is 10 feet 4 inches around.

This tree was set out about 1865 by J. T. Knox, then sub-Indian agent, and has never failed bearing a bountiful supply of cherries, at least during the past 25 years. It is about 20 feet from the Skokomish river, from which it always can get all the water it needs.

On Thomas Webb's farm in the Skokomish bottom is another cherry tree whose trunk is 10 feet 8 inches in circumference 1½ feet from the ground, from which place it grows larger, as the limbs begin there to branch out, and 2½ feet from the ground the trunk is 11 feet 8 inches in circumference. It is 66 feet across the branches and was set out in 1865 or 1866 by Mr. Webb.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Peacock Superstitions.

According to Mohammedan tradition the peacock opened the wicket of paradise to admit the prince of darkness and received a share of his punishment. The feathers, gorgeous in their hellish dye, reflect the glamour of the evil eye.

Hence the origin of the superstition that peacocks' feathers are unlucky, though the superstition is sometimes said to have its origin in the fable of Argus, whom Juno set to watch Io, one of her husband's mistresses. Argus was beguiled by Mercury and lulled to sleep by his playing, thus allowing Io to escape. Juno, to punish Argus, placed his many eyes in the tail of her peacock, who thenceforward proudly displayed them. Thus a peacock's feathers became the symbol of watchful and vindictive jealousy. There was an old superstition that peacocks ruffled their feathers at the sight of poison.

Burglary With Sponge and Water.

When a burglar wants to break into a Peruvian house, he takes a sponge and a bucket of water and moistens the walls, which are covered with only a thin coating of mud and easily dissolve upon the application of moisture. Then when the mud is removed he takes a sharp knife and cuts the strips of split bamboo, which serve as a substitute for laths. That easy little operation produces a hole in the wall large enough for a man to crawl through and can be performed so silently that people sleeping in the house will not be awakened. Not long ago the residence of the cable manager at Barranca was entered in this way. The thieves frightened the family, but were discovered before they had seized much booty.—Chicago Record.

Got What He Wanted.

"Good morning, uncle. How are you today?"

"Ah, nephew, I am well. How are you?"

"First rate. Guess what brought me here?"

"Oh, the old story, I suppose!"

"I'll bet you 5 shillings you can't guess."

"I'll take it! You came here to borrow some money."

"You've lost! Pay me the 5 shillings! I only wanted to inquire how aunt is today!"—London Telegraph.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

DON'TS FOR DEBUTANTES.

Rules For Those Who Are About to Enter or Have Just Entered Society.

It is a good thing to have some rules with which to work out life's problems, and here are some that have been picked up and tested by a contributor to the Washington Star and found to be good:

Always take it for granted that every one means well by you unless you have proof to the contrary. The average person in society has a good natured, or at least a cynical, sort of tolerance and liking for you. Very few actually hate you or want to spite you. When you find out that there is some one who does, don't discuss it or quarrel about it if it can be avoided. Just drop the person from your life as completely as possible, and, above all, never descend to abuse him or her. It will hurt you worse than it will your enemy. Never treasure up a grievance; it will grow out of all proportion with nursing.

Don't snub other women and girls just because there is a man around. This is the most flagrant fault of a girl who has not learned relative values. The man will not like you any better for ignoring a girl friend and earnestly devoting yourself to him. A great many debutantes think their success depends upon the men. It is a sad mistake. It is the married women and your girl comrades who can give you a good time, or not, in the end. Very few women dislike you because of your successes. It is because of your flaunting them.

Never ignore older and married men. They will not forgive it, and they wield a mighty power.

Don't wonder what construction will be put on everything you say, the way you hold your head and the way you laugh.

Don't wonder what people are thinking of your pose, and your gown, and your hands, and the position of your feet. Ten to one they don't even see you, and if they do they are not bothering their heads about you. This is not kind, but it is eminently true. A very young girl's worst fault is her self consciousness. It may be the consciousness of her shortcomings, but that is even more vexing than an appreciation of her virtues.

Don't be wondering what you will say next. A pause is nothing deadly, if you do not make it so. Probably by the time you have finished saying what you have in mind a new topic will be suggested. Trying to say something—anything—to fill in a hiatus is the most potent cause of that mistake commonly known as putting your foot in it.

Don't frequent tete-a-tete corners. Only experienced and much older girls can do that with impunity.

Don't giggle, but, on the other hand, don't look as if you were at a wedding or a funeral.

Use your eyes to say what it doesn't happen to be practical to say with your tongue.

If you happen to be left stranded for one dance, never sit all alone on one side of the wall to be pitied. Get up and go over to some group of matrons, and don't fancy that the whole room is watching your transit. It is much too busy talking and dancing. Here, again, don't think of yourself. There is nothing so wretched as a would be indifferent wallflower. She can't possibly look as though she liked it, and there is not the least use in trying to smile it off.

Above all things, never discuss an affair where you were a failure. Never admit that you were a failure. Keep quiet about it if you can't enthuse. It doesn't do to explain the causes.

Source of the Emperor's Jokes.

The German emperor has a trick of annexing good things that may be said in his presence and using them afterward without inverted commas, says the St. Louis Post Dispatch. In this way a certain German officer acquired the name of "purveyor of jokes to his majesty." The title is said to have reached the imperial ears, and William II snubbed his jester back to obscurity—a thing which Punchinello never forgave. The emperor and the officer meeting about a year afterward, the emperor said with much affability, "Well, K——, I'm ready to swallow more of your good things." "Your majesty is to be congratulated upon your digestion," said the ironical K——, "since you never bring any of them up again." K—— is now on furlough.

Color Photography.

Professor John Joly of Trinity college, Dublin, the discoverer of the Joly method of photographing in colors directly from nature, is paying a brief visit to this country. His method consists simply in the use while taking the picture of a screen ruled minutely in the three primary colors, and in the use of a similarly ruled screen of slightly different shades in printing. So far the method has been used only in transparencies.

Dentists in Vienna are forming a society which has for its object a course of mutual instruction in light anecdotes and pleasing conversation for professional hours.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 5.

Text of the Lesson, Neh. i, 1-11—Memory Verses, 8-10—Golden Text, Neh. i, 11—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1899, by D. M. Stearns.]

1. The twentieth year refers to the reign of Artaxerxes (chapter ii, 1), and Young in his concordance thinks that Ezra and Nehemiah speak of three different rulers bearing this name, this one being the Longimanus of profane history, contemporary with Herodotus and Thucydides, great historians, both of whom mention him. Ezra and his company went up from Babylon in the seventh year of Artaxerxes' reign (Ez. vii, 6, 7), 13 years before the time of our lesson. Nehemiah signifies "comfort of Jehovah" and brings before us the Father of Mercies and God of all comfort, who loves to comfort His people (II Cor. i, 3; Isa. xl, 1). Hachaliah signifies "hidden of Jehovah" and makes us think of all who, like Nehemiah, are safely hidden in His hand (Isa. xlix, 2).

2, 3. When certain brethren came from Jerusalem to Babylon, Nehemiah inquired as to the condition of affairs there and learned that the wall and its gates were broken down and the people in great affliction. Even after the wall was finished and they had kept the feast of tabernacles with great gladness, they were compelled to testify that they were only servants in the land and that it yielded much increase to them who had dominion over them and that they were in great distress (Neh. ix, 37, 38). They were honest enough to confess that they deserved it all because of their sins.

4. "And it came to pass, when I heard these words, that I sat down and wept, and mourned certain days and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven." This is the conduct of one who has a matter very much at heart, and the matter in this case was the condition of affairs at Jerusalem. But Judah and Jerusalem were hundreds of miles distant from Babylon, and Nehemiah had a position of some honor and was well cared for. Why should he care much how matters were going at Jerusalem? The same might be asked of Daniel (Dan. ix, 3; x, 2, 3) or of Moses (Heb. xi, 26).

5. "I beseech Thee, O Lord God of Heaven." With reverence and yet with confidence he looks up to God in heaven. To Him only will he look (verse 4 and chapter ii, 4, 20) and on Him alone rely. Like Jeremiah in chapter xxxii, 17 and the apostles in Acts iv, 24, he looks to God as the creator of heaven and earth, the faithful covenant keeping God, full of mercy for all who truly look to Him (II Chron. xvi, 9). There is nothing we need so much while here on earth for God as to wait only upon Him (Ps. lxii, 5).

6. When we come to God, we can come only as sinners, pleading our guilt and our need and His mercy in Christ. It is good pleading to pray as Jeremiah did: "O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake. We acknowledge, O Lord, our wickedness. Do not abhor us, for Thy name's sake. Do not disgrace the throne of Thy glory. Remember, break not Thy covenant with us." (Jer. xiv, 7, 21.) God's covenant faithfulness is always a sure resting place. David found it so (II Sam. xxiii, 5). In all our Christian life it is helpful to remember, "Faithful is He that calleth you, who also will do it," and "It is God who worketh" (I Thess. v, 24; Phil. ii, 13).

7. "We have dealt very corruptly against thee." When we see our sinfulness and are willing to acknowledge it, we are on the road to blessing, for "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but who so confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy" (Prov. xxviii, 13). In pleading with Israel through Jeremiah the Lord said: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou hast transgressed against the Lord thy God. Turn, O backsliding children, for I am married unto you." Also through Hosea He said that if they would turn to Him He would heal their backsliding and love them freely (Jer. iii, 13, 14; Hos. xiv, 2, 4). Nehemiah was doubtless familiar with these words and was acting upon them.

8, 9. "Remember, I beseech thee, the word that thou commandest thy servant Moses." In Isa. lxii, 6, margin, the Lord's people are called His remembrancers and are urged to give Him no rest until He does what He promises to do. In Isa. xliii, 26, He says, "Put me in remembrance, let us plead together." That which God says He will do is as good as done, for "the words of God shall be fulfilled." (Rev. xvii, 17.) There are those today who say that they yield to no one in reverence for the Bible, and at the same time they say that the great body of the Messianic predictions has not only never been fulfilled, but cannot now be fulfilled and that some doctrinal statements of Scripture are not authoritative and some of its revelations are not credible. Such teachers would have given Nehemiah no comfort. He believed, with Jeremiah, that there was nothing too hard or wonderful for the Lord, who made the heaven and the earth (Jer. xxxii, 17).

10. "Now, these are Thy servants, and Thy people, whom Thou hast redeemed by Thy great power, and by Thy strong hand." Thus pleaded Moses, the great intercessor of Israel. "O Lord God, destroy not Thy people and Thine inheritance, which Thou hast redeemed through Thy greatness," and confessing their stubbornness, and wickedness, and sin, he says, "Yet they are Thy people and Thine inheritance." (Deut. ix, 26-29.) Daniel also, while confessing the sins of his people, pleads with God that they are His people whom He has brought out of Egypt (Dan. ix, 15, 16). Our Lord Jesus prayed, "Keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me" (John xvii, 11).

11. Having laid the case honestly and fully before God, he now asks for special favor in the sight of the king, whose cupbearer he was and from whom he was now about to ask permission to assist his people. "Prosper, I pray Thee, Thy servant this day, and grant him mercy in the sight of this man." Such was his concise and definite request from God, and when he appeared before the king and made known his request to him, the record is, "And the king granted me according to the good hand of my God upon me" (chapter ii, 8). While he had to make request of the king for leave of absence, it was to God that he looked to control the king. In all his service we shall see that his mind was staged upon God, and he looked to God alone (Ps. lxii, 5; Isa. xxvi, 3).

UPHOLSTERING!

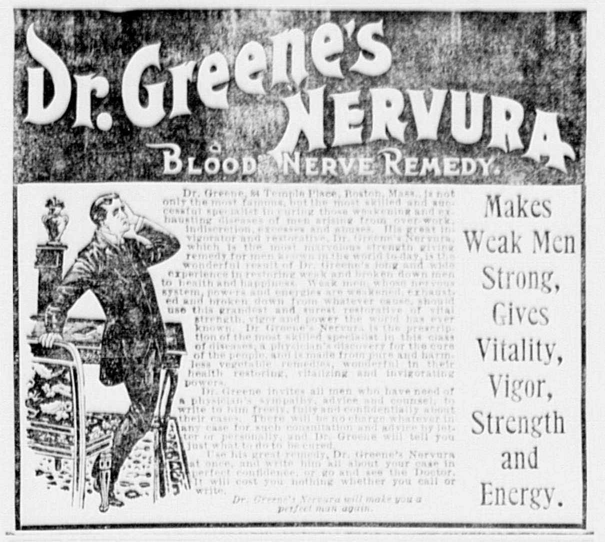
C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Prices



A NERVE TRYING JOB.

THE MANY WOES THAT HAUNT THE STREET CAR CONDUCTOR.

One of the Fraternity, While Enjoying an Unwelcome Lay Off, Frees His Mind About the Cranks and the Crankiness He Encounters.

"Oh, yes, I've got time to talk with you—lots of time," replied the street car conductor, with a nod and a smile. "I've just got a lay off for three days, and I'm not pressed for time. Told a lady to 'step lively,' and she got me this lay off to pay for it."

"Now, see here," continued the man, "the public sees only one side of this question. I see complaints in the papers every day about conductors, and while some of them may be justified, it's a one sided affair. You can't name a public position which tries a man like running a car. The public doesn't seem to know that he is bound to observe and obey certain rules and regulations or off goes his head. He has got to make time with his car or he will confuse the whole system. He has got to keep track of his register or be reported by a spotter. He is responsible for his motorman, he is constantly making change, and he must be ready at certain points with his transfer tickets. It's a physical and mental strain with no let up, and it's a blessed relief when his car makes its last trip.

"Just you watch out a bit as to passengers. Nobody is in a hurry. An elevated train will take on 30 people to a car while we are taking on five. The fat and the lame and the blind travel by surface cars. Nine women out of ten will look the whole length of a car before stepping up. The mother with three or four children is sure to turn up at every fifth corner. Men and women on crutches use the car hourly. You find yourself getting behind time and call out, 'Step lively, please!' to some man or woman who seems purposely slow, and the next thing you know you are reported for 'impudence.'

"A woman gets on and asks me to 'please stop' at a street 30 blocks away. I try to remember it, but if I fail there is a row. A woman rides three blocks and finds she has taken the wrong car, and you can bet your life she puts all the blame on me. A half drunken man falls as he gets off, and half the passengers are ready to declare it is my fault. There are men and women who will seek to beat a conductor out of the fare, and there are men and women who will force him to change a bill when they have plenty of silver. On my soul, I do believe that nine-tenths of the street car patrons are always ready for a row with the conductor.

"The other day I kept tab on the number of questions asked me on my various trips. These were outside questions and asked by strangers to the city, and the number was 107. Every conductor must be a sort of city guide, you know, and you will find most of them well posted and willing to impart all information. A favorite expression of those who complain of us is that we are expected to watch out for our passengers. That is true. It is also true that three out of five passengers appear helpless and to need looking after. I'd be glad to help women and children and the lame and halt and aged on and off, but I happen to have a few other things to see to. The motorman is at the brake, but I'm running the car. If he's not on time, I get the blame. If he has an accident, I'm hauled up with him.

"Just take your station on the rear platform of a car and start out. You must have transfer tickets and change. Your register must be set. If your motorman is in bad temper, so much the worse. He'll stop short or stop long or not at all, and the first thing you know half a dozen passengers are blessing your eyes. Six or seven people may get on at once, but if you miss a fair there'll be a spotter to report you.

"You must be looking out for those who want to get off. On almost every trip you'll have a passenger with an old transfer ticket, a Canadian dime or a counterfeit nickel. If not, then it will be some half drunken fellow who is aching for a row. You may have your pocket picked or your watch taken. If the car bumps into a truck, the motorman folds his arms and takes it easy, but you must get names and all that and write out a report. If you pass a woman wanting a car, she'll report you. If you take her up and she has to stand up, she'll blame you.

"Do the best you can, and let luck be with you ever so slick and you'll have a day of it to tire you out mentally and physically. You'll get into the barn on your last trip feeling mad and bunged up, but glad it's over with, and you'll be mighty lucky to get off with that. Some one has lost money on your car, or some one has complained that you were uncivil, or you are a nickel behind the register, and you get a wigging to help along the nightmare which comes as you finally tumble into bed.

"Yes, the public have rights," sighed the conductor as he finished and rose to go, "and I'm agreed with the people who write to the papers, no matter what their complaint, but if you happen to know of any job in a sawmill please put me on, and I'll take it kindly of you. I shan't be particular about the wages. What I'm looking for is an easy posish."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

An Unfailing Soporific.

Husband (to his wife, who is going off on a journey)—And then, Emily, be so good as to send me a curtain lecture from time to time. I shall hardly manage to get to sleep without, you know.—Humoristiche Blatter.

BATTLE OF BIG HOLE.

REMINISCENCES OF A MAN WHO WAS IN THE FIGHT.

Warm In His Praises of the Courage and Goodness of General Gibbon—Chief Joseph Was a Fighter Who Tested the Qualities of His Opponents.

William Woodcock was with the late General Gibbon, the famous Indian fighter, for more than five years while he was the commander of the department of the Dakotas. He was a civilian in the service and was made a confidant of the general and the other officers in some of the councils to which only the favored few were admitted. Such a council was the one held the evening before the battle of the Big Hole, when the command of General Gibbon engaged three times the number of warriors under command of Chief Joseph, the most crafty fighter who ever crossed the path of Uncle Sam. The battle was a victory for the whites.

"If anybody tells you that General Gibbon wasn't a fighter, just tell him he lies and charge it to me," said William yesterday. "General Gibbon was all right. I remember the evening he called the officers together and advised with them about the battle of the next day. He had sent out scouts, and they had come back and said there were 'heap Indians' ahead. They hadn't found as many tepees as usual, but they had learned somehow that there were as many as 16 men to the tepee, and they estimated the Indians as several hundred. I don't remember just how many. General Howard was expected in a short time, and General Gibbon called the officers together and said to them:

"'Boys, the Indians are out there ahead of us and the question is whether we will go after them or not. You know, if we wait for General Howard we may never have a chance.'

"There wasn't a man in the crowd who didn't hold up his hand to show that he was in favor of a fight. That was the kind of a man Gibbon was, and that was the kind of men he had with him. There were 26 or 27 citizens who lived down in that country who were following the command and camping just a short distance from us. General Gibbon called them in and asked them what they wanted to do. He told them that if they were going to go into the fight there would be an understanding that they would be under his command. Out of the whole of them there were about a dozen who didn't turn back at that, and it is a remarkable fact that those who staid were nearly all killed. There were ten dead civilians the next day, and their leader was shot through the hips, and never did recover entirely from the wound. It was a real battle, and we lost 85 killed and wounded, out of a part of five companies of the Seventh regiment. There were 200 or 250 soldiers in the engagement.

"General Gibbon was wounded through the thigh that day, and was taken to his tent, where I helped to take care of him. The battlefield was a couple of miles from the camp of the evening before. At the time I was with a party that had just lost a mountain howitzer to the Indians, but we never got it back, though we tried hard enough. The Indians had sense enough to destroy it, and a lot of ammunition besides. Some things happened that day that I wouldn't believe if I hadn't seen them. We were out on a skirmish line when just in front of me I saw an Indian girl with her hand over her eyes, just like she had been looking out to see who was coming.

"I called out to the officer near me that there was a little girl in front. 'All right, don't hurt her,' says he. And when we went up nearer we found that she was dead. She had been shot through and had died so suddenly that she hadn't moved a muscle. She looked for all the world as if she were alive. And there was an officer shot so that the bullet went into his skin near one of the soft ribs and came out in exactly the same place it went in, after going around his body and keeping under the skin all the way. The doctors ran a cord through it, and they used to pull it back and forth every day to keep it from healing too fast. He got well, and there was a black ring around him the rest of his life, one of the prettiest things you ever saw.

"We couldn't find any dead Indians to speak of after the fight, and we wondered what we had done. One of the scouts went out and came back and said, 'Heap Injun dead.' We didn't find any marks of it, but he showed us where there were bodies cached by the hundreds. You know an Indian will bury his dead if he has to take all kinds of chances to do it. There were over 100 bodies in one hole we found on the side of the bank of the river.

"Old Chief Joseph was a man to remember. There was never a general who was more brave than he was. He was a match for some of the best of them. When he was at the head, there was no such thing as one soldier being good for eight or ten Indians, as you hear people say.

"General Gibbon was a mighty fine man. I don't expect to meet a better one. He was as brave as they make them, and he was always as good to his men as a father would have been. There will be many a man who still lives in this country who will be sorry that Gibbon is dead."—Helena Independent.

Gender Epicene.

Nurse (to young husband)—A beautiful ten pound baby, sir!

Young Husband (getting things mixed in his excitement)—Glorious! Am I a father or a mother?—Charlottestown (P. E. I.) Patriot.

The man who does the least work is the one who does the most talking about having his salary raised.—Philadelphia Times.

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VOL. XLIX. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1899. Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter. NO. 49.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 2, 1899.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.58 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford. Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem. Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.50, 7.10, 7.55, 2.25, 8.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 7.35, 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Supt.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52.3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED

FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
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Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
AND CONTRACTOR.
Pipe fitting of all kinds.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
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Flour, Corn, Meal, Oats, Hay, Straw, Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
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B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
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Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on **Mrs. M. JENNINGS** 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

IT IS TIME
To commence to take some kind of Spring Medicine to brace up after the cold and sickness of Winter, and prepare for the languor and weakness of early Spring. Try
Nervo-Celery Compound.
We make it. It has proved a success. **It costs 50 cents.**
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State.
Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

TO A BIRTHDAY.

What boots it if our natal day
Has not forever come to stay,
But year by year slips one away?

What odds if here and there appears
A strand of silver from the years
And little creases where the tears

Have flowed in bitterness? Although
Tears are not always, since we know
That smiles to little wrinkles grow.

What difference if the years go by
As white clouds in a windy sky
If those we love are ever nigh?

The years are very kind. They pass
With equal speed for lad and lass,
From christ'ning song to requiem mass,

And, though they bring us age, forsooth,
It must be happy as our youth
If we may know in living truth

That, hand in hand, in smiles or tears,
With those we love we meet the years
And always hear the voice that cheers

And always look into the eyes
That see for us the bluest skies,
That find for us the dearest prize.

What boots it if our natal day
Has not forever come to stay,
Since, passing with it till time ends,
Are all the birthdays of our friends?

—Criterion.

WAS IT... AN EXCHANGE OF SOULS?

A Story Which May Account For Many Strange Things We See In This World.

BY CHARLES A. HARTLEY.

It was the night before that memorable charge up San Juan hill. Private Carter was a fragment of that long, thin blue line in support of the rough riders. He was a volunteer and had never experienced the baptism of fire. He was afraid of the morrow. His heart almost shriveled up in his broad chest at the thought of what he might expect to face, and then in turn it expanded to almost suffocation. He was afraid of himself. Would he walk up bravely to whatever fate was in store for him, or would he shrink and quail before the foe? were questions that he asked himself as he looked up at the twinkling southern stars. By right of his physique his place was at the head of the first four of his company. At the preparatory camps he had learned the foot maneuvers and manual of arms with an aptness that placed him in line for promotion to that of a noncommissioned officer if nothing better. He was the right pivot for his four. Would the conduct of any of the other men turn on his actions in the action of the morrow? Would he come out a corpse, a craven coward or a man worthy of promotion?

His thoughts flew away, skipping over the waters with the swiftness of a bird. Nothing impeded their progress as they went back over the track of the vessel that had brought him to this unfamiliar southern clime. His body lay back in a drowsy state, and soon he slept soundly, but his mind, his soul, was somewhere else. It touched lightly at New York city and went on out into the rural districts with a bound. He saw his comfortable home. At that very moment his aged father was reading from a daily paper to his anxious mother while she sat with clasped hands on the opposite side of the lighted lamp. He could see that they were deeply interested in the story of the impending battle at the great southern gate to Cuba. The very dread on his mother's face almost made him sorry that he had enlisted against her wishes. But something seemed to pull him on from that beloved spot. There was the old family dog curled up in his kennel. He saw him as plainly as day as he passed out the back way. He felt like stooping down and patting the old fellow on the head as he passed. Strange to him, the dog did not even look up. Always before the dog had been ready to bounce to his feet at the approach of his young master in anticipation of a caress. Notwithstanding fond recollections of the dear old home caused him to linger, Private Carter could not stay. Some unexplainable power drew him onward. He was off on the wings of thought again. A touch here and a touch there brought him back to Camp Alger. The great Washington monument flashed on his vision as he passed, the same as it was the day the cars bore his regiment to the seaboard for embarkation for the front. There was neither pause nor delay until he walked into ward 8 at the corps hospital. He passed down the narrow aisle between the cots. He brushed against the Red Cross nurses as they went to and fro ministering to the dying, but they paid no attention to him. They did not seem to see him. At last he stood before No. 21. The card on the curtain gave the record of the fever patient for the day. To one not familiar with it it looked like a plain card with lines drawn across it at right angles to each other and a heavy, wavy line running from left to right and as crooked as the average river line on a map, the variance being several degrees in crossing half the card.

Private Carter had been there before and knew exactly what that card meant. He looked closely and saw that in the previous hour the wavy chart line had taken a decidedly upward tendency, indicating that the fever was high. The patient was talking in a rambling sort of way, and the nurse was trying to soothe him, but he did not appear to recognize her or what she was doing for him. He did not seem to know that there were 500 other poor fellows languishing on all sides of him in that great tented hospital. Private Carter stooped to hear what his comrade was saying. He and John Spear had been boys together. They left home the same day to enlist. Their names went down on the muster cards one after the other. They had bunked together, were "rookies" in the same four, had been next to each other in the long, hot days of extended order drill, so generally practiced in modern infantry warfare. Spear was stricken by that much dreaded disease, typhoid fever, a few days before the regiment was ordered to the front, and the next man in height fell into his place and closed up the gap in the front rank. The morning Spear bundled up his blanket and few belongings and was taken from his quarters by the ambulance he told Carter that he felt that his days of drilling were over. As the ambulance rumbled down the company street he held up his throbbing head and took a farewell look at his comrades, who were drawn up in line for morning drill, and wondered whether or not he would ever see them again. The white tents danced before his eyes like fleecy clouds. Now as Carter stooped over his fevered comrade he could hear him murmuring in his delirium: "Oh, if I only could have gone with the boys! I know I could have gone up with them to the very mouth of the Spanish guns. Now, there's Carter. Won't he be brave and come back a hero? What cruel fate keeps me here in this accursed place?"

The sultry July night wore on. All was quiet, except the sentries calling the hours. Carter listened to the heavy voiced sentry sending the word, "Eleven o'clock, and all is well!" to his piping voiced comrade on the next beat and marked the contrast. But he hovered about the cot of his dying comrade. Even the rattle of the sword of the passing officer of the day did not detract his attention from the pinched face of Spear. Once he flung a thin, almost transparent hand over the edge of the cot, and Carter attempted to take it between his hands and cool it, but somehow it seemed something intangible, and he could not grasp it.

The surgeon came along and, pulling the curtain aside, glanced in. The nurse was moistening the lips of the dying soldier and smoothing back the hair from the pale forehead. "At the turn of night his troubles will be over," the surgeon said, dropping the curtain of thin mosquito bar and passing out.

"Why could I not have died on the field of battle?" murmured the passing defender of his country's flag. "Why must I be stricken down by a camp disease and die without the honor of having fired a gun at the enemy?"

Like the first cock crow at the dawn of day, a lusty sentry at the guardhouse of a distant regiment took up the call, "Twelve o'clock," and before it had reached the starting point and he had added the words "and all is well!" the same cry was going around all the other regiments in that great camp of preparation.

But Private John Spear in the great long hospital tent did not hear or heed the call. His eyelids fell, his hands lost their tension, and he remained strangely quiet. The nurse softly tucked a sheet about his form and pulled a latticed screen on each side of the cot, so that those adjoining might not know what had happened, and softly retired. Private Carter still stood and gazed on the form of his inanimate companion from boyhood. He did not seem to know what had happened. He had never heard of thought transference, the sending of the soul out on missions, or any other of the modern theories on this and kindred subjects. He thought he was there. Who can say he was not? His body was lying on Cuban soil in a state of relationship next akin to death. His body was there. But who knows where his soul was? And who knows what mysterious things the attachment of these two friends may have brought about?

The body of Private Spear lay in the hospital cot, but Private Carter hovered over it. Somehow he could not leave. He wanted to remain beside his friend.

That night and the next day passed, and the remains of the dead soldier did not show all the symptoms of death. There seemed to be a lingering spark somewhere about him. His parents had been advised by telegraph of what had apparently happened and asked whether the remains should be shipped home or buried in beautiful Arlington.

The shrill bugle brought the body of Private Carter to his feet with a bound at the foot of San Juan hill on that fateful morning. He did not feel just like himself. At first he did not seem to know just where he was. The surroundings looked strange. Looking down the line, he saw his comrades struggling to their feet to get into position for roll call. When the name of Private Carter was called, he did not answer, but glanced to the right as if expecting to see some one not within his line of vision. He was at the head of the company and intuitively side stepped to the left to make room for the man on the pivot. The first sergeant looked up from his book, saw Private Carter in his place and checked him as present.

After the company was dismissed for whatever breakfast could be procured Private Carter astonished his comrades by asking strange questions. He wanted to know, among other things, how they had got there and why it was they were out without tents and camp equipage and what was going on.

"You'll find out soon enough what's going on," volunteered one of the boys who belonged farther down the line. "Look out there at the Spanish sentries. They'll give you a taste of their Mausers before the day is over."

It was not long until the rough riders went up that famous hill with the rush of a prairie fire. The volunteer line as support advanced wavered and seemed uncertain in its movements. The Buffalo soldiers in the rear came on with a yell and seemed about to trample down in their rush to the front any one in the way.

At the bugle call to the charge Private Carter seemed to awaken from a dream. He threw up his head, and his eyes glistened. His body came into a soldiery position as if by magic. Already the spiteful Spanish bullets were finding their marks. The sharpshooters were seeking those wearing the stripes of officers and "noncoms." The corporal at the left of Carter went down after a stumble in the long grass. A private in the same four dropped his Springfield and clutched a wounded arm. Private Carter paid no attention to what was going on around him. From the time the order to fire at will had been given he advanced without flinching, firing as he went. Much of the time he was in advance of the firing line and, contrary to the usual conduct of a private, was exhorting his companions to greater speed. He was among the first to push into the Spanish works and had two prisoners when his captain came up. After the fight was over he was warmly congratulated by his comrades in regard to his actions under the first galling fire of the enemy. His superior officers recommended him for promotion, and the less fortunate in the company envied him his great courage and bravery in the face of the enemy.

The victors made themselves as comfortable as possible the night after the assault on San Juan hill.

* * * * * * *

The next day after the apparent death of Private John Spear at the Camp Alger hospital his remains were removed to the deadhouse to await word from his home as to the disposal of the body. He lay there all the succeeding night, with no sound to break the stillness except the sentry's measured tread. Just as the relief was approaching in the morning the sentry thought he noticed a disturbance inside. The regimental band was playing to the colors, which at that instant were mounting the tall pole at headquarters to welcome the rising sun, and all the companies were in ranks with uncovered heads, so he did not give much heed to the noise. However, just as the corporal with his relief came up the noise was repeated. The sentry pulled back the flaps of the tent and looked in and was considerably startled to see Private Spear sitting up holding his head. The hospital call was sounded, and in a few moments two hospital men bore Private Spear back to the hospital on a stretcher. He was assigned to his old cot and from that hour improved rapidly. In a few weeks he was back with his company. The surgeon said he must have had a sinking spell at the time his fever turned and had been so nearly dead that life could not be detected.

The first day he was back in the hospital Private Spear told the Red Cross nurse of a strange dream he had had. He said he dreamed that he was not sick at all, but was with his regiment in Cuba and that they had been in a fight in which there was a lot of cavalry and white and colored infantry, that the Spanish had been vanquished and that he was never so happy in his life as when he plunged into the works and captured two Spaniards.

* * * * * * *

When Private Carter awoke the next morning after the rough riders had become famous the world over, he seemed at a loss to account for where he was. He did not remember many things his comrades talked to him about. When one jocosely asked how soon he was to be measured for stripes, he looked at the questioner in blank astonishment. Finally he made up his mind that he must have been so greatly excited that he did not know what had happened. He did not see how he could have earned promotion and not know about it. This matter puzzled him greatly, but he bore the promotion modestly and went on doing his duty.

* * * * * * *

Second Lieutenant Carter and Sargeant Spear are now both soldiering in the Philippines in the same company, both having re-enlisted after their discharge from the Spanish-American war. They often discuss those queer notions that got into their heads in those early days in July, 1898. Neither of them believes in the supernatural, but both are at a loss to account for some impressions that they cannot get rid of.

It is a little difficult for mortal man to tell just who did go up San Juan hill in the rear of the famous riders in the guise of Private Carter. And who or what was it that kept the spark of life in the body of John Spear those long hours he was thought to be dead? All such questions must be followed by an interrogation point. But, if the souls of those two men exchanged tenements on that momentous night, who was it deserved promotion—Private Carter, whose real self was not there, or John Spear, whose body was in Camp Alger? The regimental officers settled that. It was Private Carter's body at any rate which faced the Mausers, and that was all they could hurt.—Pomeroy (O.) Tribune-Telegraph.

Both Used the Same Basin.

A man in an office building went to the lavatory to wash his hands. As he withdrew them from the basin and was rubbing them together he saw beneath the edge of the marble top what seemed to be a tiny pair of hands going through the same motions.

Stooping down to assure himself that he was not the victim of a delusion, he saw that there was a gap between the top and the basin and that a young rat was perched upon it.

The rodent seemed to think that he was as much entitled to the use of city water as was his big neighbor, for he was dipping his fore paws into the water alternately and licking them off in order to satisfy his thirst.—Chicago News.

Didn't Get the Money.

The following advertisement recently appeared in an English paper:

A private gentleman, aged 40, of education, wealth and more than average good looks, wishes to meet a lady of good private means, with a view to matrimony.

Out of curiosity a lady answered it and received the following reply:

Madam—I am highly honored by your most amiable letter and shall be delighted to make your acquaintance. You have all the qualities I seek in a wife, but unfortunately I am too busy to arrange a meeting at present. Meantime I can add materially to your fortune by my system of investment, of which I inclose particulars. If you will send me £100 by return of post, I will guarantee to return you £250 within a month. I will bring the money in person.

The lady didn't give up the £100.

The Beauty of it.
You can see for yourself the superiority of
KEYSTONE
Silver White
GELATINE
Examine it. Compare it with any other kind and you will understand why it's used by the leading cooks of the country.
If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will mail you a sample package free, with recipes by the most noted chefs. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.
Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

SOME QUEER YARNS.

GATHERED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

The Phantom of a Gloved Hand—Explanation of the Coffin on the Lake Shore. Several Strange Prophecies and Warnings—Investigates the Yarns.

A diligent hunt has been made for years after stories of telepathy, mind reading, second sight, clairvoyance, crystal vision, and so on, by the Society For Psychical Research, and great pains have been taken to obtain corroboration if possible.

One of the most experienced and indefatigable investigators in that organization, Frederic W. H. Myers, embodies scores of these narratives in a paper printed in the report of the proceedings of the Society For Psychical Research. A few are selected for reproduction here to illustrate some of the supposed workings of the mysterious faculty in question.

D. J. Parsons, a physician in Sweet Springs, Mo., says he discovered years ago that he was able to see things, mentally, which had happened hundreds of miles away and many years before. He wrote in 1891: "While in company with Dr. Trotter of Lexington, Mo., I could see before and near to him a delicate hand on which was a dark red kid glove. The hand was all the time in motion. I called his attention to it, and he was much surprised. I told him the hand had a history, and if he had no objections I would be pleased to know it. He said: 'I was traveling in Canada on the cars, and one day we ran up to a train that had been wrecked a little while before. I went to the wreck, and about the first thing that I saw was a young lady lying upon the ground dead. One hand was naked, and one was covered with a dark red kid glove.' Instantly upon his uttering the words the dark red kid glove and the hand vanished."

Subsequently the Dr. Trotter here mentioned sent a full account of the accident and the conversation with Dr. Parsons to an officer of the Psychical Research society in reply to inquiries. He corroborated the foregoing story fully, adding that the gloved hand made a strong impression on him, "which has remained to this day, about 40 years." He was astounded at Dr. Parsons' remark to him nearly 30 years after the event, and even yet cannot understand how that person should have broached the subject, inasmuch as Dr. Trotter had never to his knowledge mentioned the sight of the dead girl to a living soul.

A large group of incidents found in this collection occurred almost exactly at the same time when the "percipient" received a corresponding impression. Shipwrecks, more trifling accidents, the recovery of a lost dog and the position in which a watch that had been dropped in a hayfield a few hours before still lay were paralleled by vision, either in sleep or a half waking condition. Thus, on the morning of Oct. 7, 1885, the wife of a Chicago man asked him, while they were both dressing and before either of them had left their sleeping room, if he had ever known a person named Esdale. He replied in the negative. Then she narrated a dream in which she saw a coffin on the lake shore so marked. Later in the day the man discovered in the morning paper of that date an account of the disappearance of William E. Esdaile, but with no theory as to his fate. After elaborate inquiry it seems to be established that this was the first public mention of the fact that he was missing. For several days the Chicago papers referred to the topic, but suggested that he was alive, but insane, and would be found. The notion of suicide was scouted. On Oct. 10 Esdaile's dead body was found. He had been drowned.

Visions, dreams or impressions which seemed to be prophetic figure frequently in Mr. Myers' catalogue. Occasionally there would be only a vague impulse or sensation. A railway engineer stopped his train, he could not say why, and sent a flagman ahead. He thus stopped an express train coming toward him and on the same track, but out of sight around a curve. Having landed in a strange city, a man was picking his way along in the dark, when he was impelled to change his route abruptly. He found next day that a few more steps would have thrown him off a dock. A father's anxiety about a son in another part of the country increased to such a point that the family had just decided to summon the boy home when the news of his death was received.

Again, of the prefigured events some were only a few seconds away, others perhaps months distant. A naturalist would discover, without search or suspicion, exceedingly rare ferns or moths almost instantly after an image of the specimen was found in his mind or a hint was whispered in his ear by some unseen agency. Accidents, and even deaths, were predicted weeks in advance, and sometimes on a specified date, and the forecast was fulfilled. A man dreamed of seeing the headstone of his own grave inscribed "Jun. 9." As the word "June" is seldom abbreviated, he believed that this was meant for "Jan. 9." Soon afterward one of his children died on June 9, and he considered this occurrence a fulfillment of the supposed prophecy. However, he died himself several years afterward on Jan. 9.

The experts who have undertaken the study of the phenomena here described are eagerly looking for more stories of this sort. Dr. Richard Hodgson, 5 Boylston place, Boston, is the American secretary and treasurer of the Society For Psychical Research, and when he gets hold of a new yarn he proceeds to investigate the matter carefully before reporting the facts to headquarters in London.—New York Tribune.

COWED THE BURGLAR

A NOISE THAT MADE HIM ABANDON A HOUSEBREAKING.

Scared Away by Mysterious Sounds That Made the House Tremble—His Emotions, Years Later, When the Source of His Scare Was Revealed.

"As a rule," said the retired burglar, "I did not pause to look at pictures in the houses I visited. There wasn't time, even if I had had the inclination. But sometimes one's attention would be fixed on a picture by circumstances. For instance, as I was passing my lamp one night along a parlor shelf to see if there was anything there, the light fell, at the same moment, on a silver snuffbox and a daguerreotype of a man in uniform that stood right beside it, and as I dropped the snuffbox in my pocket I held the light on the picture for a minute and inspected it a little bit more closely. It interested me somehow, though there wasn't anything very remarkable about it one way or the other—just the picture of a youngish, self satisfied looking man in a military uniform.

"When I turned away from the shelf, I walked across the parlor to the hall of the house and out into the hall to go up stairs, but just as I put my foot on the bottom step I heard what sounded like a faint groan. Well, now, you understand, I am not much disturbed by strange sounds, because a man in my business gets, so to speak, used to the unexpected, but that groan stopped me.

"I stood there for a minute, with one foot on the floor of the hall and the other on the lowest step, and waited. I didn't hear any more, and then I thought I might have been mistaken, and I started up, but I had scarcely raised that foot that was on the floor before I heard the groan again, this time for sure, and I was glad to put that foot down by the other instead of putting it up a step, and then I waited again awhile, and then I started up once more, this time resolute to go ahead. That's what I did. Now, I heard the groaning beyond a doubt and growing louder and louder as I went up stairs and sometimes with a sort of growl mixed in like some great savage animal, and I didn't like it a bit, I can tell you that.

"As far as that's concerned, if I had followed my inclinations I should have turned round and skipped the ranch when the groaning first begun, but I thought I ought to go ahead and find out what it was all about anyway, and I kept on till I had got pretty near to the top of the stairs, with the groaning growing louder all the time, with my interest not decreasing by a long shot, but my desire to investigate the cause of it decreasing rapidly.

"When I got within a step or two of the top, there was a sort of boom that I couldn't understand at all, and just as I stepped up the last step on to the floor of that up stairs hall there came a sudden booming burst of sound that was many times repeated rapidly and that made the whole house shake as though there was thunder rolling through it and smashing around it, and then, my son, I went away. I don't shy at things I can understand, but I have very little use for the mysterious.

"Well, I never saw that town again for three years. The next time I went there was in the time of a political campaign. They were having a big meeting there that night and a parade and that sort of thing, and I stood in a good place in the crowd and watched the procession, and when the band came along who do you think was playing the bass drum? My man whose picture I'd seen on the mantel shelf that night I nipped the heirloom snuffbox and heard the mysterious moaning and groaning and thunder attachments.

"I'd dropped a spoon or a fork or something in the dining room in his house before I struck into the parlor, and he'd heard it and got up and saw me, and then he headed me off with the drum. He had his eye on me from somewhere, and when I set my foot on that lower step he ruffled the big drum gently, the low groan. It was easy for him, and these groans grew under his hand as I advanced till he hit that whack when I was near the top and then beat it with frantic energy when he saw that that single thunderburst didn't stop me.

"Was he scared? Well, now you bet your life he was, and I could imagine him, gay and gallus as he was now, walking along, beating away on the old bass drum, with the skyrockets a-soaring and the roman candles a-spouting around him, standing that night in a dark room in his own house and beating the big drum as he never beat it before or since, but I'll bet a thousand dollars to a cocoanut that I was worse scared than he was, but that wasn't the worst of it.

"As long as it was a mystery, why, I could stand it very well, but I've never, from that day to this, never met a brass band in the street without feeling sort of sheepish when the man with the bass drum went by."—New York Sun.

Lying Out a Siege.

There died in Paris a few years ago an eccentric individual, one Count Napoleon Bertrand, a son of the companion of the great Napoleon at St. Helena. His eccentricity at times drove him to such extremities that he was often the subject of ridicule.

One of his most curious actions was a practice which he annually observed of hiring a room in a hotel and going to bed for three months, having previously given instructions for food to be brought him once a day, and that not a word was to be spoken by his servant. During the siege of Paris he was lodging at his hotel.

One day the bread served him was of such a bad quality that he grew quite angry, and forced his servant to tell him the reason, which of course was that the city was besieged by the German army. The count was momentarily stupefied. He got up, and for some time wandered about the hotel, saying to himself: "Paris besieged—besieged? What ought a Bertrand to do?"

After having reflected for some moments he answered the query. "Why, he ought to go to bed, and will go to bed," he added, and so he did, and slept out the siege.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 10, 1899.

THE STATE ELECTIONS.

These were, on the whole, quite satisfactory to the Republicans of the Nation. They generally sustained the present Administration and endorsed the President's work in the Philippines. Anti-imperialism was rebuked by the election last Tuesday, and except in rare spots Bryan's money policy was turned down.

The Republicans of the Old Bay State did nobly. Crane's plurality was more than 65,000. Wolcott's was larger last year but the total was less at this year's election. Considering that Boston is headquarters for the anti-imperialist faction it must be conceded that Massachusetts did splendidly for the Republican cause and good government.

Ohio, the real battleground of the day, on which was centered the deepest interest because it is the home of President McKinley, and likewise for its effect on the result of next year's election, came up manfully in support of the Administration and the course of the President in the Philippines. The Republican plurality was full 50,000, a figure considerably in excess of the predictions of the most sanguine, and in spite of the Hanna handicap.

The Fusionists won the day in Nebraska, as all farseeing people supposed they would, but Iowa made great gains and elected the Republican ticket by nearly 60,000 plurality. Iowa kept step to the music of the Union.

The Democrats wrested Maryland from the weak and uncertain grip of the Republicans, and Gorman is on top again.

Latest reports make the issue in Kentucky doubtful with the chances in favor of the Republicans. The election in that State was more a battle of political feuds than on National issues, and therefore of less public importance. If the Republicans have won the fight they have beaten the ablest and shrewdest Democratic politician in that State.

Pennsylvania and New Jersey rolled up Republican majorities, and the Republicans will control the next New York Assembly.

The votes of the States last Tuesday handsomely sustained President McKinley and insure his re-election next year.

CITY CAMPAIGN.

We are loth to credit the rumors to the effect that last year's leaders of the Davis movement propose to employ in the approaching Mayoralty contest the same tactics in relation to the license question that they carried out in the last campaign. What those tactics were it is, at this early stage of the game, unnecessary to explain, further than to say that they did not commend themselves to the approval of true temperance men, nor square with clean-handed politics.

The JOURNAL has no fault to find with Mayor Davis or his administration, and would exonerate him from the authorship of, and active participation in, many of the questionable methods employed to secure his election; but it must be said that some of the managers of his canvass resorted to measures to capture votes which the foxiest Ward politicians would hesitate to adopt.

Later it is probable the JOURNAL will give a history of that campaign.

SENATOR SANDERSON.

One of the most gratifying features of last Tuesday's election was Senator Sanderson's rousing majority in this District. It was an emphatic endorsement of his services in the Senate and a high compliment to his personal worth. The endorsement and compliment were well deserved.

Senator Sanderson carried Ward 6 in Lynn, the only part of that city which lies in this Senatorial District, by 627 majority, the largest it ever gave to a Republican candidate; and in the whole District he led Crane 566. He would be justified in feeling proud of these figures.

Below is the vote of the District:

	Sanderson.	Selig.
Ward 6, Lynn,	1267	640
Lynnfield,	66	10
Middleton,	47	6
Peabody,	668	407
Saugus,	656	121
North Reading,	80	22
Woburn,	947	563
Wakefield,	949	414
Stoneham,	666	136
	5346	2319
	2319	
	3017	

Last year,	2100
1897,	1851
1896,	1750

A REPUBLICAN CITY.

It can no longer be denied that Woburn is an out-and-out Republican city. The vote last Tuesday proved it beyond controversy.

From a majority of 500 to 600 a short time ago the Democracy have fallen into a hopeless minority.

Crane's plurality over Paine was 297; Wetherell's over Doyle, 380. These figures tell the story of Republican supremacy over the Democratic Party. It is permanent, and next year McKinley's plurality in this city over Bryan will be larger than Crane's over Paine's last Tuesday.

GOOD WORDS.

Representative Charles R. Saunders leads the ticket in Ward 11—a notable token of the esteem in which Back Bay Republicans hold one of the soundest, strongest and most courageous of the younger public men of the Commonwealth.—*Boston Journal.*

And his Republicanism is all wool, yard wide, and will "wash." Mr. Saunders is to be the next Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

☞ Our old and esteemed friend, Hon. J. B. Holden, is a bona fide candidate for the Boston postoffice, with a fine show of making connections. He would fill the office in good shape, and is worthy of its honors and emoluments.

☞ If their remarks were correctly reported the Park Commissioners did not give the gentlemen of this city who appeared before them last week in behalf of a boulevard on the far side of Horn Pond much comfort. It appeared from what they said that an Act of the Legislature would be required to enable them to accede to the wishes of Woburn, and even with that instrument in their hands it was not altogether certain that the request of the Mayor and his coadjutors would be granted. The Commissioners wisely advised the gentlemen before them to procure plans of what they wanted; present something tangible for the Legislature to work by; find out about the land damages; and get a basis to stand on. The hearing was not altogether encouraging.

☞ Bright and early the "Old Farmers Almanac" for 1900 has put in its appearance at this establishment. It is a welcome visitor; indeed, the JOURNAL depends largely on it for guidance respecting weather, for the ebb and flow of tides, for wise counsel respecting farming, saints and holidays and church festivals, for the phases of the moon, change in length of days, and much other useful information. This is the 108th number of the O. F. A., and is published by William Ware & Co., Boston, as it has been from a date whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

☞ One of the best papers in the current number of *Donahoe's Magazine* is entitled "Memories of the Olympia" written by Mr. Thomas J. Feeney of the Boston *Herald*. Its numerous fine illustrations increase ones concern in the article. After reporting the New York Dewey celebration for the *Herald* Mr. Feeney came from there to Boston on the Olympia, being the only newspaper man aboard of her, which gave him an opportunity to gather material for an interesting magazine story. The opportunity was improved, and the story appears in *Donahoe's* for November.

☞ Peter McQueen is occasionally heard from going about the country blowing his blast against the government to small gatherings of people and making a fool of himself. Peter claims to know more about the Philippines than the Generals and Administration, but he is the only person that holds to that opinion. His unpatriotic harrangues and abuse of the head of the government find but little sympathy among the people of this State.

☞ In an "off year" election the dominant party is always more seriously affected than the minority. The reasons are obvious. Next year the Republicans will have no family quarrels in the great States to contend with. The Republican Party are here to stay, and in 1900 will show a solid front for McKinley and National expansion.

☞ Congressman W. S. Knox of Lawrence was in this city last Saturday. It was not likely that he came among us for the purpose of looking after his "fences" because the next Congressional election is too far away in the future to render such service necessary or a cause of solicitude.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. A. Dailey—Piano.
City—Reg. of Voters.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
N. W. Yeast Co.—Wanted.
Kings Daughters—Musicale.
Burbeen F. L. F.—Lectures.

— The Police Ball will be held in December.

— Note the change in C. B. Leathe's advertisement.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— City Clerk's office was a busy place Tuesday evening.

— Wool lined dickey coats $4.00, at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Business at Ham & Co's grain mill is getting a boom on.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— The Inuitou Canoe Club are rehearsing for a Minstrel show.

— Clan Mackinnon will give one of their fine concerts on Nov. 22.

— Another "wet" moon, so look out for a plenty of rain this month.

— Mr. Charles L. Smith, 91 Prospect st., is a firstclass upholsterer.

— The Main st. repairs will be completed this fall, says Supt. French.

— Our Boston business men all voted before leaving for their work.

— Mr. Ervin Hatch of Button End is not enjoying robust health these days.

— Aberjona Colony, Pilgrim Fathers, will give an entertainment on Nov. 15.

— It is estimated that the net receipts from the Catholic Fair will reach $4000.

— City Clerk John H. Finn has our thanks for favors anent the election returns.

— At last accounts a spot for the Rumford monument had not been determined on.

— The Thanksgiving Proclamation of Governor Wolcott makes mighty good reading.

— The Harvard hat on exhibition in our Window is a seller. Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The large leather factory of Beggs & Cobb was destroyed by fire at 8 o'clock this morning. Loss heavy.

— The American Hide & Leather Company are building an office on Fowle st., opposite the railroad station.

— Mr. C. M. Strout came out and voted last Tuesday although he is not at all well this week.

— Mrs. Judge Adams, of the School Board, and family are at their pleasant North Woburn home.

— Eames & Carter report the coal business good. They keep their teams running in good shape.

— Canvass coats and cardigans at the lowest price can be seen at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— A boulevard on the backside of Horn Pond would open up for settlement some fine land.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— The engagement of Mr. C. Fred Lamb of this city and Miss Margaret E. Fuller of Somerville is announced.

— The sidewalk in front of the Littlefield estate, 23 Pleasant street, has been concreted. The job is a good one.

— It was Republican weatner last Tuesday. It could not have been more favorable if they had had the making of it.

— Dr. Irving R. Bancroft, son of Major and Mrs. Ambrose Bancroft, is suffering from a severe illness at his home.

— Make a note of what Linnell says about the sort of goods that are kept in his market. The statements are correct.

— Tuesday was harvest time for the hackmen. They were busy all day, and fairly wallowed in filthy lucre when it came night.

— We have been blessed with an abundance of summer weather this week. It has been a capital time for house cleaning.

— Woman's Relief Corps 84 will hold a dance at Post 33, G. A. R. Hall this evening. Good music and a fine time guaranteed.

— The Republican Ward and City Committee are entitled to credit for their good work in the late campaign and on election day.

— The coal and provinder dealers are at loggerheads again over closing their offices evenings. Why not each proprietor do just as he pleases.

— We return our sincere thanks to Superintendent Decker for a handsome picture in colors of the "Columbia" issued by Frank O. Squire & Co.

— Hon. Onslow Gilmore reports that Stoneham has got the right man for Representative this time. The opposition failed to make the riffles.

— Yesterday afternoon the Malden Athletic Association foot ball team defeated the Woburn High School team on the Salem street grounds, 15 to 6.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Mr. George H. Taylor is engaged in the manufacture and sale of leather pads at Reading, but retains his residence at No. 23 Pleasant st., this city.

— It looks as though our townsman, Lieut. Grant, of the 26th, might soon see some fighting at Iloilo, if he has not already had a brush with the natives.

— Nobody hereabouts had the appearance of having taken a drop too much last Tuesday. That showed that none of the candidates bought votes with beer.

— The Degree Staff of Codman Lodge, Dorchester, visited Mishawum Lodge, O. U. A. M., last Wednesday evening and did degree work on five candidates.

— Mrs. M. E. Putney has left here and many good friends for her home at Putney, Doherty county, Georgia. Her leave taking is regretted by this community.

— The neatest campaign circular that fell under our eye before election was Mr. Phinney's. It was unique in design, and told the story briefly and to the point.

— Men with axes, knives and saws are doing good work on the shade trees by the roadsides. A treatment slightly more heroic of some of them might work well.

— Attention is directed to the card of Miss E. A. Dailey in this paper. She is an experienced pianoforte teacher, well versed in the art, and always gives satisfaction.

— At a meeting of the General Committee of the Citizens' Municipal League held Thursday evening, Nov. 9, it was voted to call a meeting of the League in Lower Lyceum Hall, Saturday evening, Nov. 11, at 8 P. M., to make a nomination for Mayor of City of Woburn. All persons desirous of joining the League are invited to be present. W. E. Blodgett, President. P. W. Linscott, Secretary.

— The Rumford replica has been the subject of remark in an official communication from the Royal Institution London to a member of the Rumford Historical Society. Also Prof. Langley, Regent of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D. C., has written to the same member, expressing his joyous gratification in this replica. Would it not be a good idea to publish a list of the names and addresses of the members of the R. H. S. to show who are directly interested in the society?

— Mrs. Howe, the chiropodist, will be at her office in this city, 414 Main street, next Wednesday.

— There was more of a rush at City Clerk's office Tuesday evening than at the polls during the day.

— All kinds of gloves are now exhibited on our counters at bottom prices, Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Talk about weather! Mrs. Ianthe C. Preston plucked fresh pansies from her garden yesterday Nov. 9.

— Rev. L. Akeson will attend a Mission Conference at Manchester, N. H., the 10th and 12th inst., and a similar one at Lowell, Mass., the 16th and 17th, next week.

— The Catholic Parish Fair is still in full operation at St. John's Hall, to which it was obliged to move on account of a pre-engagement of the Auditorium. It is having excellent success.

— Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Murdock have gone for a trip to Bayard, West Virginia; Mr. Murdock to see to the interests of the American Hide and Leather Company in that place.

— It is doubtful if Fitz & Stanley get moved into their new store in the Fowle Building this week. However, next week will probably find the firm well settled in their new quarters.

— A large and beautiful collection of Mr. Ruel C. Tuttle's water-color drawings of Paris and the Loire is now on exhibition at the Art Rooms of Doll & Richards, 2 Park street, Boston.

— Treasurer Copp of the Republican Ward and City Committee expresses deep disgust at the small Republican vote cast in this city last Tuesday. He is not alone in being ashamed of the vote.

— Mr. William F. Kenney, one of the Editors of the Boston *Globe*, and family recently returned from a residence of nearly six months at Annisquam, Cape Ann, to their home in this city.

— LOST. Last Sunday a lady's left-hand fur glove was lost while driving on one of the west side roads in Burlington. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same at the JOURNAL office.

— The *Chronicle* has received a copy of a handsome booklet, "Keeping Cows For Profit." As Editor Hobbs of the Woburn JOURNAL says, "it is just what we need in our business."—*Reading Chronicle.*

— The next entertainment in the Burlington Star Course is to be given Wednesday evening, Nov. 15, when Hoyt L. Conary will give his racy humorous sketch, "Around the Stove in a Country Store."

— There is a marked and gratifying absence of malaria in this city just now, and the doctors are resting on their oars to a considerable extent. No true hearted, loyal citizen will grieve at this condition of things.

— The number of men in the State who think they are better fitted than anybody else for Speaker of the House of Representatives is surprising. We are in daily receipt of stacks of circulars setting forth their virtues.

— Mr. Howard F. Irish has thrown up his position as salesman at the country produce store on Main street, where he had done good service for a long while. It is to be hoped that he will continue his residence here.

— The Fair held by the Danish Sisterhood in Boston last Tuesday was a pronounced and gratifying success. Woburn members who assisted in the matter tell us that the proceeds exceeded their most sanguine expectations.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— The number of the new coal office of J. R. Carter & Co. is 369 Main st. That is to say, it is on the east side of the street, opposite the Common, and a neat and handy headquarters for the large business of Carter & Co.

— Ames Hall in Wilmington was well filled with merry dancers last Saturday evening and a delightful evening was spent by them. A Lowell Orchestra furnished fine music. The next dance will be held tomorrow evening. See ad.

— Mr. John Arnott has moved his headquarters to 465 Main street, the Mahern drugstore, and will be glad to welcome his customers there. He enjoys a good reputation as a jeweler and watchmaker, and is doing a lively business.

— Mr. E. B. Blanchard and family have changed their residence from Woburn to Boston. Mrs. Blanchard has been prominent in society and club life here and her removal to the Hub will be regretted by a large circle of good friends and neighbors.

— The Unitarian Parish are preparing to hold a grand Fair on Thursday evening, Dec. 7, concering which full particulars will be given in the JOURNAL hereafter. The ladies of the Parish are working hard to make it a notable and successful affair.

— FIRES—The alarm from box 32 last Friday morning was for a fire in a hen house attached to the barn of F. C. Nichols 13 Burlington street. The alarm from box 52 at the corner of Eastern and Jefferson Avenue at 7.10 last Sunday evening, was false.

— Miss Irma G. Tay, one of our best piano teachers, has a good class of pupils this fall. She is a competent instructor, and has the reputation of doing good work. She is popular with patrons and pupils, and deserves the success she has won in her profession.

— It is expected that the Woburn High School football team will do credit to the city before the season is over. If the Winchester lads want a good larruping let them challenge the Woburnites and they can be accommodated. There is good stuff in the home team.

— The Vote of the Socialist Labor party here last Tuesday was a great surprise to everybody. No one suspected the existence of so many of them in this community. Their lectures during the past summer and this fall must have won converts and made voters.

— Station Agent Junkins and Chief of Police McDermott went to Court at Lowell Wednesday to testify against the men who were accused of burglarizing the freight office of the B. & M. Railroad in this city some weeks ago. John P. Feeney, Esq., defended the accused.

— Matters seem to be arranging themselves for a warm city campaign. Candidates for Mayor are as thick as the leaves of Vallombrosa and among them are some strong names. The Democracy have blood in their eyes, which means war to the knife and knife to the hilt.

— When Woburn has given as much for parks and boulevards as has Winchester, then Mr. Emerson may justly find fault. The Metropolitan Park Commissioners are only willing to assist those places that are disposed to contribute toward the expense themselves.—*Winchester Star.*

— Thanksgiving Day will arrive three weeks from yesterday. We suppose that turkeys are already being stallfed for the interesting occasion. How many of our esteemed citizens will return to the Old Homestead to eat some of mother's punkin pie and doughnuts that day?

— Our people ought to read and ponder well the facts and suggestions contained in a brief letter from a correspondent entitled "Laymen to the Fore" in this paper. Woburn should do justice to herself by filling the church at the meetings. If they do so the influence will be widespread.

— If the women of this town who take interest enough in school matters to go to the polls and vote will organize they can control the election of the three members of the Board and choose anybody they want. If they scatter and fritter away their strength nobody can tell what the outcome will be.

— Rev. Dr. Calkins's Sunday School will hold a Harvest Festival in the East Woburn chapel next Sunday evening, Nov. 12, at 6 30 o'clock. The friends of Sunday Schools at the Centre and all who take an interest in Dr. Calkins's good work at the Chapel are cordially invited to attend the Festival.

— Thanks to the Secretary of Clan MacKinnon, 45, O. S. C., for complimenteries to the concert they are to give at Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22. Those who attend will hear the bagpipes played by experts, Scottish songs and balids, stories, etc. Clan MacKinnon's concerts are always fine.

— This is "Griselda" night at Music Hall. It is also Miss Grace Chamberlain's night, at 7 45 o'clock. It is going to be a bangup entertainment. Both the drama and comedy are first-class. It is given by the Woman's Club, a literary organization that deserves the most liberal kind of a support.

— Barring hacks and herdics, our streets did not wear much the appearance of election day last Tuesday. The election officers looked lonely, for there were seldom people enough around the polling places to meet the demands of just common conversation. We fail to remember when so little apparent interest was taken in a State election here.

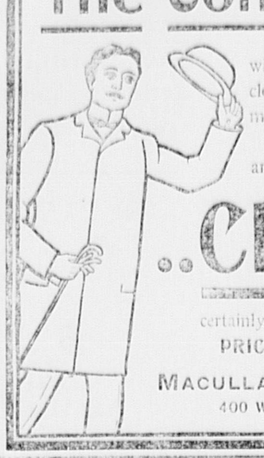
— Outside of leather making business in this city is not up to high water mark. In some branches of trade things are somewhat better than last year, but on the whole there has been but little, or no, improvement. The big consolidations are killing out smaller industries and mercantile pursuits, and the situation is likely to grow worse instead of better.

— In another column of this paper is given full particulars of the 1899-1900 Burbeen Free Lecture Fund Course, to which attention is respectfully directed. The Course will consist of six lectures, to deliver which popular platform orators have been engaged whose themes are given in the advertisement. The first is to be by H. Hopkinson Smith, with readings from Col. Carter, etc. as his subject, which it is safe to say will be highly entertaining. The Course is to be given in the Auditorium, which will afford everybody an opportunity to enjoy it.

The People's Physician to whom Thousands write for Advice

Is Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the famous and successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, and discoverer of that greatest of all cures, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. If your family physician has failed to cure you, why not write about your case to this skilful specialist? It will cost you nothing to get his advice and counsel, for he gives consultation absolutely free.

The Coming Man



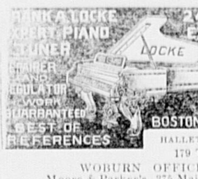
will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere.
PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.



FRANK A. LOCKE EXPERT PIANO TUNER
24 YEARS EXPERIENCE
HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

— Two additions 40x100 feet, several stories high, are being made at the leather plant of Beggs & Cobb. When this improvement is finished the firm will employ 100 more men and will have an output of 2,000 sides a day. The firm now conducts in Woburn, Pennsylvania and Winchester the largest individual leather making plant in the world.—*Winchester Star.*

— Last Monday evening the National Band Association held a meeting and elected the following officers: President, William H. Little; Recording Secretary, Henry L. Carton; Financial Secretary, Hugh McDonald; Treasurer, Patrick Calnan; Steward, Wm. Marshall; Directors, Nicholas McGovern, Hugh McDonald, Patrick Calnan. The Association is in a prosperous condition.

— Copeland & Bowser are not complaining of lack of trade. The weather back along has been a little against them, but they have no hand in making it, so find no fault. While this old firm have cheap goods for those who want them, their forte is firstclass fabrics and wares, which, by the way, is one of the reasons for their success in business. Women who wear the best dry goods trade with Copeland & Bowser.

— Helpful Circle of King's Daughters advertise to give a Musicale and Readings at the home of Mrs. S. F. Trull, 629 Main st., on next Wednesday evening, Nov. 15, to which the public are cordially invited. A fine entertainment may be depended on, for the best of talent will give it. The admission is only 15 cents. Besides the musical and literary treat homemade candies will be on sale by the Daughters.

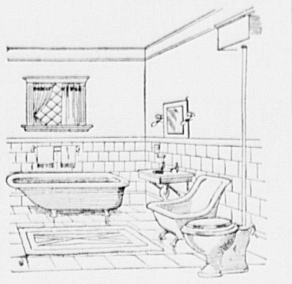
— Beggs & Cobb, the largest leather manufacturers in Eastern Massachusetts, are running their establishments full handed and turning out dead loads of leather. Mr. William Beggs, senior partner of the firm, is our fellow townsman, and one of the most enterprising and intelligent business men in this community. The firm refused to go into the new combine, preferring to manage their own concerns, and were wise in doing so.

— The Friday Night Club's Opening Social last Friday evening was an auspicious beginning of the entertainment season. A lady Director told the JOURNAL that the attendance was highly satisfactory, and the greetings and social intercourse were of an exceedingly pleasant character. Money was not so much the object of the Opening as a renewal of friendships and launching of the season's series of entertainments. In this respect it was a gratifying success.

— The High School Battalion has been given up. We had intimations months ago that this fall would see the end of the organization. Its demise should not be regretted. Military has no legitimate place in a public school. It was a fad to start with, but of course took with the boys immensely. If it had been a proper branch of education in the High School it would have stayed there. It had no business there. Schools in around Boston have shut down on military companies, and now ours has given up the ghost.

— Our failure to allude to the recital of Mrs. Waldo Richards in these local columns last week must be laid to the door of politics. The lady deserved better treatment, for the entertainment given by her at Music Hall on the evening of the 29th ult. was excellent from beginning to end. Nothing so good in the shape of dialect reading has ever been heard in this city. Miss Richards is mistress of the art. A large and intelligent audience were delighted with the selections and the manner of their rendition. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of Mrs. Elwyn G. Preston, Chairman, and Madams Blake and Eaton. The Decorating Committee were Mrs. Dr. H. G. Blake and Mrs. Fred J. Pingree, who discharged their duties artistically. The Ushers were Miss Elizabeth M. Brown, Mrs. Emma S. Eaton, Mrs. W. W. Hill, Mrs. Fred J. Pingree, Miss Mary D. Prior, Miss Adrian Munroe. The Doorkeepers were Mrs. G. F. Bean and Mrs. H. G. Blake. Nearly all of these were graduates from Wellesley College, in aid of the Endowment Fund of which the entertainment was given.

— The term of Chairman Blake of the Board of License Commissioners expires next year, and it is said that Mr. Chales R. Brown is a candidate for the place. If Mayor Davis should be at the head of our municipal affairs at that time a disposition of the matter might be open to conjecture, or guesswork. Last May the Mayor was not satisfied with the action of the Board respecting the granting of licenses to sell rum. He was opposed to giving them to grocers; he was opposed to the number and locations on lower Main st.; he labored earnestly to bring about a radical reform, and was cordially endorsed by the best people in the city. But he failed to make any impression on the Board, or secure the least concessions from it. This incident in his administration is still remembered by him, and when the time comes around for an appointment to fill Chairman Blake's place it may be that somebody will hear something drap.



A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health.
Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.
We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

— One of the surest signs of the rapid approach of winter is the change of the milkmen in delivering their goods from 2 o'clock a. m., to 2 o'clock p. m. This rule will be observed by these useful purveyors of the comforts of home for the space of six months, or until May 1, 1900. The change is hailed with delight by the community at large. To be suddenly aroused from peaceful slumbers at 2 or 3 in the morning is not a pleasant experience, but this often happens, no matter how carful and considerate of the happiness of their customers the purveyors may be. The afternoon delivery disturbs no one, unless, peradventure, the mistress of the house happens to be indulging in her after dinner siesta, and even in that case the damage is not irreparable. But as a harbinger of Arctic weather, of Boreal winds, and drifting snows, the milkmen's change of hour has drawbacks. It reminds one of things that are not pleasant to contemplate, and fills him, sometimes, with dismal forebodings. But then, after all, such is life.

— The calendar method of advertising is rapidly on the wane. For some years heretofore calendars have been all the rage; everybody must get out one; no up to date dealer could keep house without it; and children cried for them. The tide has begun to ebb. But then, there are calendars and calendars. The weaklings, the common things, the tawdry, characterless ones, must go, but there will be a survival of the fittest. Pictures of special copyrighted objects and scenes to head the calendar proper will continue to exist, and properly. Mr. Charles H. Taylor of this city makes handsome and appropriate photographs for these, and they are in demand; but the common illustrations are fast losing their hold on the good will of the public, and people are getting to care but little for them. Thus the modes of advertising change. Which reminds us to remark, that not one quarter as many "flyers," "dodgers," "gutter snipes," etc., are used for advertising by our business men today as were used a few years ago. We have this fact from a reliable bill-poster. It is so everywhere. People have learned that the best and most satisfactory way to advertise is through the columns of the newspaper.

BOYS'
Reefers
WITH
ULSTER
COLLARS,
$3 and $5.
Ages 3 to 16 Years.

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building,
WOBURN.

Established 1861.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

— It was 25 degrees above last Tuesday morning following the smartest white frost of this fall, the figure being the lowest of the season, or thereabouts.

— Extra fine quality of Camel's hair shirts and drawers can be purchased for $1.00 per garment at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The Municipal League, if that is its true cognomen, expects to cut a wide swath in the approaching city election, so it is said. It is composed of a fine lot of men.

— The city campaign is now in order. Soon it will be at its height. Then feathers will fly.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Preaching Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Soul and Body." All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "A Sermon from a Newspaper." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "Between two Malefactors." Second in Scenes from Calvary. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Subject: "Faithful in Little, Faithful in Much."

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Friday and Saturday at 7.30 P. M., the Men's Council in the interests of the Forward Christian Movement.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—24th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Mr. A. L. Nykvist of Lynn. Sunday School at 12 M. At 5 P. M., Communion Service. Preaching at 7 P. M. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Bible Reading and Prayer. Thursday, at 7.30 P. M., Sewing Circle. Saturday, at 7.15 P. M., Reading Room open. Ludwig Akeson, pastor. All Scandinavians cordially welcome.

Married.

In this city, Oct. 24, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Timothy J. Doolan of Gardner and Mary E. McDermott of Woburn.

In this city, Oct. 29, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, Thomas F. Kelley and Catherine Scally, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 1, by Rev. Henry A. Walsh, Michael J. Shea of Peabody, and Catherine L. Maloney of Woburn.

MARK-DOWN

— IN —

CORSETS!

We find that on account of lack of shelf-room we are obliged to close out some lines of corsets. These are good shapes and were worth $1.25 the former price, but we shall offer them

AT 75c. PAIR.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

The Event of the Season.

Major John W. W. Scott, our genial Afro-American townsman, informs a reporter of THE JOURNAL that he is busy putting on the finishing touches for what he styles "Major John W. W. Scott's Gigantic Novelty Show, Mastodonic Cake Walk and Grand Ball" which will be held at the Auditorium on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, next. Strange as it may seem this is in no other wise a colored ball than that the talent employed in the show and the intricacies of the cake walk will be composed of the cleverest of the very clever dusky belles and beaux who have achieved fame in all the large cities of Europe and America in their respective specialties. The Major's Reception and Finance Committees is composed of 85 members all of whom are well-known gentlemen in the various avenues of life hereabouts, and relish a little harmless amusement from time to time such as the Major will provide for them. Another, and probably one of the most interesting features of the bill will be the competitive buck and wing dance to be indulged in by "Baby" Ray—a phenomenon of this art from New York City—and Little Josephine R. Scott, justly styled "Woburn's Child Wonder." The Major is emphatic in his confidence that this will prove the greatest and most highly interesting entertainment ever presented to the amusement lovers of Woburn. He says, "it will in fact be the event of the season."

Watch these columns for future announcements.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nerverousness, sleeplessness, meloncholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Laymen to the Fore.

Put down these dates as golden ones—Friday Nov. 17, and Saturday Nov. 18. In the First church on those evenings at 7.30 a Men's Council will convene. It will represent the 23 Churches of the Woburn Conference from each of which delegations are expected. The Council will meet in the interests of the World's Forward Christian Movement and its leader will be Mr. Luther D. Wishard who has traveled all over the globe in connection with this movement. Among other speakers Pres. S. B. Capen of Boston, and Mr. S. M. Sayford, whom all Woburn delights to honor, are expected. A chorus choir composed of singers from the 4 Congregational churches of Woburn and the Burlington church will lead the music. Every man in Woburn and Burlington connected with the work of the Congregational churches is invited to attend and bring ladies. In addition the public are invited.—X.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—ADOLPH L. MILLETT, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

City Council.

The Board held a regular meeting on Nov. 2.

Mayor Davis's veto of order on petition of John W. Johnson, Trustee, and others, for re-establishment of grade in rear of Wyman School, was unanimously sustained.

The Council authorized Mayor Davis to apply for admission of Woburn to the League of American Municipalities.

Date of hearing on petition of A. V. Haynes and others for change of line on Pleasant street fixed for Nov. 16. Several petitions of minor importance received.

Board of Public Works reported cost of extending sewer on Burlington st. to land of F. C. Nichols, $700. Referred.

Mayor nominated A. S. Wood Deputy Warden in Ward 1; Fred W. Shattuck, Deputy Inspector Ward 5. They were confirmed.

Card of Thanks.

The undersigned, in behalf of the Danish Sisterhood, and for themselves as a local committee, and for the Woburn members, return sincere thanks to the people of this city who so generously contributed to the Fair held by the Society in Boston last Tuesday evening.

MRS. CAROLINE CARLSON,
MRS. CAROLINE STOCKHOLM,
Local Committee.

Woburn, Nov. 8, 1899.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

The Election in Woburn.

The vote in this city last Tuesday was the lightest in many years. In 1898 the total vote for Governor was 2120; this year it was only 1824, a clear falling off of nearly 300. The weather was fine and every condition was favorable for a large poll, but a lack of interest and an inexcusable indifference reduced the vote to a point away below normal, which ought not to have been the case.

The Representative contest infused a little life into the voting, but not enough to disturb the tranquility of the election or secure an average turnout to the polls. In a hopeless minority, the Democracy had no heart for energetic action, consequently their vote was exceedingly light. The Republicans were confident of success for their whole ticket, and to this fact was attributable, partly at least, their absence in large numbers from the ballotboxes.

Frank E. Wetherell, Republican candidate for Representative, carried every Ward but one, and ran 200 ahead of his colleague. Roberts of Reading, the second Republican candidate, polled a handsome vote, 814. In Reading he ran ahead of Wetherell, which made their race nearly an even thing as between the two.

An analysis of the returns show that the Republicans were loyal to their party and supported the regular nominations, as they always do, whether they like it or not.

The following are the figures of the election. We give the Ward votes for Governor and Representatives, which is sufficient for all practical purpose. Only totals of the other candidates are herewith printed.

GOVERNOR.

Wards—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Tls
Coats, Pro	11	13	13	11	3	9	1	61
Crane, R	131	180	178	185	41	144	27	896
Paine, D	140	114	124	87	46	27	61	599
Peare, S L	43	69	56	40	23	13	18	262
Porter, S D	3	4	4	0	3	0	2	16

Crane's plurality, 287; Wolcott's plurality in 1898, 256.

LIEUT. GOVERNOR.

Bates 935; Mack 566; Roberts 43; Skinner 28; Stevens 251.

SECRETARY.

Bradley 30; Lewis 64; Lloyd 528; McDonald 301; Olin 880.

TREASURER.

Bradford 914; Flynn 555; Griffin 48; Nagler 262; White 22.

AUDITOR.

Brown 529; Forsstrom 271; Kimball 894; McDonald 34; Palmer 45.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Barr 32; Knowlton 928; Morrison 532; Perley 47; Skahan 265.

COUNCILLOR.

Harwood 941; Kent 288; Maguire 516.

SENATOR.

Sanderson 947; Selig 563; Torrey 292.

SHERIFF.

Fairbairn 1228; Jones 434.

COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

Gould 1311; Schugel 440.

REPRESENTATIVES—28th Middlesex.

Berry, S L	26	43	37	23	20	7	9	165
Doyle, D	150	136	128	96	46	21	60	636
Johnson, S L	39	49	55	39	20	13	16	231
Phinney, D	123	116	108	84	43	32	48	534
Roberts, R	124	160	151	173	43	129	34	814
Wetherell, R	169	195	214	197	45	144	52	1016

	Reading.	Total
Berry, S L	26	191
Doyle, D	68	704
Johnson, S L	14	245
Phinney, D	62	596
Roberts, R	585	1399
Wetherell, R	494	1510

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her housework, and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Parker's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and $1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

Newspaper Announcement.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces that a special examination will be held at Boston, Mass., on December 6, 1899, by its Board of Examiners in that city, commencing at 9 A. M., for the positions of clerk and carrier in the Postoffice in Woburn, Mass.

The examination consists of spelling, letter-writing, penmanship, and arithmetic, copying from plain copy, geography of the United States, and reading addresses. The age limitations are as follows: Clerk not less than 18 years. Carrier between 21 and 40. Applicants for letter carrier must weigh at least 125 pounds and be not less than 5 feet 4 inches in height. No application will be accepted unless filed in complete form with the Board of Civil Service Examiners, Room 141, Postoffice, Boston, Mass., on or before the close of business on December 1, 1899, or with Miss Nellie J. McCarty, at the Woburn Postoffice, before 1 P. M., on that date.

For application blanks, full information, and specimen examination questions, apply to Miss Nellie J. McCarty at the Postoffice, or to Mr. E. E. Stebbins, Secretary Board of Examiners, Boston, Mass.

Street Railway Meeting.

The annual meetings of the local street railways were held in Wakefield Monday and vacancies caused by the resignations of Messrs. Chas. F. Woodward as President of the Wakefield and Stoneham road, and Ezra M. Southworth and J. Wallace Grace as Directors were filled by the choice of Messrs. E. C. Foster, P. F. Sullivan and J. H. Goodspeed. These, with Charles Williams, who is Treasurer of the Lynn & Boston, and Mr. Stone of Lynn, make up the list of officers of the various local roads embraced in this division of the street railway territory covered by the Massachusetts Electric companies.

Messrs. Woodward, Southworth and Grace have been interested in the local street railways since the start, and Col. Woodward was at one time at the head of all the local roads in the former Shaw syndicate. He is at present interested in street railways at New Bedford and Newburyport and also in a large street railway project now under way.

The local office continues under the management of Assistant Manager Morton and the present office force.—*Wakefield Citizen and Banner.*

Skilful Doctors Free Advice.

Many people would like the sympathetic advice and counsel of a skilful physician, but do not know to whom to turn. Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., discoverer of that wonderful remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, and without doubt the most successful physician in the world in curing nervous and chronic complaints, freely offers his advice to sufferers, without fee or charge, either personally or by letter. If you cannot call, write him confidentially about your case and get his advice.

JAPOL TABLETS

are a marvelous remedy for the QUICK CURE of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness,

Sore Throat

and "That tickling in the Throat."

10 & 25c. packages.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

North Woburn.

Mr. McFeeley has been repairing the Jones house.

The election brought out a very small vote in this Ward.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Perry have returned from a trip.

Mr. Frank Perkins has been making an addition to his dwelling.

Miss Sarah Fisher has returned from Kirksville, Mo., to her home in North Woburn.

The engagement of Miss Ida, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Hawkins, to Mr. Frank Ames is announced.

Ald. Lynch seems to be the favorite in this Ward as the next Democratic candidate for Mayor. Ed. has lots of friends here.

Mr. A. W. Smith, formerly of Wakefield, is settled at the Dexter Carter place, and continues to supply North Woburn customers with milk.

I understand that a number of men employed at the Lund and Bond shop will move to the Centre, as that shop is closed and they are now employed in other shops run by the "trust."

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Burlington.

The Star course of Entertainments opened successfully at the Congregational church last Tuesday evening, Nov. 7. The next five entertainments will be as follows: Wednesday, Nov. 15, Hoyt L. Conary, the story-teller; Wednesday, Nov. 29, Hon. J. W. Fairbank in "Ben Hur," with Miss Louise Ainsworth, the accomplished singer; Wednesday, Dec. 6, Arthur K. Peck in "Cycling in the World's Wonderland;" Thursday, Dec. 14, The Sylvan Company, with Miss Burpee; Wednesday, Dec. 20, The Ainsworth Company, whose fame is national. Course tickets, $1.25; single admission, 35 cents; three singles, $1.00; children, 10 cents.

Bismark's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Parker's drug store.

Wilmington.

Mr. Seth Keene, a resident of this place, expects a position on the Brookline Fire Department in the near future.

About three months ago it was reported that a very worthy citizen of this town had taken unto himself a wife. The story was thought to be true by all the townspeople and a number of young men and some older ones lost considerable sleep in serenading him. Now it turns out that he was not married until last Saturday, and he is laughing because he fooled the whole town.

Volcanic Eruptions.

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life and joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them, also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Best Pile Cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY

ROGER WOLCOTT,

GOVERNOR:

A PROCLAMATION

FOR A DAY OF PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE.

WHEREAS, We of the present generation have equal cause with the generations that are past to be sensible of our dependence upon Divine Providence, and to acknowledge our gratitude to the God of Nations for his merciful and abundant favor;

Now, therefore, I, by and with the advice and consent of the Council, appoint Thursday, the 30th day of November current as a day of joyful thanksgiving to God in church and home for the blessings of the past year.

May we remember that bounteous harvests and the teeming products of the mine, the factory and the workshop cannot alone make a people great and powerful, but that nations, like men, are great only through righteousness and honor. May the courage and high purpose of those who founded the republic be the potent inspiration to honorable citizenship. May wealth, the product of labor, be not used for selfish indulgence, but for the equal good of all. May the nation rise to the full height of its greater opportunities and duties, and in the future, as in the past, tread the pathway of enlightenment, liberty and peace.

Given at the Council Chamber, in Boston, this third day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-nine, and of the Independence of the United States the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth.

ROGER WOLCOTT.

By His Excellency the Governor, with the Advice and Consent of the Council.

WILLIAM M. OLIN, Secretary.

God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Literary Notices.

The November number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE contains a variety of interesting papers, among which are: The United States and the Church of Rome, a review of Mr. Sedgwick's article in the Atlantic Monthly; The Future of Electricity; Irish Shrines. This article is the last literary work of the late Rev. Eugene O'Growney, whose efforts in behalf of Irish literature have made his name a household word. Memories of the Olympia, by Thomas J. Feeney, imparts much information and incidentally relates some pleasing anecdotes connected with the history of this famous battleship. The story is illustrated by some fine photographs taken especially for the purpose. Nora Tynan O'Mahoney contributes to the fiction of this number a clever Irish story, Mrs. Morrissey's Turkeys. A Maine Vendetta, by Harriet A. Nash, is a bright sketch of country life. There is a lengthy and most interesting instalment of Mrs. Hinkson's serial, The Hand of the Crusader, and several clever short stories. A beautiful poem, Te Deum, by Caroline D. Swan holds first place. There are some fine personalities presented in People in Print, and the biographical sketches are very interesting.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand good medicine. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woburn Woman's Club was held in Music Hall, Friday afternoon, Nov. 3, at 3 o'clock.

Prof. E. Charton Black read a lecture on "J. M. Barrie and the Modern Scottish Idyl."

The five minutes talk on "Currant Events" was concisely given by Mrs. Hill.

Prof. Black characterized the "Modern Scottish Idyl" as a glorious embodiment of truth which emphasized the importance of the individual soul. Barrie, Stevenson, and Dr. Watson, were considered the foremost modern Scottish writers.

The lecture closed with a reading from the latter chapters of "Margaret Ogiley," rendered in the facinating native Scotch.

The next meeting will be called at 2.30 p. m., Nov. 17, in Music Hall. The subject of "Reorganization" will be considered, after which the meeting will be placed in charge of the committee on "Sociology." A social tea will follow.

The art class will meet Miss Drew Tuesday morning, Nov. 14, at ten o'clock.

L. B. B., Clerk.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The popularity of "Three Little Lambs" grows with each succeeding performance at the Tremont Theatre, and large audiences are nightly evincing their appreciation of Mr. Barnet's quaint and characteristic humor; the delightful music by Mr. Corliss; the cleverness of the members of the Fifth Avenue Theatre musical company in interpreting the ideas of both author and composer, and the beauty and brilliancy of the costumes and stage setting. Miss Lemon's spirited acting and charming vocalism; the dashing methods of Messrs. Philip and Carleton; Miss Braggin's chic soubrettisms; the unctuous funmaking of Messrs. Hitchcock and Lawrence; jolly Miss Cahill's irresistible humor; the eccentricities of Messrs. Vizard and Hadaway; the neat and fetching style of Misses Bassain and Hawley; the Hibernicisms of Mr. Whiffen; the care with which the less prominent parts are sustained; the fine appearance, good training and admirable singing of the large chorus; and the skilful dancing of almost everybody in the long cast of 65 people, combine to make the representation a most attractive one, and "Three Little Lambs" has evidently entered upon a long and prosperous occupancy on the stage on which, as "Queen of the Ballet," it was originally produced by the Boston Cadets. Matinees are given on Wednesdays as well as Saturdays.

WINCHESTER.

Peter McQueen will fill the next number in the Y. M. C. A. Course of Entertainments on Nov. 13.

The McKay plant is not to be removed from this town, all stories to the contrary notwithstanding.

Last week Mr. J. H. Winn sent to Detroit, Mich., the first carload of cranberries ever shipped from this town.

Miss E. A. Dailey advertises to teach pupils on the pianoforte and solicits a share of public patronage. She is an experienced and successful teacher.

The voting list this year contained 1226 names. Last year there were 1246. This means indifference and neglect of duty, and not a decrease of the number of voters in town.

The work now being done at Spot Pond by the Metropolitan Water Commission will keep 1,000 men at work for a year. Thirty acres are being added to the area of the pond, nine feet to its depth and a billion gallons to its capacity.—*The Star.*

The following are the officers of the Seek and Save Mission Circle of the Congregational church: Director, Maud Folts; Secretary, Charles Main; Treasurer, Robert Adriance; Cradle Roll Committee, Marion Lovering, Esther Parker, Florence Holland, Ida Sands.

There was a hot fight over the election of Representative here last Tuesday. Mr. Twombly won the prize, but he had no votes to spare. His Democratic opponent is personally popular and a big force worked hard for his election. Mr. Twombly was a member of the House in 1872.

MISS E. A. DAILEY,
Pianoforte Instructor,
No. 9 Baldwin St.,
Winchester Highlands, Mass.

Terms Reasonable.
Lessons given at my house, or will visit the homes of pupils.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

WANTED!

For season of 1900, beginning April 1st, men to advertise Magic Yeast. Must be over 22 years old, temperate and have excellent references. Apply by mail before Nov. 18, to Northwestern Yeast Co., 889 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Perfect Fleece.

Many persons interested in the natural history of the sheep do not clearly understand what density of the fleece means. Wool, as it exists in the fleece, is valued as to quantity and quality. Quality depends on length and closeness of the fibers. The latter is the density of the fleece. This depends on natural peculiarity and exists in a remarkable degree in certain breeds and in families of these. Pure Spanish Merino wool has about 45,000 fibers on a square inch of skin. The finest and densest wool is on the shoulders.

A perfect fleece will be even in fineness from the shoulder to the thigh, of nearly equal length of staple on the back over on the sides from the shoulder to the thigh, and equal in density on the shoulder and back from loin to loin. The sheep is the most impressive of all the domestic animals. The selection of the father of the flock is thought so important that experts are employed to select rams.

Threadbare Carpets.

Threadbare carpets are no longer the despair of the thrifty housewife who longs for their banishment, but dreads the expense of their replacement. She knows now her clear and satisfactory duty in the matter. In all large cities there are factories where old carpets of all kinds are cut into strips and woven into beautiful velvety rugs. The new fabric retains the colors of the original, but these are so blended that no one predominates, and the revised pattern is soft and artistic. No carpet is too worn or soiled to be put through the process, and no preparatory cleaning is necessary. A ragged ingrain, brussels or other carpet may be taken up, the floor stained while it is away, and presently the covering is returned in the shape of fresh, handsome rugs, whose beginning cannot be suspected by the most critical observer.—New York Post.

Fable of the Trillionaire.

Once upon a time a trillionaire, being fearful, after the manner of his kind, of dying rich and very desirous of getting rid of his wealth, bought a newspaper.

He made the newspaper as bad as possible, which necessitated employing all of the very bright people at enormous salaries, to say nothing of mechanical facilities. It was not long until the trillionaire had the satisfaction of seeing his newspaper dropping upward of $450,000 per week.

But, alas, for human ingenuity!

He had not reckoned with the public taste, which had now become such that his newspaper speedily attained to positively the largest circulation, thereupon becoming a source of immense profit to him.

Moral.—The best laid eggs gang aft agley.—Detroit Journal.

The Sea Serpent.

Noah refused to take the first serpent—the cause of all the trouble—into the ark, but the subtle beast was equal to the emergency, and became the sea serpent. As such it shares with its great patron down below the honor of being the father of lies.—New York Press.

..FREE..

Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Admission to Lectures in this Course is Free. Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the Course, may be made in writing on or before Nov. 20 to THE BURBEEN LECTURE FUND, P. O. Box 516, Woburn. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library, and to those who send with their application a stamped addressed envelope, tickets will be mailed, and others may obtain their tickets at the Woburn Public Library, on or after Nov. 23. Tickets not taken before Nov. 25 will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Tickets will be apportioned by lot among the applicants, and will not be issued to children under the age of 16 years.

Applicants under twenty-one years of age must state their age upon their application, and no ticket to a seat in the gallery will be issued to such applicants.

Application for more than two tickets for any one family will not be received.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

MONDAY, Nov. 27. F. Hopkinson Smith. Subject: "Readings from Col. Carter, Tom Grogan, and his new story, "The Other Fellow."

TUESDAY, Dec. 12. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "Mexico." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26. William G. Ward. Subject: "The Novel and the Short Story."

TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Feb. 6. To be announced.

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
E. MARIA BEAN,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.

Every Evening. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

5TH AVE. THEATRE MUSICAL CO.

In Magnificent Professional Production of the

Boston Cadets' Latest Success,

Barnet's Musical Comedy,

3 LITTLE LAMBS:

King's Daughters'

Helpful Circle of Trinity Church

Musicale and Readings

At the home of Mrs. S. F. TRULL, 629 Main Street,

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 15.

Home-made candies for sale.

Admission, 15 Cents.

"GOT A GRIP"

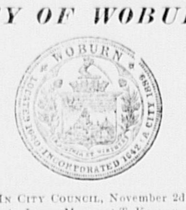
on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

CITY OF WOBURN.



IN CITY COUNCIL, November 2d, 1899.

To Charlie A. Jones, Margaret T. Kenney, George F. Bean, Trustee for Cynthia Bicknel, et als., Ellen T. Ellis, and all other persons interested:

TAKE NOTICE, That upon petition of A. V. Haynes and others praying that the City Council shall cause that part of Pleasant street which is abutted on the southerly side thereof by the several lots and parcels of land hereinafter referred to, to wit:—To land of Charlie A. Jones; land of Margaret T. Kenney; land of George F. Bean, trustee for Cynthia Bicknell et als.; and land of Ellen T. Ellis; to be altered so that the southerly side line of said Pleasant street, where abutted as aforesaid, shall conform to the proposed new southerly side line shown in a plan of that part of Pleasant street entitled: "Plan of alterations of section of Pleasant street, Woburn," bearing date of November 2d, 1899, and now on file in the office of the City Clerk;

IT WAS ORDERED, That a hearing before said City Council be given to abutters and to all parties interested on **Thursday, November 16th, 1899,** at 8.30 o'clock, P. M., at the Council Chamber, Municipal Building.

Attest. JOHN H. FINN,
Clerk of City Council.

A true copy. Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, Clerk of City Council.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a mortgage given by John R. O'Connell to Agnes C. Monk, dated January 7th, 1898, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2627, Page 550, and thereafter duly assigned to Frank M. Frost and Albert G. Frost, for breach of condition of said mortgage, will be sold by public auction on the premises therein and hereinafter described, on

Monday, November 20th, 1899,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular, the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situate in Woburn in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, bounded:—Beginning on the easterly side of Vernon street at a point distant five hundred fifty feet southerly from land now, or late, of Frank Hammond; thence running easterly at right angles with said street one hundred ten feet to land now, or late, of Foster; thence southerly on said Foster land fifty feet; thence westerly on a line at right angles to Vernon street one hundred ten feet to said street; thence northerly on said street fifty feet to the point of beginning; containing 5,500 square feet.

One hundred dollars must be paid at the time and place of sale, and other terms of sale will be stated then.

FRANK M. FROST,
ALBERT G. FROST,
Assignees of said mortgage.

October 27, 1899.

Abstract of petition presented to the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex by James E. Kelley, William E. Gowing and Charles J. Sargent, Selectmen of Wilmington, in said County:

The said petition shows that the Boston and Lowell Railroad Corporation constructed its railroad across a pre-existing highway now called Burlington Avenue in said town, carrying said highway over said railroad by means of a bridge; that the crossing was reasonably safe and convenient for public travel until about the year 1887, when said bridge was raised by the Boston and Maine Railroad, the lessee now operating said railroad, which claimed to raise said bridge under a decree of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, passed in 1887, since which time the said crossing and the approaches thereto, have become very difficult and dangerous to public travel; that the petitioners are of the opinion that it is now necessary for the security or convenience of the public, that an alteration should be made in said crossing, the approaches thereto, and the said bridge, by widening and changing the grade of the approaches, rendering the ascent thereto more gradual and by widening the bridge or constructing at one side thereof a passageway for travellers on foot.

Said petitioners pray that said County Commissioners may give notice, hear the parties interested, determine the case, prescribe the manner and limits within which the alterations shall be made, and do all other things comformably to the Statutes applicable to the case.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDESEX, ss.

At a meeting of the County Commissioners for the County of Middlesex, at Lowell, in said County, on the first Tuesday of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine, to wit, by adjournment at Cambridge in said County, on the twenty-fourth day of October, A. D., 1899:

On the foregoing petition, Ordered, that the Sheriff of said County, or his Deputy, give notice to all persons and Corporations interested therein, that said Commissioners will meet for the purpose of viewing the premises and hearing the parties at the Commissioners' Room in the Court House in Cambridge aforesaid on Saturday, the twenty-fifth day of November next, at 9.30 of the clock in the forenoon, by serving the Boston & Maine Railroad and the Clerk of the town of Wilmington each with an abstract of said petition and copy of this order thereon, thirty days at least before said view, and by publishing the same in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before said view, and also by posting the same in two public places in the said town of Wilmington, fourteen days before said view; and that he make return of his doings herein to said Commissioners, at the time and placed fixed for said view and hearing.

WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Ass't Clerk.

Copy of petition and order thereon.

Attest,
WM. C. DILLINGHAM, Ass't Clerk.

A true copy.
Attest,
SAMUEL W. TUCKER, Deputy Sheriff.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Ames Hall
Wilmington, Mass.

DANCING

Saturday Evening, Nov. 11, 1899.

7.45 TO 11.45.

Cent's Ticket, 50 Cts
Ladies' Ticket, 15 Cts.

Under management of Joseph N. Ames.

A Broken Ring.

Cupid welds hearts together, and we w[illegible] We repai[r] jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee [illegible] work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., J[ew]elers,
409 Main Street, Wobur[n]

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1899.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

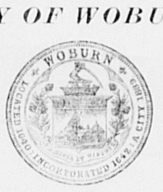
MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday, Dec. 7, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.



..THE..

Registrars of Voters

will in accordance with the provisions of Chap. 548, Acts of 1898, will be in session at their office in

MUNICIPAL BUILDING, COMMON ST.,

to receive applications for registration for the City Election, on the

Afternoon of November 18 from 2 to 5.

Evenings of November 17, 18, 20 and 21, at 7 o'clock, and from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on November 22.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 22.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sec. 47: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the Collector of Taxes, or a certificate from the Assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

WOMEN DESIRING TO REGISTER for the City Election are requested to attend the AFTERNOON SESSIONS, but may register at any session of the Board.

Male applicants, who became residents of Woburn between May 1 and June 12 of the current year, must produce tax bill or certificate of assessment (for this year) from the place of their former residence, or their application will not be entertained.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Nov. 3, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Thomas Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Hiram Whitford, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the twenty-first day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

LADIES'
TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS.
Party, Ball, Street, and Evening Costumes Artistically Designed.
Miss M. E. MORAN,
26 Franklin Street, WOBURN

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

— AT —
Linnell's Market
Quality Comes First,
Then Price Follows.
We act on this thought.
We aim to carry only first-class goods.
406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
— DEALER IN —
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.
Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.
Prices and terms reasonable.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

DAVID R. PERRY,
Practical Plumber.
Estimates given on all work.
Satisfaction guaranteed.

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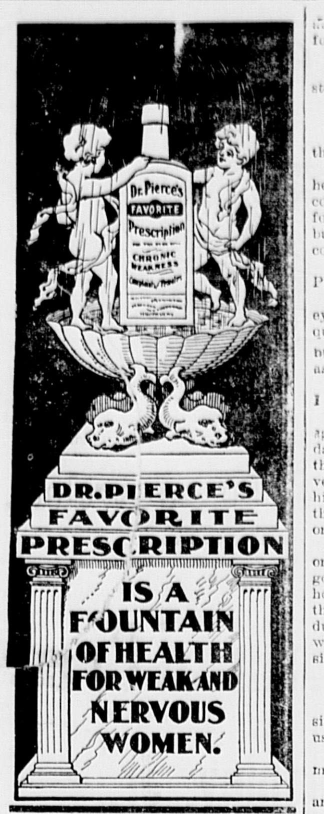

A ROBIN.

What art thou doing there,
  Robin, sweet Robin,
On yonder bough so bare,
  Singing, or sobbing?

Through the long summer days
  Heard wert thou rarely;
Lark, thrush and nightingale
  Outsung thee fairly.

Now, when lark, thrush and all
  Silence are keeping,
Skies like a leaden pall,
  Mist undercreeping,

Where the dark yew its shade
  Over churchyards is flinging,
Thou sittest and singest.
  Oh, what art thou singing?

It is not of love;
  Love needs one to hear it.
It is not of life;
  Death and tombs are too near it.

And it is not in hope,
  With the long days before us,
With the limitless scope,
  And the woods sweet in chorus.

But when all else is still,
  Or winds only are sighing,
Leaves falling around thee
  Decaying and dying,

When some fire yet unknown
  In thy warm heart is throbbing,
Thou sittest and singest there,
  Robin, sweet Robin!

Gay of heart, cheerily,
  Chiding our sadness;
But, oh, there are tears in thee,
  Bird, in thy gladness.

—London Spectator.

A DEVOTED BROTHER.

Pirotou was the waiter at the little hotel at Avignon where I had put up. I think he was the only manservant they kept, for he appeared to do everything. I have seen him sweeping rooms, polishing the oak floors, dusting, driving the hotel omnibus, loading and unloading the luggage, carrying trunks up and down stairs with as little apparent effort as though they were made of cork, and then, add to all this, twice a day, with his hair well brushed and pomaded and a serviette over his arm, Pirotou served at table.

One could not help noticing this man, because he had such a happy looking expression. His whole face laughed, from his bright black eyes, his lips, his trumpet shaped nose, even to his very hair, which was cropped short; his teeth and his growing mustache, which he was beginning to train at the corners of his mouth. He was very quick and obliging, and he was not only a favorite with the travelers who put up at the hotel, but every one in the neighborhood appeared to know him and like him.

When he was seated on his driver's box on the way to or from the station, he had to nod, smile, touch his hat or wink to every one we met. The fact was, he liked every one, and every one liked him. This popularity gave rise to certain prerogatives and privileges. Pirotou liked talking, and he was decidedly more familiar than one expects a waiter to be, but it all came so naturally to him that somehow every one took it in good part.

When the table d'hote dinner was over, the things all cleared away and the room nearly empty, Pirotou would glance round, and if any one that he had taken a fancy to happened to be still there, why, he would make his way across the room and start a conversation at once. It never lasted long, though, for either the hotel proprietor or one of the customers always interrupted him —he was continually in demand for some service or another. In spite of this the very first day I dined there he found an opportunity of getting a little private conversation with me.

"I've got a brother who is an officer in the army," he informed me, and without waiting for me to express my surprise he continued: "Queer, isn't it —me a waiter and him an officer? It's true, though, my brother is an officer in the army"—

"Pirotou, take No. 16's box up stairs. Pirotou, coffee for No. 8. Pirotou, put the horse in at once"—

He would then disappear like a flash of lightning and cheerfully perform all the duties required of him.

He talked about his brother in this way to every one because he was proud of him, and, although he knew very little of this said brother, yet he adored him all the same. He spoke of him always in the same way without any vanity, but simply that he could not help mentioning him, just as a vine dresser must speak about the weather and the sun. It was the subject always uppermost in his thoughts, and he would frequently take up his thread again hours after and go on just as though he had never lost it.

"I expect you wonder how it is, how it came about?" he said to me in continuation during his next interval.

"How what is?" I asked, for I could not imagine what he was driving at.

"Why—my brother being an officer!"

"Ah, yes. How did it come about?"

"Well, it was like this. It was a lady that lived near our village, an old lady, very well off, and she had lost her son. Our parents were dead, and she took a fancy to my brother. You see, he was a fine looking lad, and just about the age of her boy. Well, she took to him, and she sent him to college at Paris, just near to her home. Then he went to the military school, Saint Cyr. She died last year, and I can tell you it set me about a good deal when I got the news, for the sake of my brother"—

"Pirotou, answer the bell—No. 31!"

I had the next installment of the story the following day.

"Well, the old lady"—

"What old lady?" I asked absently.

The poor fellow was quite hurt to think that I did not remember.

"Why, my brother's old lady, sir! In her will she left him quite a good income. That put me at my ease at once, for, you see, I had felt anxious for him, but with this money, why, of course he could keep up his position."

"But did she not leave you anything, Pirotou?"

"Me!" he exclaimed, opening his eyes wide in his astonishment at my question. "Why, no, sir—it was my brother, you see, that was the same age as her son!"

"Does your brother come to see you?" I asked.

"Yes, he came once about six years ago, when he was on leave. I'd got four days' holiday, and we arranged to go to the village where we used to live. I was vexed to have such a short time with him, but as it happened I did not stay the four days even, for I got back here on the third.

"You see, my brother found he could only stay two days with me, for he'd got invitations to two or three country houses. Then, too, he didn't tell me this, but I guessed it—he found it pretty dull in the little village. Of course it was very natural he should—just think, sir, an officer!"

"Does he help you?" I asked.

Pirotou burst out laughing at this.

"Him! Help me! Why, he couldn't, sir. It isn't the same kind of work we're used to."

"Oh, I did not mean in that sense. I mean does he ever send you any money?"

"Oh, I would not have it, sir, upon any account. I'm paid well, you see, and I get a fair amount in tips, and then no expenses, like he has. Why, in my way, I'm as rich as he is."

"Has he never been to see you again?"

Pirotou looked slightly embarrassed this time as he answered:

"He'll be coming, sir, soon, because of my wedding. I'm going to get married, you see."

"Ah, you're going to get married?"

"Well, sir, yes. You see, it's getting time. I'm nearly 24, and then she is from these parts, and we've known each other three years. We haven't been able to see much of each other, that's true, for you see she's lady's maid for a lady who lives at Paris and has a country house near here. They come for three months each summer, and I can only see her on Sundays after church. So, you see, sir, I'm anxious to get married."

"You'll be changing your trade then, I suppose?"

"No, sir, not yet awhile. You see, we haven't got enough money to set up in a little business. In five or six years, if we save up, we shall be able to do it. For the present, though, as soon as we are married, the lady's going to take me in her house with Louisette—Louisette, that's her name, sir, the girl I'm going to marry. My brother'll be best man," he went on in great glee, "and we shall have a very fine wedding, for, you see, sir, I shouldn't like to have anything shabby when he's coming to it—just think, sir, an officer, you know!"

"Pirotou! Pirotou! No. 50 wants his key!"

After leaving Avignon it was some months before I happened to go there again. On arriving at the hotel I was struck by the change in Pirotou. He looked quite morose, and it was only with an effort that he managed to smile as he recognized me. I could see very plainly that he had something to tell me, but there were so many people wanting him, and then the landlord kept calling him for something every minute, "Hurry up, Pirotou, hurry up, my good fellow!"

He did hurry up, but it was not with the same jovial alacrity as formerly. He used to carry the trunks about as though they were as light as air, but now they appeared to be as heavy as lead. I dined when every one had finished, and I was really quite curious to know what had happened and how Pirotou's wedding had gone off. As soon as he was free he approached me, but he did not come and lean on the table in his old familiar way. He just stood there looking wretched, and it occurred to me at once what had happened.

"Why, I don't believe your brother, the officer, came after all, Pirotou, to the wedding," I said.

"Yes, sir; yes, he came, but—you see, sir, I must tell you how it all was. First of all, I thought he would be sure to put up here, at my hotel, and so I expected to see a good deal of him—all the time I was free. It was a bit rough, sir, when I found he had put up at the St. Yves hotel, right at the other side of the town. Well, then, he did not come himself to see me, but he sent a messenger to tell me to meet him at a cafe, and he told me in his letter not to forget to take off my apron and to put on a hat. It was just as well he thought to remind me of that, you see, for I should never have remembered myself. I was in such a hurry to see him that I should just have nipped off there and then, without thinking about what I looked like. Well, sir, when I saw him looking so handsome and so finely dressed, I felt that proud of him that, excited—but he just held out his hand to me and asked me whether I'd have sherry or absinth—I said sherry, and then I lost my head, I suppose, for when the glasses came I just picked up his and drank up his absinth. You'll think me pretty foolish, sir, for a hotel waiter and all, but I didn't know what I was doing. My brother spoke so kindly and just explained a bit about things.

"Of course I quite understand that he could not come to see me; but, as he said, I could go there and meet him. He did not want every one to know he was here, for, you see, sir, I'd been so foolish and talked a good deal too much about him, and, as he said, he did not care about showing himself off like some curiosity. Of course it was quite right, you see. Just think, an officer! Well, I asked him just to come and see my employer here, for that seemed only natural to me at first. He explained, though, that he could not, as that put him in a false position, and when I looked at it in that light I saw that he was quite right. But, you see, sir, it has made things a bit awkward for me, because my master and then everybody just round that I know—well, they all think that it was my fault he never came. They think I was ashamed of them, and that I did not like my brother to come and shake hands with them"—

"But how ever did you manage at the wedding, Pirotou?"

"Wait a bit, sir; I'm coming to that. There isn't much to tell you about that, sir. Well, let me see; how far had I got? Oh, yes, it was where I went to the cafe. Well, my brother asked me all about my wedding, and I told him about Louisette and about her mistress and everything. Well, he wanted to see her, of course, and so, as the next day was Sunday, I knew they would be at church, and he agreed to meet me here. Well, when Mme. Dalbert came in and Louisette after her, I just nudged him and told [illegible] who they were. 'Isn't she pretty?' I said, and he nodded, but he never took his eyes off Mme. Dalbert. When we were going out of the church, he just got first and stood there watching her, and when I was speaking to Louisette he went off, so that I could not introduce him then.

"The next day I went to the cafe again to meet him, but I saw he had some friends with him, some officers he had met by chance, old friends of his at Saint-Cyr. When he saw me, he left them and came to meet me, for he knew I should feel a bit awkward among all his friends.

"'Didn't you say the lady was a Mme. Dalbert where your Louisette is?' he asked as soon as ever he had shaken hands.

"'Yes, I said; 'Mme. Dalbert.'

"'It is very awkward, very awkward indeed,' he went on. 'The idea of your being engaged to her maid! Things turn out so confoundedly embarrassing. My friends are going there to this Mme. Dalbert's to a hunting party, and they want me to go. You would not mind that?'

"I laughed at the idea of my minding it, but of course I gave him some messages for Louisette. Two days later I saw him again, but he was quite different. When I asked him about Louisette, he said: 'Well, you see, when I was with my friends there, I could not very well talk to the maid. I did not mention you either—you will understand, I'm sure'—

"I certainly did not understand at all, but I did not say so, and he went on talking and twirling his mustache.

"'She's a very pretty woman—Mme. Dalbert—a charming woman!' he said.

"I did not answer, for, to tell the truth, I had scarcely noticed her even, for my eyes were taken up with Louisette always.

"'Would it really be much of a sacrifice to break off this engagement?' he asked after a pause.

"That was just a little too much, and I reminded him how we had waited for three long years, and how we had, both of us, never had a thought of such a thing as not getting married now.

"He bit his mustache impatiently, and soon after I left him to go back to my work. For three days we were so busy at the hotel that I was not able to get off. I could not see him then, for he was neither at the cafe nor yet at his hotel. It was a week after when he sent for me, and this time I was shown up into his room—a large, handsome room on the first floor of the hotel. He seemed very excited and kept walking up and down the room. Presently he stopped short right in front of me and said:

"'Can I count on you? Are you pretty brave?'

"'Go on,' I said, 'what is it?' for I felt that something had happened, but I did not want him to be ashamed of me.

"He looked away as he told me the news. 'Well, it is just this. I fell over head and ears in love with Mme. Dalbert, and—well, the long and the short of it is she cares for me too. The only thing is I am so vexed for you, old fellow,' he said laying his hand on my shoulder.

"'For me—but why?'

"'Good heavens! Can't you see? Well, you cannot exactly marry her maid now! You could not come to us as a servant, could you? It would be too ridiculous—perfectly humiliating, in fact, for me!'

"I felt myself go cold all over, and I suppose my face must have turned pale, for he said:

"'Well, have patience, and we'll see how it can all be arranged—perhaps something can be done'"—

Pirotou stopped suddenly, and two great tears, which had come into his eyes, would have rolled down his cheeks, but, making a desperate effort, he blinked two or three times and so made them disappear.

"But how about the wedding, then?" I asked after a brief pause.

"Well, you see, sir, there's been no wedding," he said, looking down on the floor. "Perhaps there never will be now either. I've waited and tried to be patient, but my brother does not write, and Louisette hasn't written lately either. I suppose they have talked to her and showed her that it can't be, and I don't know perhaps they'll get her to give me up yet altogether. I don't know how it is. Anyhow, they're back in Paris. It was a bit hard, you see, sir, for I'd been in love with her so long, and we'd waited so patiently, and then, you see, sir, with him it was all just a fancy —just a pretty face that took him. But, there, it's all the same, there was nothing left for me to do. I couldn't humiliate him, you see. He's older than I am, and I've got no one in the world but him. And then too, sir, just think —an officer! I couldn't have stood in his way, sir, but it is a bit hard."

And this time, as blinking was of no use, poor Pirotou moved away and busied himself shutting the window.—From the French in Strand Magazine.

A Nurse She Would Be.

The two daughters of Mrs. Charles Wheeler of Philadelphia have chosen diverse paths. One elected to be Countess Pappenheim, with all that that implies, and it has implied much. The younger, Ethel, has determined to be a nurse. She is young, only just 18. Her determination has been opposed by her family. That a young girl with such brilliant prospects as would naturally be hers should choose a life of self sacrifice rather than one of luxury is inevitably puzzling to her friends. She has, however, persisted in her desire and has entered on her training in the Penn hospital.

Two Kinds of Women.

"It is very difficult for a clerk to actually draw customers to a store," said an old merchant the other day, "but it is the easiest thing in the world for him to drive them away. Of course customers are themselves very trying at times, but the clerk who is scrupulously polite always has the best of such encounters. That reminds me, by the way, of an odd little incident.

"A few days ago one of our girls who comes from a distinguished and once wealthy family was waiting on an ill tempered woman who treated her with such brutal rudeness that I was strongly tempted to personally interfere. However, the clerk remained perfectly calm and courteous and betrayed not the faintest sign of annoyance. Just then a lady who is recognized as one of the society leaders of New Orleans approached the counter and gave the shopper a very frosty nod. At the same moment she caught sight of the salesgirl and instantly dropped her air of reserve, rushed up and seized her cordially by both hands.

"'My dear child,' she exclaimed, 'I am so glad to see you! Can't you and your mamma come to my little musicale tomorrow night?'

"With that she sat down and launched into general talk. The first woman's face was a study. She would evidently have given a front tooth for an equally gracious recognition, and she glared at the girl with an expression between wrath and awe. It was very funny. I was behind a pile of dress goods and laughed myself tired."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How Mrs. Pinkham
HELPED MRS. GOODEN.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 12,733]

"I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. For years I had female troubles and did nothing for them. Of course I became no better and finally broke down entirely. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb and inflammation of ovaries.

"I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then after nearly two months the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and their medicine alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of her Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine.

"The first remark that greets me now is 'How much better you look!' and you may be sure I never hesitate to tell the cause of my health."—MRS. E. J. GOODEN, ACKLEY, IA.

City Built by Insects.

Did you ever examine one of those peculiar little cities known to the common people as "an ant hill," but to the student of nature as "the city of the ants?" Their little underground cities are equally as wonderful as "subterranean London," about which all have read so much, especially to the one who loves to study nature's kinks and find "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." Such cities are as well built, comparatively speaking, as are the cities built by man, and are arranged with an eye to neatness, convenience, durability, etc. The homes which lie on either side of the main streets (tunnels) of these ant cities are constructed very artfully. Short corridors lead from the main tunnel and terminate in the rooms, which are quite extensive, when the size of the inhabitants is taken into consideration. These rooms have vaulted roofs, which are supported here and there, but always in regular order, with strong pillars formed of a mixture of earth and slime, which is secreted by the ant workmen. Each room usually has two openings for ingress or egress, one connecting with a "street" and another with one of the numerous side galleries which ramify the ant city in all directions.

The population of these cities differ in numbers according to the species or prosperity of the colony, but is always composed of three distinct classes, the males, the females and the neuters. These neuters are the sexless workers and occupy the same position in the ant city that the neuter or worker does in the bee family.—St. Louis Republic.

Gladstone.

Mr. Gladstone is, of course, like Butler, in his relation to philosophy, a theologian first of all. Indeed it would not be difficult to maintain that he is more of a scholastic than Butler. A curious coincidence with the exact position taken up by those who are now trying to revive the doctrine of Aquinas may be found in a note on Butler's remark that "it is as easy to conceive that we may exist out of bodies as in them." "This," Mr. Gladstone says, "appears a hazardous assertion," and after an allusion to the spirits in Dante, who, though they cast no shadow are "absolutely visible in shapes," he goes on to say: "Compare the case of the anxiety of demons in the N. T. to be in bodies." This is precisely the position taken up by Neoscholastics against what they regard as the error of Platonism.

Separation from the body, instead of being simply a release of the soul from its bondage to matter, is an imperfect kind of existence, inadequate to the needs of the soul till it is able to resume a body. To the freer speculations of even the more orthodox among modern theological philosophers—if at least a Calvinist, from Mr. Gladstone's Anglican point of view, can be orthodox—he is not too sympathetic. A speculation of Jonathan Edwards, for example, about the origin of moral evil, is thus dismissed, "The whole speculation is on forbidden ground, useless as to results, and we see a pious man on the borders at the least of sheer impiety." The reference to "forbidden ground" is of course one form of the limitation imposed by scholastic theologians upon all philosophy.—Athenaeum.

They Settled It.

"Sir," began young Timkins as he entered the presence of the dear girl's father, "I want to marry your daughter"—

"Oh, don't come to me with your troubles!" interrupted the old gentleman. "She told me some time ago that she intended to marry you, so you'll have to settle it between yourselves."—Chicago News.

The sword blades forged at Toledo by the Saracens could be coiled up like a clock spring and would resume perfect straightness as soon as released.

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A Novel Scheme Which Works Well and Satisfies Both Employer and Employed. If You Can Find the Right Girl Give the Plan a Trial.

There is at least one woman in Chicago who has solved the question of household help to her satisfaction, and there is one girl who feels satisfied with her position.

The woman in question had tried all kinds of help, from the raw Swedish or Irish article to the clever American, who knew far too much to be a good maid, and she was in despair. She was not exactly an invalid, but she was rather delicate, and she needed an assistant who could be depended upon to look after things during her illness or in her absence from home. Then, too, she was much alone, and sometimes she felt the need of companionship which all childless housekeepers have experienced. Impertinence, slackness, poor work and undue familiarity had been the only results she had obtained in her efforts toward elevating the freaks with whom she labored. Still her faith in her sex remained triumphant, and she was as positive as ever that the girl she was seeking existed somewhere. Just how to find her she did not know.

"Why don't you begin at the other end of the problem?" her husband suggested. "Seems to me that you might find plenty of nice girls who would be willing to do the work if you paid them well enough, and who would be companionable enough, too, if you treated them nicely."

"But I should have to make such a girl as you speak of one of the family," she said dubiously.

"Well, why not?" said the husband, with all a man's disregard of conventionality. "A real nice girl, who would be nice enough for you to take to and make a companion of while I am away, would have sufficient good taste not to be in the way when I am at home, and that's what you are afraid of, I know."

The wife made no answer, but the following week she inserted an advertisement in a morning paper and awaited results. The advertisement read as follows:

Wanted—A nice, companionable young lady to do general housework (no washing) for a family of two. Must be refined and quiet.

Now, it happened that the very girl she longed for saw and answered her advertisement. The girl had come to Chicago more than a year before, and being untrained had taken a position in a necktie factory. By dint of constant work she had reached a salary of $8 a week, but she had ruined her health. To do more than live upon her salary she found impossible, for good board in a refined household could not be had for less than $5 a week. Car fare and lunches consumed another $1.50, and to dress upon the scanty balance would be impossible so soon as the wardrobe which she had brought with her was worn out. She had no home, no friends, and nothing to fall back upon. The advertisement of the woman who wanted an exceptional household assistant suggested a new though startling idea to the girl, who had never dreamed of working in any kitchen save her mother's or her own. Still, after a little hesitation she answered the advertisement.

Her letter pleased the housekeeper who had advertised, and after an interview they were mutually pleased.

All this happened more than a year ago, and they are still pleased. The girl has a room nearly as good as that of the mistress of the house. Many of her employers' friends are her friends, and when these friends call upon her she receives them in the parlor. Her employers never dream of speaking of her to strangers by her first name. When her employers are absent from home, she is at liberty to invite some one to stay with her, and she often accompanies her employers to social or church entertainments.

On the other hand, the girl does the household work as it has never been done before, with touches of dainty attention which are constant surprises to her employers. She takes all the cares of housekeeping off the shoulders of her mistress and does not grudge the time spent in preparing dainty meals. She does the work in her own fashion and at her own time, and she does not insist upon being with her employers at all times. Her own room is quite pleasant enough to spend an evening in now and then, and she realizes that the most delightful guest is better appreciated for occasional absences. She sits with them at meals when they are quite alone, looking after the table service, of course, but when guests are present she prefers to wait upon them. She prides herself upon being always neat, and she never appears in company uninvited, although frequently assured of her invariable welcome.

Both employers and employee treat one another with the courtesy and consideration due from one refined person to another, and the only cloud upon the horizon is due to the attentions of a certain young friend of the family who is supposed to be desirous of transplanting the happy girl to a home of her own—and his. Both the girl and her employers think they have solved the problem of household assistance, and the experiment is certainly worth trying by other troubled housekeepers.—Chicago Record.

He Wanted to Be Prepared.

Johnny—Father, don't you think I had better drop all my studies at school except arithmetic?

Father—Certainly not, my boy. What would you do that for?

Johnny—Why, I heard mother say that you would be a horrible example for me some day, and I thought I'd better get posted up!—Detroit Free Press.

Full of Meaning.

There are few more expressive phrases than some which pass current among primitive races. Henri Mager, a member of the French council for the government of the colonies, transcribes a few expressions used by natives in Madagascar which seem to deserve a wider vogue.

Speaking of an egotist, they say, "He knows two for himself and not one for anybody else."

"He is like the cock that sings at night," they say of the unlimited talker, while of the everlasting borrower they remark, "His mouth is his snuffbox."

When a man conducts his affairs well, a native will tell you, "He swims without noise," or if he seeks the impossible, "He wants the bird on the wing."

To render the idea of "a little" a Malagasy will point to the ground and say, "Like the water in the holes made by a chicken's feet," and if he wishes to describe a person who is content with moderate comforts he will put it thus, "He behaves like a hound munching flies."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 12.

Text of the Lesson, Neh. iv, 7-18. Memory Verses, 15-18—Golden Text, Math. xxvi, 41—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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The topic of this lesson is "The Rebuilding of the Walls of Jerusalem" and requires a study of chapters ii-vi. When the people of God are not an honor to Him, walking worthy of Him, they are a reproach to Him. Nehemiah felt that the condition of things at Jerusalem was a reproach to God (ii, 17; v, 9), and his desire was to take away this reproach.

7, 8. "They were very wroth and conspired to fight against Jerusalem and to hinder it." This was the attitude and conduct of the enemies of God, who were grieved exceedingly that any one should seek the welfare of the children of Israel (chapter ii, 10). The old serpent who sought to mar the work of God in Eden is ever the inveterate enemy of God and man and will exert himself to the utmost when he sees the people of God zealous for the glory of God. In these chapters we see many of his wiles and may learn from Nehemiah, comfort of Jehovah, how to stand against them (Eph. vi, 11).

9. "Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God and set a watch against them day and night." Nehemiah was a man of God and therefore a man of prayer (chapters i, 4; ii, 4), but, while his strength was in God and his whole reliance upon Him, he failed not to use the means within his reach. Our Lord taught His disciples to watch as well as pray (Mark xiv, 38). In Eph. vi, 11, 13 we are taught that the whole armor of God is necessary, that we may be able to stand against the evil one. As we saw in last lesson, Nehemiah strengthened himself in God by His word. Then he encouraged the people by telling them of the hand of God upon him (ii, 17, 18), and so priests, Levites, rulers, goldsmiths, apothecaries, merchants and also women went to work, each repairing over against their own house, and so half the wall was builded, for the people had a mind to work (chapters iii and iv, 6).

10. "And Judah said, We are not able to build the wall." It is bad enough to have enemies outside to contend with, but when those who are within the fold or the family get discouraged it makes matters more difficult. In chapter iii, 5 we read that the nobles of the Tekoites put not their necks to the work of the Lord, but here is a leading tribe, the one from which our Lord came (Heb. vii, 14), talking of much rubbish and no strength for the work. If Nehemiah had not been staid upon Jehovah (ii, 20), he might have been sorely discouraged.

11, 12. Not only did the adversaries keep threatening that they would cause the work to cease, but the Jews who dwelt by them became filled with fears. Contrast Isa. xli, 6. "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage." In the story of Gideon all the people who were fearful and afraid were sent home (Judges vii, 3). The Lord wants His people to be strong and of good courage (Josh. i, 6, 7, 9; Hag. ii, 4).

13, 14. "Be not ye afraid of them. Remember the Lord." He appointed the people to their places fully armed and encouraged them with such words as these. In Isa. li, 12, 13 we have the words, "Afraid of a man, and forgettest the Lord, thy Maker." And in Isa. xii, 2, "Behold God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid." If we are afraid, we are forgetting God and not trusting in Him. When we rely upon Him, we cannot be afraid. The weapons of our warfare are not carnal, not swords and spears and bows, but might, through God to the pulling down of strongholds (II Cor. x, 4). We have the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit (Eph. vi, 16, 17).

15. "God brought their counsel to naught. We returned all of us to the wall, every one unto his work." The Lord bringeth the counsel of the heathen to naught. He maketh the devices of the people of none effect. The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of His heart to all generations (Ps. xxxiii, 10, 11). See also Isa. xiv, 24; xlvi, 10.

16. "While some wrought in the work others held the weapons, ready for an emergency. Although not written in Scripture, it is Scripturally true that They also serve who only stand and wait. And it is written that, "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff—they shall part alike (I Sam. xxx, 24).

17. "With one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon." Thus did the builders and the burden bearers as they wrought in the work and were not terrified by their adversaries (Phil. i, 28). Like David, they prepared with all their might, and set their affection to the work (I Cron. xxix, 2, 3). Like Hezekiah, they did it with all their heart and prospered (I Cron. xxxi, 21). When the enemy sought to entice Nehemiah away, seemingly, for a conference, but really to do him harm, he was led to send them this word, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down." Four times they sent unto him after this sort, but he always answered after the same manner (chapter vi, 3, 4). Read the whole of chapter vi and see in how many ways they sought to ensnare Nehemiah, but see the wisdom of God in him and in all his replies to them. In due time the wall was finished, and the enemies were much cast down in their own eyes, for they perceived that the work was wrought of God. Had the wall been built by skilled masons the credit would have been theirs, but when such unlikely people as apothecaries, goldsmiths, etc., built such a wall they could not but see that God did it. The more disqualified we feel for the work to which God calls us the more glory there will be to God as He accomplishes it through us.

18. "He that sounded the trumpet was by me." And when they heard the sound of the trumpet they were to resort thither (verse 20). Our glorious Captain has all the work under His control. He shall not fail nor be discouraged. He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied (Isa. xlii, 4; liii, 11), and when the trumpet sounds how quickly and gladly all His people shall resort to Him (I Thess. iv, 16-18). The work shall be finished notwithstanding all enemies; the church shall be completed, the marriage of the Lamb shall come, the kingdom shall be the Lord's, and the whole earth be filled with His glory (Eph. v, 27; Rev. xix, 7; xi, 15; Hab. ii, 14). Let us not come down from our great work of living to complete His body and bring Him back.

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Tossed on the Floor.

"How's copy?" The busy fellow in his shirt sleeves, rushing through his work, has asked the question of the "copy cutter" in the composing room, where the printers are setting the paper. It is late, and every nerve is strained to the utmost. Reporters are hurrying, telegraph instruments are clattering, and whole banks of copy are being fired up to the "copy cutter's" desk.

"Crowded to death," comes the answer.

"All right; I'll be up in a moment and help you out."

In a little while the busy fellow in his shirt sleeves is sorting a mass of copy, leaving one story out of the paper entirely, laying another aside to be "cut down," tossing this and that on to the floor and making space for the important news that must go into the paper.

What is that loose sheet that he has tossed aside? You pick it up and a glance shows that it is headed with a single line, "A Baby's Death." How unimportant it seems; just three or four lines. Can such news as that crowd out the telegraph, politics, police news or even the gay doings of society? It is only a baby—toss it on the floor.—Josiah Carter in Atlanta Journal.

A Japanese Secret.

The Japanese gardeners make a secret of the means by which the miniature trees are produced; but, like many other mysteries, the secret has been discovered by the curious occidental. It is simple enough, consisting only in the cutting of the roots when they first begin to sprout.

Suppose a miniature oak tree is desired. The Japanese gardener takes an acorn and an orange. He carefully scoops out the interior of the orange and fills the skin with rich mold. Exactly in the center he places the acorn, leaving a round hole in a line with the sprouting point. He puts his orange in a sunny place and waters it every day.

Soon after the first shoot appears, and in a very short time afterward the roots break through the orange skin. These are shaved off continually. The tree grows to about five inches high and then stops. In a year it is a perfect miniature oak. When the roots cease to grow, the ends are varnished over and the orange imbedded in a pot or vase. The tree becomes more gnarled and stunted every year and is trained to whatever shape is desired.—New York Times.

The Last Opportunity.

The late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous skeptic, told many stories of experiences which grew out of the common knowledge of his skepticism. One of these related to a visit which he once made to Rev. Phillips Brooks before Dr. Brooks became a bishop.

Calling on Dr. Brooks, he was refused admission because, as the servant said, it was "sermon day," and some of Dr. Brooks' own home people had already been denied admission. But Dr. Brooks learned that Ingersoll was at the door and sent out word that he should come in.

After the interview, and as Colonel Ingersoll was about to leave, he said:

"Dr. Brooks, your man told me that you had denied yourself to some of your home people this morning. Now how is it that you have admitted me, a stranger?"

"Oh, that's quite easy," said Dr. Brooks, laughing. "They are my church members, and I shall see them again, here or in heaven, but isn't it right for me to consider your belief and that I shall probably never meet you again!"—Youth's Companion.

Trouble In Teaching Monkeys.

An experienced animal trainer says: "As a rule, monkeys are readily trained, but occasionally there is one, as in the human species, who is a dunce and won't learn anything, is positively stupid and refuses persistently to become educated. The trouble in teaching monkeys is largely that they are mischievous. They try to overdo things and do things which are not wanted of them, so that in order to make them perform as desired steady drilling is necessary, although they grasp an idea quickly. The only two species of animals which can be taught by precept and example are the chimpanzee and the orang outang. They are imitators, and to instruct them in doing a thing it is only necessary for the trainer to do it first himself, and then either one of these will imitate him."—Washington Post.

Necessary Precaution.

"What a fine looking little boy!" exclaimed the good natured woman to her traveling acquaintance. "How old is he?"

"You're not connected with the railroad, are you?" asked the suspicious mother.

"Certainly not."

"Not in any capacity whatever?"

"No."

"Well, just wait until the conductor gets out of hearing and I'll tell you."—Chicago Post.

The Impressionist.

Connoisseur—It sounds mean to repeat it, but he declared that your landscape did not look a bit like nature.

Artist—Ah, that was high praise! The true impressionist does not have to indulge in servile imitation of the object he depicts.—Boston Transcript.

An Absorbing Topic.

Dick—Miss King is so reserved and has so little to say that I can't keep conversation with her from lagging.

Jack (her former beau)—Mention pearls, and you will have nothing to do but listen—and buy.—Jewelers' Weekly.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Experience of an English Cavalryman With Indian Treachery.

I was not a religious man, but never bishop or parson prayed with greater fervor. From 1848 till now is a long time, but I still wake in the night, though not so often as I once did, after fighting that battle over again. It was in 1848, and I belonged to the Nineteenth Hussars, the one white cavalry regiment operating in the second Sikh war. That war lasted only 60 days, but it had more fighting compressed into it than many a three years' campaign. While the suffering was greater in the Crimea, the fighting never was harder. A cavalryman away from his horse is like a fish out of water, and they had not mounted infantry in those days, so it was with a bad grace that we, whose horses had been lost at Chillian-Wallah and Sobraon, found ourselves attached to the Twenty-fourth infantry and guarding supplies while the regiment pushed on.

There were two companies of the Twenty-fourth and about a troop of our men, some of us wounded, but able to do work which did not necessitate marching. The camp was in a deserted temple, which allowed some protection from attack, and also contained a large tank. This water would have startled people at home, but we were glad to have it, such as it was. I was not a nervous man; I had been in the first line at Sadoolapoor, but when I found myself doing picket duty in the early morning on the outer edge of the temple boundaries I devoutly wished myself safe beyond the sea, under the shadow of St. Paul's. The moon was shining brightly, but I stood in the shadow of one of the two tall pillars peculiar to those temples. It was clear as day elsewhere, but still as the grave, and I would have welcomed the howls of the jackal, but they were all away following the army.

No obstruction prevented my seeing in all directions, but it was this very thing which chilled my heart. An open foe could be met, but, though for two nights the sentries at this post had never returned alive, nothing of a struggle had been heard. The body of one of them had been found lying in the temple tank only that morning. Oh, for my good horse, which I had seen hamstrung by a keen Baluchi blade! I had now been on duty an hour, and nothing had happened. The early morning hours, the hardest of all, were here, and my mind had unconsciously gone on with the regiment and in spirit I was near the gates of Lahore, when I thought I heard a muffled sound. I closely scanned the ground around, but I could see nothing, and, though I listened, while the perspiration came off in big beads, though it was a cool night for India, the sound was not repeated.

I had begun to think that I was mistaken and that my nervousness had alarmed me and was laughing at my fears, when once more I heard distinctly the sound as of a camel's soft foot, almost noiseless. Wheeling around the next moment, I saw for an instant a figure stealing toward me in the shadow of the temple tower and hardly to be discerned from it. It was between me and my friends, but what was it? Much larger than a man it seemed. Should I fire and give the alarm, or should I wait? In those days we had only muzzle loaders, and to fire without the shot telling meant to have nothing but the bayonet to depend on. I raised my musket and fired. No motion, and I reloaded while the guard hurried down from camp, and all was bustle and preparation.

Going cautiously forward we found what appeared in the dim light to be a black bear, but pulling it into the moonlight a large crooked blade shone out from one of its paws. The next day we found a hole in the ground, which in the day was covered by a stone slab, leading down to a canal which connected with the tank in the temple, and in this canal were the bodies of three of our sentries, with their throats cut. The mystery of the floating body was solved.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A College Student as Blacksmith.

At Cornell all the mechanical engineering students have to learn seven trades. One of these trades, that of blacksmith, is very distasteful to some of the students, but it has to be learned all the same. One young fellow, who was unusually averse to soiling his hands, begged hard to be exempted from wearing the leather apron, but the professor took special care that there was nothing lacking in thoroughness of his training at the forge.

Last fall the student went to the professor and thanked him for being compelled to learn blacksmithing. "You see," he said, "I am now superintendent of a mine away back in Colorado. Last summer our main shaft broke and there was no one in the mine but myself who could weld it. I didn't like the job, but took off my coat and welded that shaft. It wasn't a pretty job, but she's running now.

"If I couldn't have done it, I'd have had to pack that shaft on mule back and send it 300 miles over the mountains to be fixed, and the mine would have had to shut down till it got back. My ability to mend that shaft raised me in the eyes of every man in the mine, and the boss raised my salary."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Clothed With Power.

He was a little uncouth, but was a great traveler. He had just returned from the wilds of central Africa, where he had hobnobbed with all the royalties of that savage region, and was being lionized in the swagger drawing rooms of Belgravia.

"Do tell us about the queen of Booraboolo," said the Duchess of Loamshire. "Is she clothed with great power?"

"Your grace would think so," he replied. "If you were to see her six nigger maids of honor lacing her corsets."—Tick-Ne-Tig.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

OCT. 2, 1899.

Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M. **SUNDAY-To Boston,** 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, 9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.58 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m. and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9. 25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 2.25, 8.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 7.35, 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Supt.

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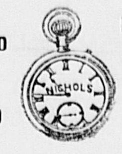
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IT IS TIME
To commence to take some kind of Spring Medicine to brace up after the cold and sickness of Winter, and prepare for the languor and weakness of early Spring. Try
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We make it. It has proved a success. It costs 50 cents.
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The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery. Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
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Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
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405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

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P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

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MECHANICS BUILDING,
115 Main Street. WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE WOODS.

When I was sad, to the heart of the woods I stole—
To the woods alone—
And the grave woods listened to my burdened soul
When my soul made moan.
No need of words for the heart of the woods to hear.
To the soul's mute cry
In her solitude the quiet trees give ear
And the still blue sky—
The sky that looks through the trees like loving eyes—
Till the soul pangs cease,
And the solemn pines point singing to the skies,
And the pines sing "Peace!"

When I was glad, to the heart of the woods I went—
To the woods alone—
And the kind woods listened, making my content,
My joy, their own.
The blue sky smiled, and the leaves made merry with me,
For they understood.
Who seeks will find a friend in every tree
In the heart of the wood.
Yet, lingering there, so deep the soul joy grows
Light mirth must cease,
And far above, where the free wind comes and goes,
The pines sing "Peace!"

—Francis Barine in Youth's Companion.

A PROPHET UP THE CANYON.

And How the Dire Result of His Prophecy Was Averted by a Woman.

The news that old man Peacham had predicted the death of Wiley Baker within ten days swept through Arroyo Grande like a prairie fire. Talk smoldered and flamed in the wake of Winfield Smalley, who was witness to the prophecy and who just reported it at the blacksmith's shop and later held forth to successive audiences on the porch of his own "restaurant and cafe." Wiley Baker was postmaster and keeper of the general store. He was behind his counter attending as usual to business when Smalley returned from a visit to old man Peacham's cabin up the canyon and gave out this statement:

"Say, boys, you could knock me over with a feather. I feel like I'd seen a ghost. Say, it's the first time I ever see a prophet at work, and I want it to be the last, not that I'm sayin anything against the old man. B'gum, he can have anything he wants of mine. I wouldn't buck up against him fer a corner lot.

"Well, I went up to take him some victuals and cold coffee and such, my wife bein too busy with the washin—you know sence his nephew cleared out she's jest about kept him alive—and I set down beside him on the bench in front of his cabin and begun to talk to him. He didn't eat the victuals I brought, though; set 'em on the ground in an indiff'rent kind of way and said he had plenty.

"That stirred me up. I thought maybe his nephew'd come back and was in hidin somewhere, knowin he was wanted. But the old man said no; the folks from town had been bringin him things, all he could eat and more. Well, of course, I knew there'd been a mighty lot of interest in him ever since the wreck, but I thought most people fought shy of him, fearin he might prophesy about 'em and thinkin 'out of sight out of mind' was safest. But it seems there was a good many thought it safer to get on the good side of the old man, or perhaps they was just curious—like me. I wouldn't think of tryin to stave off a prophecy with cold victuals, and yet I must confess that if anything was comin to me and old man Peacham knew it I'd rather he wouldn't tell. No, sir, I wouldn't want to know it. I wouldn't want to be in Wiley Baker's shoes this minute.

"Well, it was my mention of Wiley started him off, but I didn't do it with any thought of a prophecy, though you know Wiley and me ain't on the best of terms. In fact, I've been mighty slow to take stock in this prophesyin, as you know, and I just thought I'd pump him a little about it. So I told him what Wiley Baker said, that there might be some nateral way of accountin for the fact that Jerome's barn burned down soon after old man Peacham said he had a vision of a thunderbolt strikin Jerome and that the Santa Fe freight train went off the track after old man Peacham said he saw a wreck.

"He didn't seem to pay much attention, but sat there with his good eye lookin about as blank as his other one. And, in fact, it'd beat me, and I guess Wiley Baker, too, to say how old man Peacham could have anything to do with the barn burnin or the wreck. Everybody knows he's too feeble to walk down the canyon. And if he knew anything was goin to do those things, he wouldn't tell, leastways if he did tell he wouldn't stay up there alone in that cabin, where anybody could come back and get revenge on him. No, sir, that ain't reasonable, as I was explainin to him, when suddenly his beard sort of pointed out into the air and he stuck his finger out, so, and says, 'Wiley Baker.' Well, he was pointin at a chaparral bush, and, of course, Wiley Baker wasn't nowhere around. I asked him what he meant and pretty soon he says it again several times—'Wiley Baker, Wiley Baker.' And then he says: 'I see him. He's a-layin there. He's dead. The hand of death's on him now. He's a-goin to die this month.'

"Then the old man looked at me with his good eye and nodded, awful solemn, I tell you. I nearly fell off the bench. I didn't stay long after that. B'gum, I was afraid he'd see somethin happenin to me, and as I say, 'If there is anythin comin I don't want to know it.'"

It didn't take long for a synopsis of this speech to get across the street. The postmaster, a tall, stout man, with the neck of a bull and a rubicund face, received it with a snort of disdain. But all the afternoon people kept dropping in, ostensibly to trade or get their mail, but each man with a question, an exclamation or a harangue up his sleeve—subject, the prophecy. Baker's temper shortened as the day wore on. At first he laughed, then he intimated that the old man was probably less of a fool than he looked and more of a snake.

"Catch old Peacham and young Peacham, and you'll have at least one man that knows how Jerome's barn was burnt and who put the log on the track in front of the freight," he said emphatically.

At last Wiley turned on a lounger who was advising him to make his will and ordered him out of the store.

"There's no law against standin in the postoffice, I guess," whined the intruder.

Wiley started out from behind the counter, and the man fled. Outside he reported that the postmaster was frothing at the mouth and might be expected to have a fit at any moment. Wiley's face, in fact, assumed an apoplectic look; even his collarless neck was scarlet, and he breathed heavily as he waited on his customers. The eager scrutiny of half a hundred eyes and certain audible comments on his personal appearance considered in the light of the prophecy perhaps did not contribute to his comfort.

The impression gained ground that he was at least badly scared, if not actually ill. Winfield Smalley's place became a focus for speculation upon Baker's prospects here and hereafter, and regular bulletins of the state of his health were circulated there. A quiet canvass for the revision of the postmastership was begun by two rival candidates in the village. Persons who owed Baker small amounts began to pay up, and, on the other hand, one or two creditors who had heretofore regarded his verbal promise to pay as ample security now requested notes of hand.

News has a fluid and pervasive quality in the village, and none of these signs and omens could escape Baker's notice. Within two or three days it was town talk that, from being hail fellow well met with every voter and householder in town, the postmaster had suddenly become close mouthed and morose. He even began, it seemed, to resent the presence of the informal neighborhood club that had been wont to gather every evening in his store, discussing the news of the day and lunching casually out of cracker and dried fruit boxes. The assembly found itself slowly but surely frozen out and at last adjourned in a body across the street to Winfield Smalley's.

The restaurant in these days quite usurped the popularity of the store. There was, to be sure, less to eat, except on penalty of paying for it, but at least talk was free, and there was once more a host ready and willing to lead the conversation. On the all absorbing subject of Wiley Baker Smalley was fluent.

"I declare I don't know what to think," he would say confidentially, shaking his head. "You can see for yourself Wiley's breakin. He ain't had a word to throw at a dog for the last two or three days, and people tell me when he goes to weigh out sugar or coffee his hand shakes so 't he sometimes gives overweight. Yes, sir, it looks bad. I ain't been near him myself, for I hear he sort o' connects me with the prophecy, me bein the one to hear it, and of course in his condition, bein so full blooded, any excitement might bring on a stroke. Lord knows, I'm the last person to wish to shorten his span o' life. Let's see; this is the 25th, and old man Peacham said this month. Well, sir, in five days we'll know whether the old man really has got the second sight or whatever it is some thinks he has or whether he's only a lunatic, as Wiley says. Anyways, the old man don't lack for food nor fire these days. Pretty near the whole town's been up there by now, I guess, and few like to go empty handed. If anything does happen to Wiley, the old man'll live in clover, that's sure."

During the next two or three days people declared that Wiley Baker was falling away; that his clothes hung loose on him, and he could hardly hold himself erect, and there was at least no doubt about the fact that on the evening of the 28th the town was convulsed, for Wiley had taken to his bed.

His wife said in answer to all inquiries during the evening that he had a bad headache, but expected to be around in the morning. In the morning, however, far from being around, Wiley called in the doctor. Sanderson, M. D., had practiced in the village ever since it came into existence, but he was not accustomed to being consulted in any light matter and in fact was generally not sent for until the patient was beyond recovery. When it became known, therefore, that he had visited Wiley, the latter's fate was considered sealed.

Wiley, who had never been suspected of imagination, gave himself up for lost and made his will. His obituary occupied the attention of the town, though cognate subjects, such as prophecy in general and old man Peacham in particular, the wreck of the freight train and the fact that the railroad's men were looking for Jim Peacham, were revived with lively interest. Arroyo Grande had never before had so much to talk about, and business languished except in the saloons, while every one waited for the crape bow to appear on the postmaster's door. He was a popular man, too, but the town loved sensations and probably never would have forgiven him for disappointing it of one. As it happened, however, Wiley made more of a hit by escaping both the prophet and the doctor than he could have done by succumbing. It was Mrs. Baker, a quiet little woman with a gimlet eye, who knocked the bottom out of the prophet's boom and shocked Wiley back into his normal state of health just as he was making up his mind to die.

"I knew 'twas all nonsense," she said afterward, when she had become the storm center of interest. "But when I saw what a hold it had got of Wiley, and how he was actually bein scared to death, I made up my mind to settle that prophet, anyhow. Shucks, I knew he wasn't any more of a prophet than I was. So I took Wiley's revolver and I went up the canyon. It was gettin dark, and I hadn't had much sleep, bein up with Wiley two nights, he thinkin he was goin to die any minute—so I felt kind o' light headed, but I knew what I was goin to do just the same. When I got to the old man's cabin, he was cookin his supper in a fryin pan. I marched right in, and says I, 'Jake Peacham, I'll thank you to take back that there so called prophecy you give out about my husband.'

"He looked at me perfectly blank and went on stirrin his bacon or whatever. Then I pulled my revolver on him. Lands sakes, I suppose I'd 'a' shot him, at least I told him I would, if he didn't speak. I see then he wasn't so much of a fool as he pretended. He was scared and dropped his fork and backed toward the door, and I went after him. Then somebody says, 'Here, drop that gun.' And there was Jim Peacham standin in the doorway, and he had a shotgun.

"'Drop that gun, or I'll shoot you,' says he. 'I won't, and you don't dare,' says I. Then the old man bust out whimperin and cryin, just like a child.

"'There, now, ain't you ashamed of yourself, comin up here and scarin that poor old harmless critter out of what little wits he's got left,' says Jim Peacham.

"'Harmless nothin!' says I. 'Here he's scared my husband nigh into the grave predictin he was goin to die, and I want him to take it back, that's all, and he's got to.'

"'Shucks!' says Jim Peacham. 'He don't know what he's talkin about—the idea of payin any heed to him—pore old critter! If your husband's such a dern fool as that, he'd ought to die.'

"'Now, look here, Jim Peacham,' says I. 'There's somethin queer about all this, and I want you should tell me the straight of it, so's I can go home and tell Wiley he's no need to die. If you'll do that, I won't shoot you much.'

"He laughed at that and come into the cabin. He's a little bit of a nervous fellow, you know, and I wasn't a mite afraid of him, though he has got a bad eye. The old man sat down on his bunk and let his bacon burn up, too scared to move.

"'I'll tell you,' says Jim. 'You see, uncle's just like a parrot. He repeats everything he hears, and I—I talk in my sleep. Now, d'ye see?'

"'You burned up Jerome's barn, then,' says I.

"'I did,' says he, 'for he turned me out of his saloon. Called me a mean name too.'

"'And you wrecked the freight,' says I.

"'None of yer business,' says he, gettin ugly.

"'Then,' says I, 'did you talk in your sleep about my husband?'

"'I never,' says he. 'I ain't been sleepin here since the freight—I mean somethin else must 'a' put that in his head. Now, honest, I've told you the truth, and I don't want to harm your husband, and I wish you'd go along home so's we c'n get our supper. And then I s'pose I'll have to put out, for of course you'll tell all about this.'

"'Of course I shall,' says I. 'And there's people lookin for you now.'

"'I know it,' says he, 'but they can't catch me. Now, adios.'

"'There's just one more thing I want you to do for me,' says I. 'I've got to have some proof of this and something that'll make Wiley sit up.' And I give him the revolver. 'Shoot some place where it won't do any harm—just enough to make a mark,' says I.

"'Shucks!' he says. 'I ain't goin to do that. Why, they'd comb the mountain for me.'

"'No, they won't. I'll tell them just how it happened. But I've got to scare Wiley out of his bed,' says I.

"Well, in the end of it he did—just nicked my shoulder and afterward tied it up for me real gentle.

"'You're a plucky woman,' says he, 'and I'd go down the canyon with you if I wasn't afraid.'

"Well, I got down by myself, though I won't say it was easy. The last I saw of the old man he was cryin in his bunk. I guess his goose is cooked as far as prophesyin goes.

"Wiley—well, he was up and dressed about five minutes after I got home, and he swore he'd kill all the Peachams, root and branch. But I'd lost his revolver up the canyon, and then I fainted away, and he had to stay and look to me. But don't say prophet to him; he can't stand it."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Training Shepherd Dogs.

The natives of New Mexico seem to have an original way of training shepherd dogs. A pup is taken from its mother as soon after birth as possible (the breed of dog is immaterial). The young of a sheep or goat is taken away and the pup is substituted. After the first few days the pup is never fed except just before the flock goes to pasture in the morning and just after the sheep are brought in at night. As soon as he can walk he goes out with the flock and stays with it all day. Whenever he begins to anticipate supper by trying to drive the flock in before sundown, he gets punished. After he is about a year old he takes a flock out, guards from other dogs and coyotes during the day and brings them in at the proper time at night without supervision. I have tried all kinds of temptation on a dog that was encountered in the hills with his flock, but in spite of all he would remain faithful to his duty, driving his flock to a safe distance before venturing to make the acquaintance of my own dog.—Orange Judd Farmer.

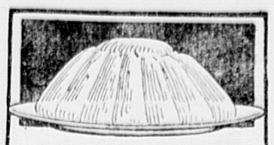
The Stumbling Block.

A member of the Mug House club who had failed to win a fortune on the turf decided to go into Wall street to tackle easier game. "On the turf," he explained, "a man has exactly 27 chances against him in a field of ten horses. In other words, he has one chance in 28 to hit a winner. Now, in Wall street stocks go one of two ways — either up or down— giving a man one chance in two. It looks like a dead open and shut. I'm going to make it pay. There's nothing against you except bad judgment."

"Oh, yes, there is," said a New street operator, nodding his head sagely.

"And that is"—we all asked.

"Your broker and his commission."—New York Press.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A Bill Poster's Trick.

"Of course we used to put up small bills wherever they'd catch the eye," said a bill poster who traveled with a circus making one day stands, "and one thing we used to do that always pleased folks was to hang a bill from a ceiling. You had to have a wooden ceiling, to start with, and then all you wanted, besides the bills, was a tack and a silver dollar. It took practice to do it, but when you'd got the knack it was very simple and easy.

"You attached two bills together, one at the foot of the other so that it would hang down when the first one was attached to the ceiling. Then you folded the bills up, with a tack, thrust point upward through the top fold of the upper bill, with a silver dollar under it, up against its head and between it and the other folds of paper under it.

"Then, some time when the room was full of people—this might be a hotel office or perhaps a barroom—you tossed the bills up, and there was weight enough in the dollar to drive the tack into the ceiling far enough to hold. Then the weight of the paper itself and of the dollar would open the bills out, and the coin would drop and you'd catch it as it fell, and the chances are that not one man in five would see it fall. The bills would be seen, fastened up there somehow, most of the people wouldn't know how, and opening out with the lower bill, hanging so you could read it.

"This was not the greatest thing in bill posting ever was, but, as I said before, always pleased folks."—New York Sun.

Very Curious Weather.

At Alto Crucero water freezes every night of the year and the thermometer frequently falls to 6, 8 and 10 degrees below zero. There are no facilities for artificial heat—not even a fireplace—and people keep themselves warm by putting on ponchos and other extra wraps.

At noonday the sun is intensely hot, because of the elevation and the rarity of the atmosphere, and blisters the flesh of those who are not accustomed to it. There is a difference of 20 and sometimes 30 degrees in the temperature of the shade and the sunshine. Water will freeze in the shade while 20 feet away men may be working in their shirt sleeves.

The natives seem to be entirely inured to cold and go about barefooted and barelegged over the ice and the stones indifferently without regard to the temperature; but they have a way of heaping the blankets on their heads and wrapping up their faces to keep the pure air out of their throats and nostrils. The women who herd the flocks are often out on the mountains for weeks at a time without shelter or anything to eat except parched corn, strips of dried meat and coca leaves, which are the most powerful of nerve stimulants.—Chicago Record.

Board For His Poems.

"Yes, I find it extremely difficult to make my living by my pen," said the poet.

"Difficult!" exclaimed his friend. "You mean impossible, I presume."

"No, I do not," replied the poet. "I am in the habit of saying precisely what I mean, and when I say difficult I mean just that and nothing more."

"You don't mean to say that you have ever earned anything by your literary work?"

"Indeed I do," answered the poet. "I once got six months' board for some poems."

"Who did you sell them to?"

"My landlady."

"What on earth did she want with a lot of poems?"

"I don't know that she wanted them particularly, but I left them in my box when I went away, and there was nothing else in sight. They were good poems, too, but I couldn't sell them."

Sure He Was Irish.

"Why do you think this man who almost drove over you was Irish?"

"Because I threatened to lick him."

"Well?"

"Well, instead of driving on about his business, he got down from his wagon and wanted to fight."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Commercial Cupid.

"Did you enjoy your wedding trip, Mabel?"

"Oh, such fun! We sold all the presents we didn't want and bought a lot of lovely things which we wanted and didn't get."—Detroit Free Press.

MUD HENS HIS PREY.

He Thought Them Ducks and Blazed Away at a Great Rate.

"I was somewhere along in the teens when the tragedy took place, a long legged, gander shanked, country gawk. I was at that time the possessor of a new ten gauge breechloader and an insatiable appetite for killing game and especially wild fowl—verily, a pitiless combination. I wish to record it here that I am not the least bit proud of my share in the transaction, but it happened a good many years ago, so I will risk telling it.

"I had spent the day in the woods chopping and was returning home shortly after sundown, pretty well fagged out and hungry enough to eat a sawdust ham. Between the woods and house lay a mile wide strip of low bottom land, dotted with rice ponds and small lakes, the favorite loafing place for all the ducks and mud hens in the country. It was late in the fall. The ponds were covered with an icy blanket, the wild fowl had migrated, leaving the bottom deserted of bird life. Nevertheless, as I crossed the bottom, from force of habit, I suppose, I was, as the boys say, 'rubbering' for ducks.

"In passing the foot of a long, narrow lake my vigilance was rewarded. A quarter of a mile up the lake I beheld, to my amazement, a big air hole black with ducks. They were not there when I passed in the morning, and I was at a loss to account for their sudden appearance, but as I gazed wonder was replaced by a wild frenzy of exultation. I would get my gun and murder the whole mass or as many as possible before they flew and then brag to the boys of the number of ducks I had killed at one shot. Noble thought! Fatigue was forgotten, and I barely touched ground as I flew over the bottoms.

"The purple shades of evening were slowly dimming all objects as a long legged specter sneaked crouching along the rush fringed bank of the lake up to the air hole where the unsuspecting ducks were sporting. There was a flash, a roar, and a swath was mowed through the huddled fowls. I had counted on their springing into the air at one jump, when I would tunnel another hole through them. To my utter astonishment, not a bird of them offered to fly—just sloshed around the air hole a little and settled down, wondering where the earthquake came from.

"'Bully! They're dazed with the cold. Maybe I can kill them all,' I exulted. Another swath was cut, leaving another blanket of dead birds on the water. Instead of flying the survivors only huddled together the closer. 'Funniest ducks I ever shot at. Must be a hole full of cripples. If it is, I may as well kill them and get them out of their misery.' You see, I was getting ashamed of myself and was apologizing. Another charge went tearing across the water.

"That time 'something come.' My battery had been planted at such effective range that nothing could stand the fire and live. There was a general exodus from that air hole, but I'm a sinner if the whole outfit, instead of flying, didn't crawl out on the ice and run in all directions. Then for the first time I smelled a rodent. In slang language, I 'tumbled.' I had been pouring charge after charge into a belated swarm of worthless mud hens.

"I was disgusted. My feelings were hurt, my pride was wounded. I took one look at the objects of my unholy ambition and, shouldering my gun, sneaked off home soliloquizing:

"'My son, you are a brilliant and successful duck hunter. What you know about the characteristics of ducks and mud hens would make an exceedingly valuable book for crematory purposes. Had you possessed the brains of a tumblebug you would have seen at a glance the situation. Evidently the distance from the outside of your cranium to the gray matter within (if there is any) is a Sabbath day's journey.'

"The next morning I walked around by the air hole. Thirty-five dead mud hens lay frozen in the ice. The balance had migrated at night."—Minneapolis Journal.

If the Earth Should Stop.

The stopping of a projectile always results in the generation of heat. The velocity and weight of a projectile being known, the amount of heat developed by its stoppage can be calculated. In the case of large bodies moving rapidly the result of the calculation is something astounding. For example: The earth weighs 6,000,000,000,000 tons. It travels in its orbits at the rate of over 18 miles a second. Should it strike a target strong enough to stop its motion the heat developed by the shock would be sufficient not merely to fuse the earth, but also to reduce a large portion of it to vapor.

It has been calculated that the amount of heat generated by a collision so colossal would equal that obtained from the burning of 14 globes of coal, each equal to the earth in size. And should the earth after its stoppage fall into the sun, as it certainly would do, the amount of heat developed by its impact on the sun would be equal to that generated by the combustion of 5,000 earths of solid carbon.—Philadelphia Record.

More Than Theory.

"I have studied finance very thoroughly," said the young man who wanted to help the bank president make a brilliant success of his enterprise. "Consequently I thought I would go into the banking business."

"Well," answered the elderly man as he polished his glasses, "I don't see why your having studied finance should be any hindrance. But you must recollect that you wouldn't expect a man to be a first class hand in running a wood and coal yard simply because he had studied botany and geology."—Washington Star.

Death and the Doctor.

Death and the doctor met at the door.

"Well, I've got him!" exclaimed Death banteringly.

The doctor was furious, of course.

"Oh, yes," he cried, with much heat, "but you didn't dare make a square issue of it and get him with the disease I was treating him for!"

Hereupon Death laughed affectedly, saying nothing.—Detroit Journal.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1899.

FROM A BUSINESS STANDPOINT.

Cambridge, Somerville, Arlington, Malden, and other cities and towns around Boston, have made money by adopting and continuing prohibition as a permanent municipal policy. Woburn has lost money, year by year, by maintaining the license system.

The financial is a low view to take of a great moral question, but only through the "pocket nerve" can some men be reached.

Studying and carefully considering the pecuniary benefits that other communities have derived from the adoption of no license as a fixed policy, we have often wondered why Woburn refuses to fall into line with them and be equally benefitted. Spasmodic prohibition amounts to nothing; it must be made a permanent system of the town or city; when that is done prosperity will follow. It is sure to; if doubted, go ask the places above named.

When Woburn becomes a "no license" city for good and all then she will begin to grow. Real estate will be in demand; it will bring good prices. The valuation for taxation will increase; taxes will be lower. Immigrants will begin to arrive and settle among us; there will be business. This has been the case in every town and city near Boston that has tried it; why not Woburn?

The city of Quincy is a typical illustration of the truth of the above statements and of the pecuniary benefits of no license. Let us see what Quincy has to say about it. The following figures are taken from the books:

License 1881.	No-License 1898
POPULATION.	
10,855	23,549
VALUATION.	
$7,560,381.	$19,236,832
SAVINGS BANK DEPOSITS.	
$173,950	$488,453.56
In. 2,530 deposits	In. 7,411 deposits
NEW HOUSES.	
24	236
PAID FOR SUPPORT OF POOR.	
$15,415.07	$8,534

While the population increased 117 percent, the amount expended for the poor department decreased 44 per cent.

In 1898, with a population of 23,549, Quincy paid out for support of poor $8,534; Woburn, the same year, with a population of less than 15,000, paid for the same purpose, $14,732.51. During that year Quincy paid for Police $11,968.98; Woburn, $12,485.65. In Quincy there were 295 arrests for drunkenness; in Woburn 540. In 1882 Quincy gave 600 majority for no license; in 1898, 935.

These figures ought to convince even the most obtuse that, from a purely financial standpoint, prohibition is the true policy to adopt and maintain.

DAVIS AGAIN.

At a meeting held last Saturday evening by the Municipal League Mayor Davis was nominated for a second term.

The Democrats will probably run Ald. Edward E. Lynch, and the Republican candidate is yet to be chosen.

It looks now as though the Mayoralty contest is to be a three-cornered one, which will make for the advantage of Davis. If the Republicans should think best to make no nomination, and the Democrats take Ald. Lynch, or some other popular man, for their candidate, there might be considerable doubt about the friends of Mayor Davis effecting his landing for another year.

It looks as though Mr. Davis would be nominated by the Republicans.

FOR PROHIBITION.

If the temperance men of this city really wish to secure a majority for "no license" at the election next month they can do so. Of this there is hardly a doubt. Times and conditions are favorable and need only to be improved and made the most of to bring about the result which they profess to work for.

The vote of the Municipal League will decide the matter. License or no license will depend on their action.

If the present state of things relating to the selling of intoxicating liquors continue next year, it will be because the League so wills it.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

Ponder well the notice of time and places for holding the Republican caucuses for the nomination of candidates for city offices, published in this paper.

☞ The Democrats are talking some of nominating Lawyer John P. Feeney for Mayor, if he will take it. Again it is said that if Mr. John R. Carter should be a candidate for that office the Democrats would make no nomination.

☞ Aguinaldo is beginning to learn something to his disadvantage concerning the American way of playing the game of war. The really little fighting that has been done in Luzon is about over, anyway.

☞ The voters should keep in mind the fact that the election of a good Board of Aldermen is of as much importance as the election of a good Mayor.

☞ The Municipal League profess to feel cocksure that they can capture the Republican caucuses.

☞ We are at a loss to account for the non-action of Municipal League in the matter of Aldermanic nominations.

— Miss Elvira Leverone was the soloist at the concert given by courtesy of Mayor Quincy of Boston to the Italian residents of that city last week in the municipal course and gave unbounded satisfaction to a very large audience. She is a charming singer. Miss Leverone is not a stranger in this city. She has visited her relative, Mr. David Cuneo, and sang at private parties here.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. Prior—Dishes.
J. N. Ames—Ball.
J. G. Maguire—Citation.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
A. E. Sproul—Kakas Bros.
J. G. Maguire—Tax Notice.
Wm. B. Curtis & Co.—Furs.
C. E. Cooper & Co.—To Let.
Tremont Theatre—"Arizona."
J. W. Barber—Abram French.
Rep. W. & C. Com.—Caucuses.
Gove Adv'g Agency—Extracts.

— Yesterday was a gem of a day.

— The Burbeen Course opens on Nov. 27.

— The Unitarian Fair will be held on Dec. 7.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Buy your Thanksgiving crockery at Prior's, 373 Main St.—2.

— C. E. Cooper & Co. advertise two good tenements to let.

— Wool lined dickey coats $4.00, at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Only 21 above Tuesday morning, but it soon moderated.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— Silk fleeced underwear $1.50 per garment. Hammond & Son.

— The Knights of Columbus gave a grand ball Wednesday evening.

— Men's Domet flannel night robes 50c. each. Hammond & Son.

— The spiritual lectures in Mechanics Hall have been given up.

— The Woburn High School football team play at Reading to-day.

— The Sons of Veterans will give their next whist party on Nov. 22.

— Read Copeland & Bowser's new announcement in this paper. It is all right.

— The Harvard hat on exhibition in our Window is a seller. Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Miss Eliza A. T. Kendall will return to and take up her residence at Fitchburg next week.

— Clan Mackinnon will give an "Evening of Scottish Songs" next Wednesday evening.

— Thanksgiving crockery at Prior's in great variety. You can find just what you want.—2.

— Notice of the series of dances in Ames's Hall, Wilmington, is given in this paper. Read it.

— A heavy rain, like last Saturday's, on the increase of the moon, so near the full, is unusual.

— The St. Charles and a picked team will meet on the football field Thanksgiving morning.

— Canvass coats and cardigans at the lowest price can be seen at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Taylor have been paying a visit to Dr. John Staples at Franklin Falls.

— Friday Night Club will give a ball on the evening of Nov. 29, and watch Thanksgiving Day in.

— Miss Dailey, whose card appears in this paper, will give special attention to beginners on the piano.

— We thank Mr. Warren Teel for a copy of the November number of *The Philistine*, a queer publication.

— Capt. Ellis's men and horses are building a lane or roadway in the rear of Woodberry's Corner, and along there.

— Mr. James W. McDonald holds himself in readiness to respond to calls for piano tuning, in which he is an expert.

— Large assortment of crockery, dip pans, pudding pots &c., at Prior's. You will need them for Thanksgiving.—2.

— The Dialect Recital by Mrs. Waldo Richards increased the treasury of the Wellesley College Endowment Fund $75 net.

— North Woburn Republicans are all alive in favor of John R. Carter for Mayoralty candidate. They may have their way about it.

— Mr. Willis L. Varney, of L. E. Hanson & Co., visited his people at South Berwick last Saturday and returned on Monday.

— Hanson & Co. have a fine holiday stock of all the goods kept in a firstclass jeweler's store. Drop in and look at their elegant wares.

— Dr. Murphy and wife are with the Doctor's people at Malden. He will probably go to Europe next summer. His health is good.

— Ever tried any of those 50c. "Klondike" balbriggan shirts or drawers that Hammond & Son sell? They are comfort producers.

— Mr. Charles Miller has or is about to move from here to New Hampshire. Woburn seems to be losing some of her best citizens.

— For full information respecting the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund Course read carefully the advertisement of it in another column of this paper.

— Subscriptions for newspapers and periodicals taken at reduced rates by Miss Claribel D. Flinn, 13 Everett st. Harper's periodicals a specialty.

— Mr. D. H. Richards has returned from Littleton, this State, where he helped his brother-in-law harvest a crop of 300 barrels of Baldwin apples.

— It is said that $600 in addition to the original appropriation of $1200, will be asked for to finish the repairs on Gilcreast Hook & Ladder House.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Charlie Buckley's horse clipping establishment is doing a good business this fall. It has clipped over 60 horses thus far, and the business is increasing. Buckley gives the very best satisfaction.

— Extra fine quality of Camel's hair shirts and drawers can be purchased for $1.00 per garment at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The Friday Night Club will entertain its members and friends socially at the Unitarian church parlor, Friday evening, Nov. 24, at 8 o'clock. A pleasing programme will be presented. No admission fee. All are invited.

— Remnants, Remnants, Remnants, at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England — including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— All kinds of gloves are now exhibited on our counters at bottom prices, Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— At a meeting held by the Senior Class of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology last week Mr. George E. Russell of Montvale ave., this city, was elected a Director for the then ensuing year.

— The three men who were tried in Lowell last week for breaking and entering the freight office of the B. & M. railroad in this city a few weeks ago were each found guilty and sentenced to two years imprisonment.

— A manufacturer of "Beach" coats has failed. The result is that Hammond & Son are selling a $2.00 garment for $1.00. "Beach" coats take the place of a cardigan jackett and also useful as a house coat. See them.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Captain John P. Crane contemplates a considerably protracted visit to California this winter. With a plenty of money and nothing to do the Captain, a worthy man, proposes to extract from life all the sweets there are in it for him.

— Mrs. H. W. Berthrong will leave Boston for Cuba on the 20th of this month to join her husband there, who is, and has been for over a year, a Custom House Inspector on that Island. Mrs. Berthrong will spend the winter with him.

— Major John W. Scott's "Great Novelty Show and Cakewalk," which is billed for an early date in December, is going to be the "greatest show on earth," as the lamented Barnum used to say. Immense preparations for it are under way.

— A prominent leather manufacturer in this city said a few days ago that nearly all of those who sold out to the American Hide & Leather Company are sick of the bargain and wish themselves back to where they started from. Shouldn't wonder.

— Ham & Co. furnish the hay and grain for the large number of horses employed by the contractors who are expending many thousands of dollars on improving Spot Pond in Stoneham, a State reservation included in the Metropolitan Park System.

— F. C. Parker & Son who carry on a large and successful currying business on Sturgis st., feel the effects of the good times. They are putting into their plant many additions to machinery which will enable them to increase their business to a still greater extent.

— The sub-committee of the School Board, Bean, Riley and Bixby, reported unanimously in favor of abolishing the High School Battalion, and the report was accepted by the full Board without a dissenting voice. It was an exhibition of sound practical sense.

— Mr. D. W. Bond of N. W. will make his home at the Centre hereafter. He has been appointed Superintendent of the Dow leather establishment now owned and carried on by the American Hide and Leather Company, and is a competent man for the place.

— A whist party and dance is to be given in St. Charles C. T. A. Hall on next Tuesday evening, Nov. 21. The tickets are only 25 cents. A competent committee have the affair in hand and are bound to make it a social success. Help the temperance boys to have a good time.

— It is reported that Judge Charles D. Adams has purchased a residence at Nahant and will make that town his home in the future. If the story is true and the Judge and his family leave this city permanently the community will feel the loss severely, for they are excellent people and have many warm friends here.

— Our old Winchester friend, Mr. S. W. Twombly, was elected Representative high and dry last week. Some of the b'hoys undertook to turn him down but failed to make connections by several sled lengths. The old, conservative, solid men of the town stood right up in their boots and were counted for his election.

— At a meeting of the stockholders of the North Woburn Street Railroad held at Lynn Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 14, the following were elected Directors: A. F. Breed, Lynn; P. F. Sullivan, Lowell; J. H. Goodspeed, Boston; E. C. Foster, Lynn; G. F. Jones, Woburn. Charles Williams was elected Treasurer, and Edwin L. Stone, Clerk.

— Not less than 10 students, male and female, from the Colleges will participate in the great delegate meeting to be held in behalf of the "World's Forward Christian Movement" at First church this, Friday, evening. It will be one of the most attractive features of the series and must fill the big church to its utmost capacity.

— Beggs & Cobb are about to build another large addition to their Winchester leather establishment, which means that they will not rebuild in this city. Capt. J. M. Ellis has been consulted by Mr. Beggs concerning the foundation of the addition to the Winchester factory, on which work will probably soon begin.

— Caroline A. Foster last week recovered a judgment for $2,000 against the City of Medford for negligence in allowing the wire fence of an abuttor on the street to get out of repair. The wire getting loose from its fastenings fell down and lay on the sidewalk and Mrs. Foster on passing along became entangled in it, fell down and injured her knee. Lawyer Norris was Mrs. Foster's Attorney.

— It rained quite powerfully Saturday afternoon and nearly all night and ended in a snow squall that left patches of winter's wardrobe on the grass and roofs, but failed to cover the ground. Clouds and clear sky, sunshine and shadow, alternated during Sunday, the wind blew fresh and cold from N. N. W., and on Monday morning the thermometers indicated 23 above. It was really the first genuine harbinger of winter.

— The leather factory of B. F. Kimball, winter st., near the Wilmington line, was totally destroyed by fire early last Sunday morning, with its machinery and stock. It will not be rebult. The loss was estimated at $20,000, but was probably somewhat less than that. Reports say it was fully insured. The building was the property of J. Otis Cummings and had been used for quite a number of years for manufacturing purposes.

— As early as last Wednesday more than 300 tickets had been called for by delegates from the 23 churches composing the Woburn Conference to the Men's Council to be held at 7.30 this evening at First church; Saturday evening at the same hour; Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and Sunday evening at 7. This demand indicates intense interest in the "World's Forward Christian Movement," and insures an immense attendance at the meetings.

— Last week Mr. Winthrop Hammonk ornamented the exterior of the great clothing establishment of Hammond & Son with large handsome brass signs, lettered on black, placed on each side of the Main street entrance, which reflected the rays of the setting sun in fine style, and look very citified. He has also put in some elegant latest improved showcases which show his handsome good to great advantage. Mr. Hammond is square up to date in everything.

— We had given us last Saturday by Mr. Michael Joe Mathews, an employee in the Charlestown Navy Yard, a souvenir bit, an inch long, of the submarine cable that Admiral Dewey cut in Manila Bay before shooting out of existence the Spanish war fleet stationed there. Through a friend on the Olympia Mr. Mathews was enabled to get a few pieces of the cable and, remembering the JOURNAL, kindly presented it with one of them. And we were glad to get it.

— A lady of excellent taste and good judgment, one of the audience, tells us that "Griselda," given by the Women's Club last Friday evening, was a fine entertainment. The performance came fully up to the manifesto, and there was nothing lacking, or an out about it. A large audience, composed of intelligent and cultured people, witnessed the drama, and listened to Miss Chamberlain's superb rendition of a light comedy with great delight. From a literary and financial standpoint it was one of the most successful affairs of the season.

— The funeral of Paul Fourdeaux, who lost his life at the burning of the Beggs & Cobb factory on Nov. 10, was held last Sunday at St. Charles church. The Club Canadienne Francais, of which the deceased was a member, had the management of it. The attendance was large at the Club Hall, where preliminary services were held, and also at the church. There were many flowers. The pallbearers were: Peter Bouin, Luke Fournier, August Frechette, Daniel D. Ladenssuer, Alfred Gay, Charles Goudraux. Wm. H. Roulo was Marshal.

— Remnants sale at Richardson's, 431 Main st., you get a bargain for 10 cents.

— Mr. S. M. Sayford, the great Evangelistic preacher, will take part in the meeting at First church next Saturday evening and Sunday.

— Mrs. S. E. Howe, the chiropodist, will be at her office, 414 Main street, this city, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 19 and 20, unless prevented by heavy storms.

— On the last Sunday of each month beginning Nov. 26th vesper services will be held in the Unitarian church at 5 o'clock P. M. There will be a chorus choir and soloist at each service.

— The entertainment given by the King's Daughters at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Trull Wednesday evening was a delightful affair. The artists were W. P. Cutler, Grace E. Bond, Miss Nash, Fred Braves, John Cole Andrews, F. P. Lewis, Helen Winn.

— Mr. Alfred H. Willoughby, who died at his home, No. 3 Jones Court, last Friday, Nov. 10, was the son of our former townsman, Mr. Alfred Willoughby, now of Newton. He was 48 years old, and for several years was engaged in the shoe business in Philadelphia, but has been a resident of this city for some time past.

—Mr. G. Willey Nichols of Hose 1, and Mrs. Nichols were given a pleasant surprise party at their residence on Winn st. last Monday evening. It was the 20th anniversary of their wedding day and quite a company of friends celebrated it in fine style. There were presents, a repast, and several hours of real enjoyment.

— After a few days visit here with families and friends Soldier Pound and three comrades of Company B., Capt. Hanson, 43d Regiment, left last Saturday evening for Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. They, with hundreds of others of the Regiment, failing to obtain short furloughs from the Colonel, took the bits in their teeth and come home to see the folks before starting for the Philippines. It was carrying out a practice that commonly follows payday, and nobody was any the worse for it. The 43d will go to Manila by way of the Suez Canal.

— Hon. George F. Bean, Trustee, will soon sell the Nehemiah Littlefield real estate on Pleasant and Bennett streets in this city in order to settle up the estate. Nehemiah Littlefield died in 1863, and his widow recently, so it now becomes necessary to divide what property there is left among the heirs. There are some 30 or 40 of these, principally residents of Wells and York, Maine, who will share, in unequal parts, the remainder after paying a legacy to Adoniram Littlefield of Cambridge of $1,000. The property is valuable and ought to fetch a tidy sum of money.

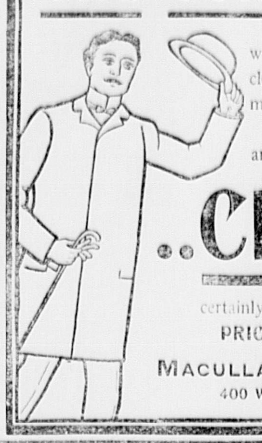
— Mr. William L. Murdock is talking strongly of going into the leather manufacturing business as proprietor in Michigan. It was reported that he would leave here at an early day, but later information is to the effect that his factory in that State is not completed and may not be ready for occupancy before next spring. Possibly he may go out there soon to see how matters are progressing. Thus does the great leather combine effect Woburn interests. Many of our best and most enterprising young men have been thrown out of business by it and are now seeking locations elsewhere.

— The annual inspection of Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., took place last evening, Nov. 16, in the Post Hall. Comrade C. N. Hunter of Post 12, Wakefield, was Inspecting Officer. Post 161 were present and generously entertained by Burbank. After the official ceremonies closed a fine supper was provided by Burbank Circle of the W. R. C., which was very much enjoyed by the numerous company who partook of it. By way of returning the compliment, Post 33 have accepted an invitation to attend the inspection of Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., next Monday evening, Nov. 20. They were also present by invitation at the inspection of Post 75 last Monday evening.

— As we understand it, the cause of the hullabaloo on Main street the other day was this: One of 5 young men bought a delicious pie at Will Haber's refectory, and refused to share it with the other four. His alleged reason for this was that to cut a pie into more than four pieces would bring bad luck. The quartet refused to accept any such flimsy excuse for robbing them of a slab of Haber's best, and when the owner started on the run for St. Charles C. T. A. Hall in Savings Bank Block they set up the yell "stop thief," which attracted a crowd, who took up the yell, and excitement was soon at white heat. The owner however escaped and the quartet went about their business pieless.

— Fitz & Stanley of the Boston Branch are moving into their new store in the Fowle brick Building this week and hope to get fully settled in a few days. The store is the largest and best in this city, and its location for business, on the Leathe estate, is unsurpassed. Its dimensions are 97 by 24 feet, with extra high ceilings, abundantly lighted from front and rear, and supplied with every modern convenience. The wainscotting is of hard pine; the counters, shelves, receptacles, trimmings, etc., are of wood in red color. A neat and handy counting-room and cashier's office occupies the centre of the north side of the room and is well equipped for doing business. The store is amply provided with closets, wardrobe, elevator to cellar, water basins, and this week Mr. Walter Knapp has been engaged in furnishing it with gas from the Woburn Gas Light's plant. Mr. George E. Fowle and his son, Mr. Willard K. Fowle, did the carpenter work, which, as everybody knows, is a guaranty of a good and honest job. The second story of the building is to be occupied by Dr. Benjamin Lewis, the dentist, for a residence and office, and will make a fine one for each. The Doctor will get into the new quarters about the first of December. The Fowle Building is a good addition to the business places on Main street. It is three stories in height, built of the best brick, stone and iron, and presents an attractive appearance. Mr. Luke W. Fowle, the owner, will have no trouble in keeping it filled with good renters. Fitz & Stanley, when once fairly settled, will be pleased to greet their old patrons, and hosts of new ones, at their elegant store, and promise to do the fair thing by everyone who buys of them. Pardon us, Gentle Reader, for repeating the assertion that they have the largest, best and handsomest grocery store in the city.

— Call at Richardson's, 431 Main st., for overall and shirt remnants.



will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does. In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere. PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

The Beggs & Cobb Fire.

As briefly mentioned in our last issue, the great leather factory of Beggs & Cobb, situated at the end of Crane's Lane, with its entire contents, was totally destroyed between 8 and 9 o'clock Friday morning, Nov. 10. The loss was said to be about $75,000, covered by insurance. The building was a large structure all wood, 4 stories high, and being saturated with oil and filled with combustables, it burned like pitchwood and powder.

About 100 men where employed in it, the most of whom were thrown out of work just as winter is coming, the hardest season of the year for them and their families. It is thought however that many of the men will be employed at the Winchester establishment of Beggs & Cobb, which is being greatly enlarged, and an additional working force engaged.

A sad feature of the fire was the death of Mr. Paul Fourdeaux, a Frenchman, 62 years old, who had worked for the firm 15 years, and was a prominent man among our French population, and an officer in the French Canadian Club. He left the building but returned for his watch and thus lost his life. His remains were found in the afternoon burned to a cindar.

Other buildings in the vicinity caught fire and at one time the Dow factory was in imminent danger of being burned, but by energetic and well directed work, and aid from the Winchester Department, all the buildings were saved from serious damage.

It was a wonder that no more lives were lost. In an instant after the fire caught the great building was filled with flames and smoke, which blinded and almost suffocated many of the men, and in this condition their escape was nearly miraculous. Some jumped through the windows, the fire escape helped others, and some groped their way to the doors and retreated from the burning building just in season to save their lives.

It was one of the most serious fires that has occurred here for some time. The plant was one of three owned by Beggs & Cobb, the other two being located at Confluence, Pa., and Winchester, and the owners are the largest individual manufacturers of leather in this country.

"Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before."

The General Committee connected with "The Major John W. W. Scott Grand Concert and Ball" to be given here in the Auditorium on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, next, held a very interesting meeting last Monday at which plans were perfected for this entertainment. A bountiful collation was furnished free gratis. From present indications this affair promises to be "The Event of the Season" as the Major from its inception predicted. There are now quite a number of tickets already engaged while the demand for them increases hourly, with scarcely a perceptible effort on the part of the General Committee.

An old adage has it, "Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before," as is seemingly the case with Major John W. W. Scott's Big Enterprise, which prospectively presents itself as "The Event of the Season." Especially watch for the Buck and Wing Dancing Contest to be participated in by "Baby Ray" of New York City and the challenger, "Woburn's Child Wonder" Little Josephine R. Scott, which will be doubly worth the price of admission. Among some of the other talent will be Frank K. Bright and Miss Mina Smallwood (Instrumentalists Par Excellence) The Great Joe Byrd, (The Effervescent Monologueist) The Harmony Mixed Quartette (in an Album of Vocal Gems). The Invincible Major Phil H. Camp, the veteran Terpsichorean Artist presenting his great novelty success "Footsteps in the Sand." Together with a host of other equally brilliant luminaries of the vaudeville profession. Be sure to watch these columns for future features to appear in this grand entertainment.—H.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any endency of a cold to result in pneumonia

A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health. Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.

We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

THE PLAY OF THE YEAR
AUGUSTUS THOMAS'
ARIZONA
The Universal Verdict
"GREATER THAN ALABAMA."
TREMONT THEATRE Beginning Dec. 4

City Council.

The Board held a special session on Thursday evening, Nov. 9.

A communication from Herbert S. Riley, Esq., Chairman of the Republican City Committee, asking for coucus room assignments for Nov. 22. Placed on file.

The Board of Public Works asked that appropriations be made as follows: $200 for edgestones and sidewalks; $1520 for catch basins near Lawrence School connecting same with brook through land of E. N. Blake heirs, and for the completion of work on lower Main street. Referred.

The Board of Public Works asked that the following unexpended balances be transferred to repairs on Hook and Ladder House; Court House, $16 63; Cummings Schoolhouse, $400; Municipal Building, $65.15; Almshouse, $10; Montvale Schoolhouse, $63 29; Steamer House, $75.

Voted that $186 98 be paid from Miscellaneous for expense of determining sanitary condition of the Kelley lot.

A recess was taken and later the Committee on Finance reported in favor of appropriating from the $20,000 loan, the sum of $1720 as asked for by Board of Public Works. Report adopted by vote of 11 yeas.

Com. on Finance reported in favor of transferring from Miscellaneous $150 to Printing and Stationery. Adopted.

What Ails Many Men.

There is no need to describe the peculiar weakness with which so many men are afflicted—you all know what it is—it may have been caused by overwork, indiscretion, or inheritance. How to cure it is what interests you. You may have taken many kinds of medicine and found no relief—that proves nothing except that you have been working on wrong lines. A regular physician who has seen thousands of similar cases certainly understands yours. Such a physician is Dr. Greene, the leading specialist in nervous and chronic diseases, the discoverer of Dr. Greene's Nervura. You can consult Dr Greene *without fee or cost*, personally or by letter, at his office, 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass. If it is not convenient for you to call, write Dr. Greene a letter—you will receive a prompt answer explaining your case. Remember that consultation and advice are free.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Types of Ideal Manhood." Sunday School at 12 M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Preaching Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Ancient and Modern Necromancy or Mesmerism and Hypnotism." All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Costs Nothing—Costs Everything." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "Between two Malefactors." Second in Scenes from Calvary. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Subject: "The Wrestlers at Jabbok."

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., Service by Laymen for Laymen. Hon. S. B. Capen and Mr. L. D. Wishard will speak. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Mr. L. D. Wishard and Mr. S. M. Sayford will speak. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Son of Perdition." 2 Tess. 2:4.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
Preaching at 7 P. M. Luke 12:40. "Be ye also ready."
Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Friday, at 7.30 P. M., a Special Meeting for all the members of the church.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—25th Sunday after Trinity.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 8, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, William A. Russell and Elsie K. Remington, both of Woburn.

In Boston, Nov. 15, by Rev. Joseph F. Coppinger, John H. Parant of Boston and Grace H. Pollard of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 10, William E., son of James H. and Annie O'Connor, aged 1 year, 8 months, 10 days.

In this city, Nov. 10, Paul Fordeaux, aged 59 years.

In this city, Nov. 10, Curtis Greenwood, aged 72 years.

In this city, Nov. 10, Alfred H. Willoughby, aged 48 years, 6 months, 3 days.

In this city, Nov. 12, Alexander Fotheringham aged 70 years, 9 months.

Winter Overcoats

- *A WORD ABOUT OUR* -

$15.00 Kersey Overcoats.

—: COLORS :—

Black, Blue, Brown and Olive.

THEY ARE MADE WELL,
THEY WILL FIT WELL,
WHEN YOU BUY ONE
YOU WILL SAY
"THEY WEAR WELL."

And when they wear well we can add another customer to our fast growing list. We have them in all sizes, regulars, stouts and slims. Come in and let us show you these Overcoats. It will be a pleasure for us to do so.

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers, Lyceum Hall Building.
WOBURN.

Established 1861.

A TRIO OF : : BARGAINS . . .

A very few Golf Capes left in our stock. We shall not be able to replace them when they are sold. If our customers wish a good warm garment much below the market price, now is the opportunity.

A fine line of well made and finely fitting Dress Skirts. These goods are not hastily sewed together and made up for a quick sale at low price, but they are good, honest made garments at low price. A careful inspection will convince our trade of these facts.

Children's Dresses and Night Robes made of Flannelette are moderate in price, very pretty in style, and just the right thing for this cold weather.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Woburn Sixty Years Ago.

EXTRACTSF ROM LEONARD THOMPSON, JR'S., DIARY, BEGUN WHEN HE WAS SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD.

The record begins January 22, 1835. It contains an account of the weather, visitors to the family, visits to Boston and elsewhere, Sabbath services and preachers, items of general news, local politics, items of personal history, of agriculture, of shoemaking, and beach-going, and the different incidents which made up the life of a country town.

One of the early items was this: "There was a remonstrance against Wade, Nichols, and Coolidge, representatives of Woburn, presented the Legislature of Massachusetts in January, and in February committee and house decided against them; nays, 319; ayes, 88." Under date of February 19, 1835, it is stated that "a strange man came along this way yesterday and went off today, with two heifers yoked to a sled, and a calf drawing before, and a pig brought up the rear. His name was James J——. He came two hundred miles from Canada."

The diarist then was attending the Warren Academy. On the 21st of May, 1835, the last day of instruction for the term occurred, preceded by an exhibition of the scholars on the afternoon of the day before. On the 22d inst., "the examination of the academy took place this forenoon. The scholars in the male department were examined in history, geography, and arithmetic, and in parsing in English, Latin and Greek, in the various books of the school. The ladies were examined in Watts on the Mind, and in ecclesiastical history, and went through with their exercises. I was examined in history and parsing in English. I have attended to grammar, English and Latin; history of the United States; writing, and arithmetic the last quarter. There have been about 40 male and 35 female scholars during this term at the academy."

On May 27, 1835, Old Election Day, Mr. Thompson's father, Col. Leonard Thompson, "went to Boston and saw the railroad cars start from Boston for the first time. They went three times on it to-day."

June 16, 1835. A caravan and circus were exhibited at Mr. Smith's hotel in this town. There were not many animals. Among the most important were two elephants and two camels, with other minor animals. Some astonishing feats of activity, strength, and horsemanship were performed in the circus! ! ! It was estimated that one thousand people were present."

On June 30, at about 3 o'clock in the morning, "a loud report was heard, which waked several persons and shook their houses. It proved to be Mr. Whipple's powder mills in Chelmsford."

July 1. "Towards night W. and I went down to the railroad to see the cars go up. They have been running about ten days steadily. The engine was new, but a fast one. Six cars of passengers were attached." A few days later they went again. They "saw them stop and start."

On July 6, 1835, a caravan consisting of about twenty-five cages and tenders, containing about forty animals of different kinds, drawn by about 150 horses, came into town this forenoon, and after marching around the common with a fine band of music, playing finely, marched to the place of show at Mr. Smith's hotel. I went with Mr. Tirrell into it. There was a very splendid collection of animals and birds. Among the latter was an ostrich, two pelicans, two emus from New Holland, and some other birds of rare kinds. Among the former were two elephants, several lions and tigers, hyenas, and a rhinoceros, and some other animals. We were highly entertained. On account of the stormy weather there were but few there. This belongs to the New York Institute. The keeper entered the cages of the lions, tigers, and leopards."

July 16, at night, "I carried Grandmother and Sarah down to the railroad to see the cars go." The cars were then a great curiosity to the people of Woburn.

Under July 19, 1835, is this item of interest regarding the Methodist denomination. "The old Baptist meetinghouse has been fitted up by Mr. Capt. S. Woods for the accommodation (if they can raise it) of a Methodist Society, and the first meeting was held to-day, which was well attended. P. S. It continued for a few times and then stopped."

July 20, 1835. "I attended the meeting of the Young Men's Society. The question for debate was, which is most beneficial to the community, the miser or the spendthrift? Decided in favor of the latter."

July 23. "Father went to Lowell in the cars! ! on the railroad in 30 minutes! ! from the time he got aboard. In 35 do. ! ! from the time of starting he was at the stopping place in Woburn. He was in Lowell 5 hours, and started for home at 3 p. m."

August 5. "In the afternoon I went down to Medford with Father, who went after some lumber, etc. We saw the cars going on the railroad. We stood near them as they passed. They went with great speed."

August 12. "After school W. and I went down to the railroad."

August 14. "Horn Pond sail boat upset with three men aboard; all saved."

August 20. "In the afternoon, I with six others went on an excursion on Horn Pond, with the boat, after some evergreens, to the west shore, to trim the hall of the academy."

August 21. "The examination and exhibition of the Warren Academy took place today; the former in the forenoon, the latter in the afternoon; both in the hall. The examination owing to the lateness of the hour when the trustees came in, was not as much as usual. The classes in history, geography, parsing in the Rhetorical Reader and Pope's Essays, among the English; and Sallust, Viri Roma, and Greek Reader, among the languages, only were examined. These are a small part of the studies which have been pursued during this term in both departments. The ladies then went through with their exercises. Rev. Mr. Fay, D. D., of Charlestown, made a few remarks and a prayer. I was examined only in parsing in English. During this term I have attended to English and Latin grammar, Walker's and Jacobs's Latin readers, a few lessons in Watts on the Mind, arithmetic, writing, etc. In the afternoon the male department had an exhibition in the hall, which was filled to overflowing. The exercises consisted of 41 extracts and dialogues, interspersed with music. I had parts in three dialogues and spoke one extract. After the exhibition the scholars presented Mr. Holmes, the preceptor, with a timepiece, which cost twenty dollars. The ladies have also during the term presented Miss Jewett with a silver pitcher; This term being the closing labors of the preceptor and preceptress in this place. There have been about 35 males and 52 females this term."

September 9, 1835. "Last night a company of West Side musicians visited us, and sung several songs, and played on their instruments till about 11 o'clock, P. M."

September 10. "In the afternoon Samuel and I put the boat into the canal and went down to Mr. Wright's for a chest of carpenter's tools."

October 11. "At night, saw the comet."

October 13. "Today wrote my first composition. Subject, Woburn from its first settlement."

October 17. "A sail in the *Trial* in the canal."

November 19. "Rather a poor circus was in town to-night."

November 20. "The academy closed for this term today. The examination took place this forenoon in the male apartment, both schools being united in one, for the purpose. I was examined in reading and parsing in Latin and in English. There have been about 25 males and 18 females during the past term. Mr. Pickett, of North Reading, made some remarks and a prayer." The teachers for this term, beginning Sept. 15, were Mr. A. K. Hathaway, principal of male department, and Miss B. Colman, for the female department.

Nov. 23. "A sleigh stage passed by to Lowell, and the common sleighs were quite plenty."

December 24. "Christmas Day eve. The Universalist meetinghouse was trimmed for the occasion, and a lecture was preached."

1836. January 2. While on a visit with his father to Boston, Mr. Thompson saw some articles of savage manufacture from the coasts and islands of the Pacific, such as umbrellas, canoe paddles, war clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and other articles, which together with some of the former were highly ornamented. They were obtained by Hall J. Kelley, of Concord, N. H., who had been travelling about three years in those parts. This Hall J. Kelley was an eccentric character, one of the pioneers of Oregon, and had taught school in the present Wheeler house, Main street, North Woburn, in 1815.

January 12. "In the afternoon went down to the lecture and renewed the time of the geology." 15. "In the evening I attended a lecture on chemistry given by Mr. Hathaway, principal of the academy in this place."

January 18. "In the evening I attended the annual meeting of the Young Men's Society for the choice of officers. S. S. Richardson, president."

January 19. "Father, Mother and Waldo went in the evening to the Social Circle at Miss Swan's rooms at Mr. Bennett's."

January 22. "It is now a year since I commenced keeping a diary, and it is past and as a watch in the night. Ps. xc. 4.

"Another year! aye, Reader true,
Its winged steps are past;
'Tis come and gone to me and you,
Swift as the passing blast."

The foregoing extracts give a faint idea of the extent and value of the entries as a whole. On November 21, 1837, Mr. Thompson wrote the following words which fully explain his purpose: "This being my birthday, I have resolved to devote a portion of my time daily to the purpose of keeping a diary, including a journal of the weather, incidents of my life, and the moving events of the world around me. Hoping to be able to redeem some of the moments of life, which might otherwise be spent in a useless manner."

In a second article the record is continued to the year 1840.

Boston Theatres.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

A welcome attraction will come to the Boston Museum next Monday evening when "Because She Loved Him So" will begin a limited engagement there. This production will be remembered for the conspicuous success which it made here last season when it was Charles Frohman's annual production in Boston. It had its presentation at the height of the season and ran for weeks to crowded audiences. Its run was only interrupted when it came necessary to take the production to New York for the presentation at the Madison Square Theatre, where it ran all the remainder of the season. All summer was given to an equally successful engagement in Chicago, and now the play returns with the Boston verdict indorsed by all the principal cities of the country. Every body has laughed over it and pronounced it the funniest play in years. Taking a French suggestion, William Gillette has improved upon his original and the result is the richest treat in the comedy line that Boston will have this season. J. F. Bodson, who made the principal character emphatically his own, again returns at the head of the company and will repeat the impersonation which was unanimously agreed to be the most genuinely artistic and deliciously droll bit of comedy work that the local stage has seen. Many of the original cast will return with the company. The Boston engagement is positively limited to two weeks.

Klaw & Erlanger and B. D. Stevens' magnificently staged extravaganza, "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," the legitimate successor of Klaw & Erlanger's former phenominally felicitous hit in Boston, "Jack and the Beanstalk," will begin an engagement at the Boston Museum Monday evening, December 4. Those familiar with the lavish splendor of "Jack," will instantly form some conception of the magnitude of this new production, which, however, far surpasses its predecessor in the prominence of its principals, in the talent of its company, in its legion of pretty and shapely girls, in the gorgeous grandeur of its scenic embellishments and in the brilliance and originality of its costumes. The music is by the famous John Philip Sousa, leader of Sousa's band. "The March King." The book is by Glen MacDonough. The foundation of the story is the Arabian Nights romance of Aladdin, the magic lamp and the Genie, brought up to date. The company numbers 100 people, including John Page, the acrobatic comedian, Mabelle Baker, Charles H. Drew, Ethel Irene Stewart, Nellie Lynch, Randolph Curry and Emilie Beaupre. The songs introduced have made hits, especially "In Posterland I'm a Hightoned Genie," "The Hump-backed Whale," "The Lay of the Mechanical Doll" and "The College of Hoop-de-doo." Sousa's latest march, "The Man Behind The Gun," creates a sensation when interpreted at the end of the second act. "Chris" will make a hit in Boston that will undoubtedly eclipse the remarkable record of "Jack." Evenings at 8 o'clock, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 o'clock.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

JAPOL TABLETS

are a marvelous remedy for the QUICK CURE of Colds, Coughs, Hoarseness,

Sore Throat

and "That tickling in the Throat."

10 & 25c. packages.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,

361 Main St.

First Church Notes.

BY A MEMBER.

Next week let us attend the meetings at the North Woburn church. Our pastor preaches one evening and a good representation from our church should be present at each service.

The Christian Endeavor Society is doing good work; six new members have been received this new year. The Society is soon to hold a Social to which members of the church are invited.

The wording of the card advertising the meetings this week has been criticised. It reads "This card is put out as a labor of love by the men of Dr. Scudder's Men's Class. An invitation to men from men. Come." Good rhetoric would have left out the first "men," but there is no danger of too many men at the meetings. There is room for all!

The ability of Dr. Scudder's Men's Class to do a thing well is shown by the way they have advertised the Four Great Meetings on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. They have done this because they are interested in, and want to reach men. The hour spent each Sunday from 12 to 1 in Bible study and free discussion of practical subjects relating to the lesson is interesting and profitable, and all men who have no other church home in Woburn are invited.

The church has elected the following members as its Forward Movement Committee, and they are the delegates from the church to the Men's Council:

The Pastor, Chairman.
Luke W. Fowle representing the A. B. C. F. M.
E. E. Thompson rep. the C. H. M. S.
J. K. Murdock " " A. M. A.
W. A. Prior " " C. C. B. S.
F. B. Richardson " " C. E. S.
J. R. Carter " " C. S. S. and P. S.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcalona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

WOBURN, Nov. 11, 1899.

EDITOR WOBURN JOURNAL;

Noticing your paragraph concerning the High School Battalion, I should like to call your attention to what last week's *News* had to say on the subject. No one claims that the military knowledge gained was of especial value, but rather the change for one period a week to something other than the humdrum monotony of school work. In promoting a correcting carriage, the drill hour was of benefit to every member of the organization.

Your statement that "If it had been a proper branch of education in the High School, it would have stayed there" is the weakest sort of an argument. On that theory, if no license is the proper thing for Woburn, we should have it now.

Truly, the High School Battalion has been dropped in several suburbs of Boston, but those places are greatly in the minority. Moreover, in most of these places, you will find that there is some system of physical training either in the form of a well equipped gymnasium or some other like institution. I hope I may have brought out a few points that escaped your notice. From a

READER OF THE JOURNAL.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—ADOLPH L. MILLETT, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Women and Young People.

Interesting and Thrilling Stories for Them Besides All the News—Cooking Recipts.

BOSTON, Nov. 15—The steady and sturdy growth of The Boston Daily *Globe* is the marvel of New England journalism. The women and young people all want The Boston Daily *Globe* regularly, because it contains thrilling and interesting stories every day, besides all the news of the world.

Thousands of women insist that the cooking recipes and hints to housekeepers in The Boston Daily *Globe* are alone worth twice the annual subscription.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand good medicine. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Burlington.

Rev. Mr. McAllister of Bedford will preach Sunday morning and evening.

Obituary.

Died at his home, No. 5 Fairmount street in this city, after a long illness, Friday morning, Nov. 10, 1899, Mr. CURTIS GREENWOOD, 72 years old.

Mr. Greenwood had been a useful and respected citizen of Woburn fifty years, and had many friends here who will deeply regret his death. He was born at Dublin, N. H., Nov. 2, 1827, his parents being Joshua and Sarah Greenwood, where he spent his youth and at Charlestown, N. H. He learned the trade of carpenter and joiner, and carried on that business here after a residence of three years at Dorchester, Mass., and accumulated a competency. His time of late years has been devoted to his property interests in this city.

Mr. Greenwood was a conscientiously honest and upright man. He was frank and outspoken in his likes and dislikes; free to condemn corruption in public places; impatient of individual deceit and treachery; and yet, because of his integrity and sincerity, made no enemies. He always declined to accept invitations to hold public positions in the town and city governments, preferring private life to the cares of office.

Mr. Greenwood was a member of the First Baptist church in this city, and its pastor, Rev. Dr. Crane, officiated at the funeral held at 2 o'clock last Sunday afternoon. Blessed with many friends, the funeral was largely attended, and loving tributes to his memory attested to public appreciation of his personal worth. The interment was at Woodbrook.

Mr. Greenwood left a wife and numerous relatives to mourn over his death. They have the sympathy of this community.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

North Woburn.

The Athletic Club has disbanded.

Miss Susie McDevitt has been seriously ill.

Mr. Lewis and family have moved to Ward street.

Mr. and Mrs. Irick Peters have moved to Mrs. Higbee's house.

The flames from the burning Kimball factory lighted the village last Sunday morning.

Mr. Titus Stokes of Cycle, N. B., is visiting with the family of Mr. John Thompson of Main st. N. W.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matceless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Montvale.

HARVEST FESTIVAL.

The Chapel Sunday School Festival last Sunday evening was a fine one. The preacher was unavoidably absent, but Rev. Dr. March made a splendid address to the children. The music by the School was fine. There was a large attendance, many coming over from the Centre.

PROGRAMME.

1. Singing. Congregation
2. Scripture Reading. Supt.
3. Prayer. Dr. March
4. Harvest Song. Children
5. Recitation. "Sheaves of Rejoicing." Lydia Nason
6. Recitation. "Little Gleanings." Paul Sorenson
7. Singing. "Where hast thou gleaned to-day?" Annie Black, Amy Foster, Blanche Nason, Miss Haskell.
8. Recitation. Lillie Wooldridge
9. Recitation. "Happy Gleaners." Minnie Wooldridge.
10. Song. "The Gleaners." Lydia Nason, Frances Glover.
11. Offering. Lucy Carswell, Lydia Nason, Axel Neargard, Henry Sorenson.
12. Recitation. "Little Gleaners." May Nason, Frances Glover, Agatha Neargard, Lydia Nason, Myrtle Jones, Marie Kendall.
13. Recitation. "Harvest Joys." Annie Black, Blanche Nason.
14. Singing. "Bringing in the Sheaves." Children.
15. Recitation. "Among the Wheat." Beulah Badger, Miss Haskell.
16. Recitation. "In His Name." Lulu Barker
17. Address. Dr. March
18. Singing. "God be with you till we meet again"
19. Benediction.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Curtis Greenwood, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Sarah E. Greenwood, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

- - FOR - -

Thaksgiving

Good Dinner Sets from	$8.00 up
Good Celery Trays " (Fine China.)	50c. "
Good Carving Sets, "	$1.25 "

Abram French Co.

[75 Years a China Store.]

89, 91, 93 Franklin St., Boston, Mass

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

Fur Facts

Our Guarantee.

We manufacture our own goods and hold ourselves responsible for any defect in their manufacture.

We sell our furs by their correct names and guarantee them to be strictly as represented.

We invite comparison as to quality, style and price, and if not found satisfactory, we will refund the full amount paid if returned in good condition within three days of the day of purchase.

Kakas Bros.

Our business is steadily increasing, year by year.

Why?

Because we hold our old customers and constantly make new ones.

Our goods, our prices, and our general business methods receive the approval of more and more people, as the years pass.

This is pretty good evidence that our store is a good place to trade—for YOU to trade.

We have had 25 years' experience in handling Furs, and our stock includes everything which should be found in a first-class Fur store.

All is new, fresh, and up-to-date, and prices are always moderate.

As Christmas approaches we hope to have the privilege of showing YOU our assortment.

KAKAS BROS.,

FURRIERS,

34 and 36 Bedford Street, Boston.

..FREE.. Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Admission to Lectures in this Course is Free. Application for one or two season tickets entitling holders to reserved seats for the Course, may be made in writing on or before Nov. 20 to THE BURBEEN LECTURE FUND, P. O. Box 516, Woburn. Blanks for this purpose may be obtained at the Woburn Public Library, and to those who send with their application a stamped addressed envelope, tickets will be mailed, and others may obtain their tickets at the Woburn Public Library, on or after Nov. 23. Tickets not taken before Nov. 25 will be at the disposal of the Directors.

Tickets will be apportioned by lot among the applicants, and will not be issued to children under the age of 16 years.

Applicants under twenty-one years of age must state their age upon their application, and no ticket to a seat in the gallery will be issued to such applicants.

Application for more than two tickets for any one family will not be received.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

MONDAY, Nov. 27. F. Hopkinson Smith. Subject: "Readings from Col. Carter, Tom Grogan, and his new story, "The Other Fellow."
TUESDAY, Dec. 12. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "Mexico." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Dec. 26. William G. Ward. Subject: "The Novel and the Short Story."
TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Feb. 6. To be announced.

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
E. MARIA BEAN,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES!

The Republican Voters of Woburn are requested to meet at the polling places in their respective Wards as designated below, on

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 22,

AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

To nominate one candidate for Ward Alderman from each Ward, and to elect Delegates to a convention to nominate a candidate for Mayor, a candidate for the Board of Public Works for the term of four years, eight candidates for Aldermen-at-large for the term of one year, and three candidates for the School Committee for the term of three years, and to transact any other business which may properly come before the meeting.

The polling places have been selected as follows:

Ward 1. Board of Trade Rooms, Dow's Block.
Ward 2. Armory, cor. Montvale Ave. and Prospect Street
Ward 3. Mechanics' Hall, Mechanics' Building, 415 Main Street.
Ward 4. Republican Headquarters, 381 Main St.
Ward 5. Hose House, Montvale.
Ward 6. Hose House, North Woburn.
Ward 7. Hose House, Cummingsville.

The apportionment of Delegates is as follows:—Ward 1, 7 delegates; Ward 2, 9 delegates; Ward 3, 9 delegates; Ward 4, 9 delegates; Ward 5, 2 delegates; Ward 6, 7 delegates; Ward 7, 2 delegates.

The caucuses will be called to order by the Chairman of the Ward Committee, in each Ward, and the caucuses will be conducted in accordance with the Election Law of 1898.

Republican City Committee.
HERBERT S. RILEY, Chairman.
JOHN M. PORTAL, Secretary.

Like a Package of Fruit! BAKER'S VANILLA

is made from the finest Mexican Vanilla Beans by our new process, whereby we secure the Vanilla Extract in its native purity and strength. All "Baker's Extracts" are equally pure and strong; they're **Nature's Flavors Bottled Up.** Always in full-measure bottles, no panelled sides. **Use but HALF as much of BAKER'S as of any other flavors. All Grocers.**

FREE Send three shell trade marks cut from the cartons or wrappers of our Extracts and we will forward you a beautiful 4-page Art Calendar for 1900.

Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass. Trade marks will be received up to Dec. 25.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale

— OF —

Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., Nov. 15, 1899.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 16, 1899,** at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 4.

JAMES B. MURRAY and HUGH D. MURRAY. About 26,348 square feet of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by land of Hugh D. Murray; southwesterly by land now, or late, of Barrett; southerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by land now, or late, of Flagg; northerly by Broad street; being the same premises described in deed of Sumner Flagg, dated November 2, 1886, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, November 5, 1886.
Tax of 1897, $96 99

HUGH D. MURRAY.—About 6,485 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Broad street, bounded and dscribed as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of James B. and Hugh D. Murray; thence the line runs northerly by land last named about 122.5 feet to Broad street; thence westerly by and with said Broad street about 150 feet to land of Buss; thence southerly by land of said Buss to land now, or late, of Barrett; thence easterly by land last named to a corner; thence in a southeasterly direction about 120 feet to Montvale Avenue; thence easterly by and with said Avenue about 126.6 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 116 20

ALVAH WISWELL, TRUSTEE OF LONG WOOD HILLS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 6 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southeasterly corner of premises at land of Mrs. Reuben Weston; thence northerly by said land 64 rods; thence westerly by land of Marshall 10 rods; thence southerly and thence westerly by land of Holden; thence again southerly by land of Heirs of James Brooks; thence easterly and southerly and again easterly by land of Isabella E. Wiswall to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 8 70

ALVAH WISWELL, TRUSTEE OF LONG WOOD HILLS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 5¼ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southwesterly corner of the premises at land of Joseph Marshall; thence north 12° west 10 rods 19 links; thence north 17° west 23 rods 19 links by land of Heirs of John Hart Bancroft to stake at land of Erskine Ames; thence north 72° east 6 rods; thence north 84° east 3 rods; thence south 85° east 4 rods 6 links; thence south 70° east 3 rods 10 links; thence 82° east 2 rods 18 links; thence south 35° east 10 rods; thence north 85° east 8 rods 23 links all by land of Ames to stake at land of Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 31° east 15 rods 22 links; thence south 41° east 6 rods 22 links by land of said Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 78° west by land of Joseph Marshall 37 rods 1 link to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 5 10

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Helene Kent, late of Burlington, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, John W. Johnson, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the second account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week, for three successive weeks in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-eighth day of October, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

FURS

A. N. COOK & CO.

Have a Fine Collection of Furs, some of the Choicest European Designs, in small and large Shoulder Capes, Jackets, Sacks and Collarettes. Choice Alaska Seal Skins. Russia and Hudson Bay Sables always on hand.

New Location 161 Tremont St

TELEPHONE 6-3,

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,

241 Main St., Woburn

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 59c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

A Broken Ring.

Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1899.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges o New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday, Dec. 7, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

..THE..

Registrars of Voters

will in accordance with the provisions of Chap. 548, Acts of 1898, will be in session at their office in

MUNICIPAL BUILDING, COMMON ST.,

to receive applications for registration for the City Election, on the

Afternoon of November 18 from 2 to 5.

Evenings of November 17, 18, 20 and 21, at 7 o'clock, and from 12 M. to 10 P. M. on November 22.

Registration for the City Election of the current year will cease at 10 o'clock on the evening of November 22.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Acts 1898, Chap. 548, Sec. 47: "Every male applicant for registration shall present a tax bill or notice from the Collector of Taxes, or a certificate from the Assessors showing that he was assessed as a resident of the city or town on the preceding first day of May, or a certificate that he became a resident therein at least six months preceding the next election, and the same shall be accepted by the registrars as prima facie evidence of his residence."

WOMEN DESIRING TO REGISTER for the City Election are requested to attend the AFTERNOON SESSIONS, but may register at any session of the Board.

Male applicants, who became residents of Woburn between May 1 and June 12 of the current year, must produce tax bill or certificate of assessment (for this year) from the place of their former residence, or their application will not be entertained.

Naturalized citizens must produce their final naturalization papers for inspection.

FRANK E. WETHERELL,
THOMAS E. MATHEWS,
HENRY L. ANDREWS,
JOHN H. FINN,
Registrars of Voters.

Woburn, Nov. 3, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS

PROBATE COURT.

To all persons interested in the estate of Thomas Richardson, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, Hiram Whitford, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance, the first and final account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County, on the twenty first day of November, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if ony you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to all persons interested in the estate fourteen days at least before said Court, or by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. McINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this second day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

LADIES'

TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS.

Party, Ball, Street, and Evening Costumes Artistically Designed.

Miss M. E. MORAN,

26 Franklin Street. WOBURN

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

MISS E. A. DAILEY,

Pianoforte Instructor,

No. 9 Baldwin St.,

Winchester Highlands, Mass.

Terms Reasonable.

Lessons given at my house, or will visit the homes of pupils.

☞ Especial attention given to beginners.

— AT —

Linnell's Market

Quality Comes First,
Then Price Follows.
We act on this thought.
We aim to carry only first-class goods.

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 14-2.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.

Every Evening. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

5TH AVE. THEATRE MUSICAL CO.

In Magnificent Professional Production of the

Boston Cadets' Latest Success,

Barnet's Musical Comedy,

3 LITTLE LAMBS:

Ames Hall
Wilmington, Mass.

DANCING

Saturday Evening, Nov. 18, 1899.

7.45 TO 11.45.

Cent's Ticket, 50 Cts
Ladies' Ticket, 15 Cts.

Under management of Joseph N. Ames.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,

Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,

357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

JOHN ARNOTT,

Watchmaker and Jeweler

465 Main St., Woburn.

☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

Dizziness

Is a very common consequence of indigestion and torpid liver. Sometimes there are spots before the eyes and hot flashes. At other times a sensation as of vertigo occurs, at once suffocating and blinding. It is a waste of time to attempt to cure this condition by ordinary means or medicines. The stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition must be restored to healthy activity, the blood must be purified, the liver cleansed and strengthened, before a cure can be hoped for. This is the work done by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a medicine specially beneficial in diseases of the stomach, blood and liver. It strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood, cleanses the clogged liver, and promotes the health of every organ of the body.

"My wife was greatly troubled with indigestion, torpid liver, dizziness, and also irregular periods," writes Mr. W. A. Preston, of Shuqualak, Noxubee Co., Miss. "We tried many different remedies, but none of them gave perfect relief until we were induced by a lady to try your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Favorite Prescription,' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' These medicines did more good than anything we ever tried for those complaints. We have used four bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' one of 'Favorite Prescription,' and two vials of your 'Pellets.' These medicines have done the work we desired, and I do heartily recommend them to all similar sufferers."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets assist the action of the "Discovery."

SUDDEN LIGHT.

I have been here before,
  But when or how I cannot tell.
I know the grass beyond the door,
  The sweet, keen smell,
The sighing sound, the lights around the shore.

You have been mine before—
  How long ago I may not know,
But just when at that swallow's soar
  Your neck turned so,
Some veil did fall—I knew it all of yore.

Has this been thus before?
  And shall not thus time's eddying flight
Still with our lives our loves restore
  In death's despite
And day and night yield one delight once more?

—Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

ON A BATTLEFIELD.

I remember our running through the wood, and how our cannon balls whistled as they tore down the branches of the hawthorn bushes as we broke through them. Beyond the border of the forest we could see something red flashing here and there. Sidoroff, a young soldier from the First battalion, suddenly fell to the ground, and silently looked at me with big, frightened eyes. From his mouth poured a wave of blood. Yes, I remember it very well.

I also remember the Turk I noticed when we reached the clearing. He was tall and stout, and I was short and thin. I ran straight toward him. Something snapped. Something huge, as it seemed to me, flew past me. I heard it whistle. "He has shot at me," I thought. But he, with a wail of pain, leaned against the hawthorn bush. With a blow I knocked the musket out of his hands. With another I thrust his bayonet far away. I heard him moan, and then I rushed on.

Our men cried, "Hurrah!" Some fell. Some gave fire. When I had left the wood, I also fired several times right on the plain. Suddenly the "Hurrah!" grew louder, and we all rushed on—that is, not we, but our men, for I remained. This seemed strange to me, and, yet more strange, that everything had disappeared and the noise had stopped. I heard nothing, but I saw a bit of blue color before me, very likely the sky. After awhile this also had vanished.

I was never in such a funny state before. I am lying, it seems, on my stomach, and I see before me a bit of ground. A few grasses, little broken pieces of last year's herbs and some ants crawling over them—this is all my world. And all this I see with but one eye; the other is closed with something hard—perhaps a branch on which my head rests. I feel very uncomfortable, and I want to move, but I do not understand why I am not able to. Time passes. I hear the noise of the grasshopper, the buzzing of the bee. At last I made an effort to free my right hand from under my body, and leaning with both hands on the ground I try to stand on my knees. Something sharp and quick as lightning passes through my body, and once more I fall. Once more darkness and nothingness.

I awake. How is it that I now see the stars shining brightly on the dark blue Bulgarian sky? Am I not in my tent? Why am I not there? I try to move, but I feel a torturing pain in my leg. Yes, I have been wounded in the battle. Dangerously? I touch my leg where I feel the pain. Both legs are covered with blood. When I touch them, the pain grows stronger. There is a noise in my ears, and my head is heavy. In a confused way I understand that I am hurt in both legs.

How did it happen? Why did they not pick me up? Is it possible that the Turks have beaten us? I try to remember what has happened to me, first in a confused manner and afterward more clearly. I remember now that we were not beaten at all but that we began to run and that I had to drop down on the plain near the hill. Our commander had pointed to the plain. "Boys, we shall be there," he had called out. And we were there; that proves that we are not beaten. But why did they leave me? This is an open place where they could have seen me. They fired so often very likely I am not alone. I must turn my head and see. I can do so easily as this time I had fallen on my back—this accounts for my seeing the stars instead of the ground.

I raise myself into a sitting position, but this is hard work, when both legs are wounded. Several times I have to rest, and the pain brings tears into my eyes. At last I sit up. Above me are the dark blue sky and the twinkling stars; around me seems something dark and high. My hair stands on end. I have fallen into the bushes, and they have not found me. But how did I get here, when they shot at me on the plain? Very likely, driven by pain, I had rushed on. Strange! Now I am not able to move, and then I could run so far.

The big stars have grown paler and the little ones have disappeared; the moon is rising. How good to be at home! I hear strange sounds. It seems that, after all, there is somebody. Yes, that was a groan. Is there somebody near me, also forgotten, with wounded legs or a ball in his stomach? No, the groans are too near, for there is nobody so close to me. Good heavens, it is myself! Slow, plaintive groans! Am I really so sick? Very likely. But I hardly realize the pain, because there is a mist in my head, it feels like lead. I had better lie down and sleep. Sleep? Shall I ever wake up? I hardly care.

Suddenly a broad streak of moonlight illuminates the place where I am about to lie down, and I see something dark and big lying at a few steps from me. Something on it glistens in the light of the moon. I recognize a brass button. Very likely a dead body or a wounded man. All the same to me, I lie down.

No, it cannot be! Our men have not left the field. They have beaten the Turks and have remained in this position. But why do I not hear the sound of voices or the crackling of fire? But then I am so weak that I am not able to strain my ears. Surely they are here.

"Help, help!" I call out.

Wild, hoarse sounds burst from my chest. They remain unanswered. All is silent around me. The moon has a mournful expression on her round face. I remember the bright buttons. "If he were alive, he would have heard my call. He is dead. Is he ours or a Turk? Oh, God, if it were not, all the same!" And sleep closes my weary eyes.

I am lying with shut eyes, although I awoke long ago. Through the thick branches of the hawthorn I feel the heat of the sun, and I do not care to open them. It is better not to move at all. Yesterday—was it yesterday?—I was wounded. One day has passed, others will pass, and I shall die. How good it would be not to think, but this is impossible. Thoughts and remembrances come to my mind and besides it will soon be over. They will publish that our losses were of no consequence. "Wounded, so many; killed, Ivanoff, a private from the volunteers." Perhaps they will not put the name. Simply, "Killed, one." A private! As if they would say "a dog."

It was long ago. All my life—that is, the life when I was not lying here—seems so long ago. I walked in the street, where I saw a crowd of people looking at something white, covered with blood. It was a pretty little dog, which had been killed by the tramway. A man came and carried it away.

Will they carry me away too? Or shall I remain here to die? How sweet life seems to me! When I saw the little dog that day, I had felt happy. Remembrance, why do you torture me? The past happiness; the present misery. Homesickness, thou art worse than all the wounds!

It is growing warm, the sun is burning. I open my eyes and I see the same bushes, the same sky, but in broad daylight. And there is my neighbor. Yes, it is a dead Turk. What a giant! I remember him; he is the same I killed. Why did I kill him? Why did he come here? Who is he? Like myself, he may have an old mother looking out for him. And I? And I also. Yes, I should like to change with him. He does not hear; he does not feel the pain in his wounds, anguish or thirst. The bayonet pierced his heart right through.

There is a great black hole in his uniform. This was done by me. I did not want to do it. I did not wish to harm anybody when I went to the war. I did not expect to kill people. I had thought more of exposing my own breast to the enemy's balls. And then? Fool, fool! And this wretched fellah (he wears the Egyptian uniform), his fault it was still less. He had never heard of Russia or Bulgaria. He was told to go, and he went. We attacked, he defended himself. Where is his fault, and why did I kill him? Why does thirst torture me? Who knows what that means? Even when we marched through Roumelia, under a glaring tropical sun, I did not feel the thirst as I feel it now. Oh, if some one would but come!

Good heavens! In his great flask there may still be some water, but how to reach it? It will cost me agonies, but I must try. I begin to crawl. My feet drag. My weakened hands are hardly able to move the lifeless body. There are but a few steps to the dead body, but for me the distance seems endless. I must. My throat is parched and burns like fire. I should die soon without water, but I go on. Every movement is agony. I scream—I scream with sobs. At last I reach the flask. There is water enough to last me until I die. He whom I have killed saves me now. I try to open the flask, but the effort is too great. I lose balance and fall right on the body of the dead Turk. I could smell the odor of decay. I took a long draft. The water was warm, but fresh, and would last me several days. I had read somewhere that a man could live a week without food if he had water. What if I lived several days longer? Our men are gone, the Bulgarians dispersed. There are no roads. Die I must, but instead of three days' suffering I shall suffer a week. Perhaps it would be better to end directly. Near my neighbor lies his gun. I have but to stretch out my arm. One moment and all is finished. Shall I do it, or shall I wait? Deliverance or death? No, I shall have courage. I shall struggle on to the last. If they find me, I am saved. Perhaps my bones are not touched, and then they will cure me. I shall once more see my home, mother and Mary.

O Lord, never let them know the truth! Let them think that I was killed at once.

I am beginning to feel dizzy. My visit to my neighbor has entirely exhausted me. He is growing black and beginning to decay. What will become of him later? I can hardly bear the odor, and I am not able to move. The sun scorches my face and my hands. Nothing to cover me. If night would but come! This will be the second, I think.

My thoughts are growing confused.

I must have slept long, for when I awoke it was night. My condition is the same. My wounds hurt. My neighbor, huge and lifeless, is still there.

I cannot help thinking of him. Is it possible that I have left all that is dear and precious to me, that I have come thousands of versts, have starved and frozen and been tormented by heat and thirst and am now lying here in agony only in order to kill this miserable Turk? Did I accomplish anything else besides this murder?

Murder—murderer! And who? I!

When I longed to join the army, my mother and sister did not keep me back, although they grieved deeply. I was sorry for them, but, blinded, I refused to see their tears. I did not understand how much I hurt them. Now I do.

If I could but bring back the past! How strange my conduct seemed to our friends.

"Madman, you do not know what you are doing!" they had said. How could they talk like this when our country was in question? Where was the love and patriotism they were constantly extolling? When I aimed at all these lauded virtues, why did they call me madman? I went with thousands of others, some of them like myself, as volunteers. A sharp morning wind stirring the bushes reminds me that this is my third day of suffering. The third! How many more? I am too weak to move away from the dead body. We shall soon be equals. I am thirsty. I shall drink three times a day, morning, noon and night.

The sun has risen. Its great circle, crossed and divided by the boughs of the hawthorn, is red as blood. It will surely be warm today. My neighbor—what will become of him? He is terrible now. His hair is beginning to fall off; his dark, Egyptian skin has become yellow; his face has swollen to such an extent that it has burst on one side, and the worms are covering it. What will the sun do with him today? To lie near him is impossible. I must move farther, however I shall have to suffer for it. But how? I am able to extend my hand and open the flask, but to move my heavy, immovable body! I must, if it should take me hours to make a step.

The whole morning passes in the effort. The pain is terrible, but what is that to me? I have forgotten how it is to feel well. I have succeeded in reaching the old place, but even here I have the terrible odor of the decaying body, carried to and fro by the wind. It makes me sick. My empty stomach is shrinking. I am beginning to feel spasms. My whole interior turns with the terrible odor, which does not leave me for a moment! I have reached despair, and I weep—weep like an infant. Exhausted, all torn by the thorns of the bush, I feel almost unconscious.

Suddenly—is this a mistake—I hear talking and the stamping of hoofs. I was going to scream, but refrained. If these should be the Turks! Then, to my own suffering, others still greater would be added. I have heard and read how the Turks tear off the skin and burn the wounds. Nothing worse than brutish men! Will it be better to end life in the hands of the Turks or here? But if they should be our men? Oh, these bushes! Why are they so thick? I can hardly see through them! There is one little place like a window which enables me to see in the distance. There seems to be the little brook where we quenched our thirst in the battle, and there is the big stone which was our bridge across the brook. They will surely come this way!

My hearing has grown so weak that I cannot distinguish the language which they talk. Lord! if they should be ours! I shall call out! They will hear me from the brook. Why does it take them so long? Impatience tortures me. I do not even notice the odor, although it is increasing, and suddenly Cossacks appear on the other side of the brook. The blue coats, with red stripes on the trousers, the lances, a whole battalion! In front, on a beautiful horse, the dark officer. As soon as they had reached the brook he suddenly commanded:

"Turn—march!"

"For heaven's sake, stop! Help! Help!" I scream, but the stamping of the hoofs and the general noise drown my rattling cries, and I am not heard. Oh, God! In my helplessness I fall with my face to the ground and I sob. From the overturned flask flows the water—my life, my salvation from death. After this I lost consciousness, and must have lain for many hours in this state, till at last a gust of wind blowing the terrible odor over me brought me to my senses. I looked at my neighbor. He had changed beyond expression. The first look at him nearly frightened me to death. The flesh had dropped off his face, and, although I had often touched a skull, I had never yet seen anything that might have been compared to that awful, hideous, bony smile. I began to shiver when I looked at the skeleton in the uniform with the bright buttons. "This is war," I thought; "the representation of it!"

Once more the burning sun scorches my face and hands and causes me to feel thirsty. Not a drop of water is left in the flask. Why did I not scream louder? The Cossacks might have heard me. Even the Turks would be better than these pangs. Mother, darling mother! You would tear your hair if you knew! You would curse those who instigated the war to bring suffering over people! Goodby, mother, sister—all!

Once more the little white dog. Why did I come here? Tomorrow is the third day. How many more? Death, where art thou? Come and take me.

But death does not come. I have still to live and to suffer. I am here under the burning sun, without a drop of water, and the nearness of the dead body is poisoning me. The worms have nearly finished him, and then they will be ready for me. The day passes and the night. The same thing. Another morning and another night.

There is a stir in the branches, and a noise as if they were talking. "You will die, die, die!" they whisper. "Never see again!" answer the bushes from the other side.

"From here you can see them!" says a loud voice near me.

I start and gain consciousness at once. Through the bushes I can see the kind blue eyes of Iakovlev, our corporal, looking at me.

"Shovels!" he cried. "Here are two more, ours and theirs."

"No shovels! I don't need to be buried! I am alive!" I want to call out, but my throat is parched, and the closed lips are unable to utter a sound.

"Heavens! He is alive! Mr. Ivanoff. Boys, come here! Our young carine (master) is alive. Quickly call the doctor!"

Although one of my legs had to be operated upon, I have lived to tell and write of the terrible days I passed on the field of war.—Exchange.

THERE are women everywhere who suffer almost constantly because they cannot bring themselves to tell all about their ills to a physician.

Such women can surely explain their symptoms and their suffering by letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the confidence reposed in her has never been violated. Over a million women have been helped by her advice and medicine.

A WOMAN HELPS WOMEN

Mrs. Pinkham in attending to her vast correspondence is assisted by women only. If you are ill, don't delay. Her reply will cost you nothing and it will be a practical help as it was to MISS ELLA E. BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio, who says: "I shrunk from the ordeal of examination by our physician, yet I knew I must have treatment. My troubles were backache, nervous tired feeling, painful menstruation and leucorrhœa. I am so grateful to you now that I am willing to have my name published to help other girls to take their troubles to you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound used as you wrote me has made me entirely well and very happy. I shall bless you as long as I live."

Mrs. Pinkham receives thousands of such letters from grateful women.

MISS NELLIE RUSSELL, of 138 Grace St., Pittsburg, Pa., in a letter to Mrs. Pinkham says: "From childhood I suffered from kidney trouble and as I grew older my troubles increased having intense pain running from my waist to my womb and the menses were very painful. One day, seeing your advertisement in one of our papers, I wrote to you.

"When your reply came I began taking your Compound and followed your advice and am now in perfect health, and would advise any lady rich or poor to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I can praise above all other remedies. It is a wonderful help to women."

Good and Bad Eels.

"So you think that little eels are sweet and that big eels are rank and strong, do you?" said a fish dealer. "Well, you're off. It isn't the size of the eel that governs his taste. It is his habitation and way of life. But most people think as you do, and throw away the big eel and cook the little one, and then, if the little fellow is strong, they think it is because he wasn't little enough. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"The eel that inhabits a stream with a hard, clean, sandy bottom is sweet and edible, be he as big as your leg or tiny as your finger, for this eel finds food scarce, and he must exercise and keep sober and hustle—else he will starve—and this active career makes him healthy and wholesome. But the eel that lives in the mud, where provisions are plentiful, is unfit for the table, for his life is sluggish, his habits and organs are bad and his flesh, when cooked, tastes and smells of the muddy element. That is why the Schuylkill eel is worse than carrion for table purposes, while the eel of the upper Delaware makes a dainty dish."—Philadelphia Record.

More Miles Than You Can Count.

Statements as to the distance of the pole star from the earth which have appeared in some of the newspapers lately have been ridiculously inadequate. One of the estimates made is 255,000,000 miles. Now, if one will remember that the sun is 93,000,000 miles away and that its light comes to us in eight minutes, he will see that if the foregoing estimate of the distance of the pole star were right its beams could reach us in about 15 days. It would be only about 2,700 times as far off as the sun.

Light travels 6,000,000,000,000 miles in a year, and even the most modest guesses as to the parallax of Polaris make it 35 light years. Pritchard's estimate in 1887 was 90 light years, but he has since modified his figures. Hence, if one will write 210 and add 12 ciphers thereto he will have the number of miles which the most conservative authorities believe intervene between the earth and the pole star.—New York Tribune.

Shakespeare's Father.

A paper entitled "Shakespeare and Sanitation" was read at the recent provincial meeting of the Incorporated Society of Medical Officers of Health at Stratford-on-Avon. Among other things the author related the following: "It is interesting to find that the name of John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, first appears in the records of the municipality as owing a fine of twopence for having made a dirt heap with his neighbors, Adrien Quincy and Henry Reynolds, in Henly street, and on another occasion he 'stood amerced' in fourpence for failing to keep his gutter clean."

None Better Than All.

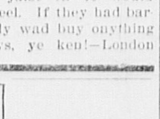
Miss Gingham—And I suppose they have bargain days in Glasgow, Mr. McIvor?

McIvor—Ma conscience, no! It wad na do ava!

Miss Gingham—Indeed! Why, I thought bargain days would just suit your people!

McIvor—That's juist it. It would suit them ower weel. If they had bargain days, naebody wad buy onything on the ither days, ye ken!—London Telegraph.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

FARMING IN CHINA.

Lessons In Irrigation May Be Learned From the Celestial.

A Mongolian farmer has a small field of five or ten acres. Upon this he must support himself, his wives and children and put something by for a rainy day. His estate is a sandy plain which slopes from one end to the other. His first step is to divide it into counterparts by raising low walls or partitions of clay. They are usually 1½ feet thick and 2 feet high. Where it is difficult to get clay he constructs the wall of the stones he finds in the soil or of broken bricks and tiles and stops up the crevices with clay or even mud. Any form of soil excepting sand is used in this manner. So far do they go that I have seen them gathering the ooze, bared by the low tide, to build the walls with. In each little compartment he builds a ditch in front of the lower wall, and at the corner of the compartment he lowers the wall somewhat for the water to flow from one compartment into the next adjoining. When it rains, the compartments fill, and the entire field looks like a lot of panes of glass; the water soaks slowly into the soil and keeps the ground moist enough for agricultural and horticultural purposes for several months. Where the rainfall is but slight he digs a well at a point selected by an astrologer. This individual is a bankrupt or dissipated scholar or priest, who has lost caste by reason of his infirmities and makes a living more or less precarious by astrology, fortune telling, selecting graves, finding subterranean water and similar superstitional occupations. He bears a striking resemblance to the soothsayers and witches of our own history. Like them, he employs a divining rod and some arrangement in crystal which is supposed to become cloudy when water is near. His charge for indicating the place where a well will be successful varies from 10 cents to 50 cents, and if his client secures an extra large supply he demands and receives a bonus of the same amount. These contrivances nine times out of ten do their business well. Some go to great depths. It was from these deep pits that France and ourselves first derived the idea of the artesian well.

Water once reached, the farm labor starts to keep on forever. Some one of the family is always at the well, raising the precious fluid to the surface. It runs by a little canal to the top compartment and thence trickles through the entire field. When men and women work at it, they use a large measure, which brings up about five gallons every time. When little children do the labor, a smaller measure, one that seldom exceeds a gallon, is used instead. Oxen are sometimes employed, but engines, windmills and other labor saving contrivances are never seen. The most patient animal in the world, the human being, does nearly all the work. In Tong-an I once ran across a queer machine for sending water over the terraces from these wells. This was a large wooden X, which was whirled around by a combination of wire and string, something after the fashion of a Chinese top. This was kept running all day long by being tied to the great toes of several Chinese women, who sat upon the grass knitting and nursing their babies at the same time.

Chinese are large employers of storage reservoirs. These are not made according to the rules of engineering, but of brute necessity. They are usually hollows which are walled up with earth excavated from their bottom, or else marshes or the dry beds of marshes which are similarly enlarged and confined, and in some cases small valleys in which a retaining wall has been thrown up across its mouth. The imperial law favors to the utmost the use of water for irrigation by the farmer and discountenances any interference by middlemen or private capital. The streams, no matter whether navigable, the ponds and lakes are all government property and cannot be alienated. At the furthest, the private individual can only lease the land beneath the water, with the condition that the government can at any time enter in and take possession of the property upon paying him for any improvement he may have made.

Judges on Horseback.

Before the days of Mary the judges rode to Westminster hall on mules, and Mr. Justice Whyddon, in the opening year of her reign, was the first to bestride a horse in the solemn procession. In 1673, however, Judge Twisden, to the great consternation of his brethren, "from want of gravity in the beast and too much in the rider," was "laid along in the dirt" on a like occasion, since which time these cavalcades of mounted lawyers have come to an end. Riding, however, till superseded by driving, remained the only way of going circuit, for professional prejudice ran strongly against pedestrian circuiteers, and many good stories have been told of great lawyers who in those early years, when

Slow rises worth by poverty deprest,

found it difficult to raise funds for the purchase of a horse.

In days more recent Mr. Justice Byles, well known for his work on bills, was accustomed when at the bar to take a ride every afternoon. The sorry appearance of his steed, however, roused the mirth of the Temple, and the horse was generally called Bills, to afford opportunity for the alliterative combination, "There goes Byles on Bills." If, however, report speak true, the animal was known to master and clerk under another name, and when a too curious client inquired the sergeant's whereabouts the reply was given with clear conscience that he was "out on Business."—Temple Bar.

Righteously Indignant.

"You bad boy!" exclaimed the horrified young woman, "you ought not to throw stones at those innocent little sparrows! They have never done you any harm. And besides," she added, "for hat ornaments the ugly things aren't worth 10 cents a dozen!"—Chicago Tribune.

An Unexpected Answer.

In the course of an address Dr. Conan Doyle told a quaint experience of his in the Sudan. Wishing to find out whether one of the black soldiers was a Mohammedan or a pagan, he asked him, "Whom do you worship?"

"I worship my colonel," came the answer, pat.

The lessons of history would suggest to a Sherlock Holmes that the man was a Mohammedan.

Only One Fault.

"There's only one fault to be found with your comedy work, old man," said the dramatic critic.

"What's that?" asked the aspiring young actor.

"It's tragic."—Chicago Post.

Compliments.

"How, for instance," asked the inquisitive boarder, "would you define a compliment?"

"In love's warfare," replied the didactic boarder, "a compliment is a skirmisher sent out for the purpose of bringing on an engagement."—Chicago Tribune.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 19.

Text of the Lesson, Neh. viii, 1-12. Memory Verses, 1-3—Golden Text, Neh. viii, 3—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. All the people as one man spake unto Ezra, the scribe, to bring the book of the law of Moses, which the Lord had commanded to Israel. When the wall was built and watches appointed, Nehemiah gathered nobles, rulers and people, that he might ascertain by the register of the genealogy who were truly of Israel (chapter vii, 1-6), and some who professed to be what they were not had to be put away (vii, 64). It was after that they gathered as one man to hear the Word.

2. And Ezra, the priest, brought the law before the congregation upon the first day of the seventh month. Ezra was a ready scribe in the law of Moses and had prepared his heart to seek the law of the Lord and to do it and to teach it in Israel, and the hand of the Lord his God was upon him (Ezra vii, 6, 10). The seventh month was in some respects the greatest month in the year to Israel, as on the first day came the feast of trumpets, on the tenth day the annual atonement, and on the fifteenth day began the feast of tabernacles (Lev. xxiii, 24, 27, 34). The trumpets, whether made of silver or ram's horns, suggested atonement, and there are no names written in heaven, nor is there any real love for His Word, without atonement.

3. They had long sessions, for from morning until midday he read therein before all who could understand, and they were all attention. Then day by day, from the first day unto the last day of the feast of tabernacles, he read to the people from the book of the law of God (verse 18). I am not surprised at their interest, for I see hundreds of people come together at all hours of the day, 10, 10:30, 11:30, 2, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30 and 7:30, and sit unwearied to listen to simple Bible readings lasting an hour or an hour and a half, and nothing in the form of a solo, duet, quartet or special music of any kind to entertain them. The same interest manifested by rich and poor in our great cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington as in smaller and less busy cities, for the Word of God reaches and satisfies the heart.

4. There were 13 men beside him as he stood before the people, six on his right hand and seven on his left hand, a double perfect number in all, bearing perfect testimony to a perfect word, but the most important person in all the gathering was He who said, "Certainly I will be with thee" (Ex. iii, 12; Joshua i, 5; Judg. vi, 16), and long afterward He said that wherever two or three would gather in His name He would be in the midst (Math. xviii, 20).

5. As he opened the book all the people stood up and in that way manifested their reverence for Him whose voice they were about to hear through the mouth of Ezra. Thus also did the congregation when Solomon blessed them (I Kings, viii, 14).

6. With heartfelt responses, uplifted hands and bowed heads the people worshiped the Lord. He looks for those who will worship Him in spirit and in truth (John iv, 23, 24), and all else is vain. He speaks of those who draw nigh with their mouth and honor with their lips, while their heart is far from Him and their fear toward Him taught by precept of men (Isa. xxix, 13), but all such are abomination to Him. A life that is a continual "Amen" to God is a life of true worship and is very Christlike. Math. xi, 26.

7, 8. Here are again 13 names of men who with the Levites caused the people to understand the law. Believers should never manifest any superstitious fear of this honorable number. It was as Israel compassed the walls of Jericho the thirteenth time that the walls fell. It suggests "strength made perfect in weakness," for seven is God's strength or perfection and six is man's weakness (Isa. xl, 29; II Cor. xii, 9). The word of God is plainly written (Deut. xxvii, 8; Hab. ii, 2), so that any one who believes it may run in God's ways, and the way to understand it is simply to believe it and receive it with meekness (Heb. xi, 3; James i, 21). Dear Mr. Wilkinson says, "If the plain, obvious sense makes good sense, seek no other sense," and another has said, "The Bible was not made for wise men, but for fools," and if we are simple enough to believe it all just as we read it we will certainly be counted foolish by the wise of this world. Let it be so, and let us be glad to be fools for Christ's sake. I know no better rule for good reading than this eighth verse.

9. "This day is holy unto the Lord your God; mourn not nor weep." As they heard the words of the law they wept, for the Spirit wrought, convincing them of their sin before God, and where there is true repentance there is comfort from Jehovah, for there is forgiveness with Him and plenteous redemption. His own words are "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people; cry unto her that her iniquity is pardoned" (Isa. xl, 1, 2). See also Isa. xliii, 25.

10. "The joy of the Lord is your strength." Not only are we to rejoice in the Lord (Isa. lxi, 10; Hab. iii, 18; Phil. iii, 3), but we are to have the joy of the Lord (John xv, 11; xvi, 24; xvii, 13). This was not a joy in circumstances or feelings, but in God Himself, even as when He said, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God," and "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight" (Ps. xl, 8; Math. xi, 25, 26). He delighted to give by the sacrifice of Himself the grace of God to all who would receive Him.

11. "Hold your peace, for the day is holy; neither be ye grieved." Not hold your peace from giving good testimony, but from mourning and weeping when you ought to be rejoicing and giving thanks. He chose us in Christ before the foundation of the world that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love and hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ that we should be to the praise of His glory (Eph. i, 3, 4, 12).

12. "Great mirth, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them." Mouths are filled with laughter and tongues with singing when we consider how great things the Lord hath done for us (Ps. cxxvi, 2, 3). There is no joy and peace like that which comes by believing (Rom. xv, 13). A letter received only today from a member of one of the Bible classes contains this testimony: "Sometimes it seemed I must shout aloud for joy over the verses you gave us, and after I left the class time and time again I felt as though I had been on the uplands and breathing the very air from heaven."

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Price

Dr. Greene's NERVURA

BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY

No home is happy where parents or children are sick or out of health. If you would enjoy happiness, seek health for yourselves and children. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the greatest and surest restorer of health known. It gives health to the old and young. It is perfectly safe to give infants or children of any age, being made from pure, harmless, vegetable remedies, wonderful in their health restoring and curative powers. Mrs. H. Silver, 145 Lewis St., New York City, says: "I was nervous for four years, so that I could do nothing. I could not eat or sleep or do my housework. I read so much in the papers about Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy that I thought I would try it. The first bottle I felt relief, so that I used a couple of bottles more, and now I am all right. I thank Dr. Greene's Nervura for the good it did me. I also had two little girls who were sick, weak and run down, whom I gave Dr. Greene's Nervura. It did them so much good that I cannot be thankful enough. It made them well and strong, and they are now, thanks to this wonderful remedy, healthy and vigorous."

Why do you not write Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., about your child? Consultation free.

Makes Healthy Happy Homes.

The Advantage In Gambling.

"In all gambling games," said an old time sport, "there is a percentage in favor of the 'house.' Anybody, except a born fool, knows that a man couldn't afford to equip an establishment, hire help, pay rent and defray all the hundred and one incidental expenses unless he derived a profit that was based on some fixed principle and not dependent on mere luck or chance. Just where the profit comes in, however, is something that very few people understand. Most of them imagine it is derived from some slight advantage in the arrangement of the game, such as the 'zero' numbers in roulette or the 'splits' in faro, but they are very much mistaken. It really depends on a principle that applies to all games alike and might be termed the 'percentage of capital.'

"Strange as it may seem, I could take a capital of $1,000 and begin pitching nickels, in which the chances are perfectly even, letting the players guess either way they wanted to, and I would make a steady profit day in and day out. The secret is this: The average player has only a limited amount of money, and a slight run of bad luck wipes him out. He is obliged to quit, and somebody else takes his place, while the house keeps right on through good luck and bad, continually swelling its reserve with the cash of the broken players. That principle of the percentage of capital is at the bottom of the profits of every gaming house in the world from Monaco to Long Branch."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Scored on Lincoln.

In 1858 Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas had a joint debate on the college grounds of Knox college, Galesburg. It was a great meeting, and I shall never forget the tremendous enthusiasm that was manifested by the respective partisans of each of these great men. Mr. Douglas had the opening and conclusion, and he got in one shot on Mr. Lincoln that was so pat that even the adherents of that gentleman had to join in the laughter.

Mr. Lincoln, in the course of his remarks, twitted his opponent with making only one speech—a set oration which he delivered to each new audience, the suggestion being that he was incapable of changing his stock address.

In reply Mr. Douglas said that he admitted the charge, and conceded that his rival knew in advance what he was going to say. He wished that he could foretell with the same exactness what Mr. Lincoln was going to say, but alas! that was impossible, since he changed his argument to suit his audiences, making a fierce abolition talk in communities where that sentiment was strongly entertained, as at Galesburg, but in southern Illinois ignoring abolition and standing up squarely as an old time Whig.

A Good Natured Dog.

A very ordinary looking farm horse harnessed to an old wagon stood by the curb, and on the board that served for a seat lay a small dog of such mixed blood that no guess could be made as to his breed.

As a delivery wagon passed on the opposite side of the street a large red apple fell off. Before it stopped rolling the dog bounded across the street, picked it up with his teeth and with tail wagging rushed back to the horse, in front of which he stood up on his hind legs while the apple was taken from his mouth.

As the horse munched the apple he made the peculiar little noise that horses make when petted, and doggie replied with throaty little barks which plainly told what a pleasure it had been to go after that apple. Then he went back to his nap on the wagon seat.—Burlington Free Press.

How It Happened.

"Poor fellow! I fear he was badly hurt."

"He was."

"Well, I suppose he carried some accident insurance?"

"Not a bit of it. He wanted to take out a policy, but in view of his business the companies declined on the ground that he was an extra hazardous risk."

"What was his business?"

"He was a canvasser for an accident insurance company."—Chicago Post.

No Newfangled Stove For Her.

A Memphis family which employs an old time negress as a cook recently had a gas range put in the kitchen. When the range was put in place, the workman who put it there lighted the jets inside the oven and then closed the doors. He opened them, turned off the gas and then, relighting the jets, explained to the old negress how the range was used. The jets cannot be seen when the doors of the oven are closed, and in the excitement of the explanation the workman closed them and forgot the lighted jets.

The old negress, after hearing all he had to say, said:

"'Tain't no use ter tell me erbout hit. I'm gwinter use dis yere ole wood stove whut Ise cooked on so long."

The workman laughed and went away, not thinking that the old cook meant what she said. She did mean it, though, and continued to use the old wood stove to cook with.

When the head of the family that employs her received his gas bill 12 days after the gas stove was put in, he almost dropped dead. The bill showed that he owed the gas company $21.

Investigation proved that the jets in the oven had been burning from the time the workman left. The old cook had never opened the oven doors.—Memphis Scimitar.

"If London Is to Be Improved."

If London is to be improved and beautified, [illegible] individuals [illegible] and their [illegible] tasteful grace [illegible] sentiment of [illegible] must be [illegible] those who [illegible] likely to [illegible] strations of [illegible] ple to become [illegible] æsthetic feeling [illegible] in their own physical development and clothing.

But now the working class, to whom the modern fashions gradually descend, are totally [illegible] no check to [illegible] no rational [illegible] and no desire [illegible] ual culture [illegible] pulse and [illegible] art, and yet [illegible] money on [illegible] dull manufacturers [illegible] patterns [illegible] large warehouses [illegible] ing made [illegible] tion, then [illegible] their folly [illegible] sympathetic [illegible] individuality [illegible] ously, adopt [illegible] again absurd [illegible] can there be [illegible] when the [illegible] themselves [illegible] sonal neglect [illegible] stantly [illegible] tendom the [illegible] tion fit for [illegible] of the very [illegible] asceticism [illegible] itself in a [illegible] form of [illegible] flicted with [illegible] ceit occasi[illegible] them in du[illegible] hopeless [illegible] Review.

Refrigerating Flowers.

Quite a revolution in horticulture has been in progress for several years, although, [illegible] which the [illegible] have been [illegible] persons have [illegible] parture. [illegible] as well as fruits and vegetables are forced, so [illegible] have the use [illegible] ture brings [illegible] ing business is an expensive one, requiring constant [illegible] Many attempts [illegible] made to get at the golden eggs by cheaper means, and [illegible] the opposite [illegible] adopted with [illegible] sists in retarding [illegible] plant by refrigeration [illegible] only applied [illegible] in this country [illegible] which will [illegible] The lily of the valley [illegible] and it is much [illegible] decoration. Under the old forcing conditions [illegible] buds treated [illegible] but by the [illegible] of 95 per cent [illegible] end of summer.

It will be seen that the process can not be applied to evergreens of any kind, and it is [illegible] camellias and [illegible] tulips. It is said that near Berlin three growers alone use nearly 800 acres of lily of the valley for cultivation, and that they have found the [illegible] method will [illegible] long ago proved [illegible] cultivated [illegible] cess, and we [illegible] will soon be [illegible] in this country.—Chambers' Journal.

The Bible of the Laplanders.

The missionary among the Lapps nowadays [illegible] ties usually encountered by those who endeavor to spread the gospel in savage or semisavage lands. The reason of this is that the Lapps have had the Bible, [illegible] more than a quarter of a century. It was given to them by a murderer under most [illegible] Thirty-five or forty years ago there was an attempt [illegible] rude boreal [illegible] the evangelists met with stout opposition on all sides. Finally the [illegible] of the heathen [illegible] bloodshed [illegible] the obnoxious [illegible] Riots broke out [illegible] camps on the [illegible] missionaries [illegible] leaders and [illegible] eventually [illegible] justice, a [illegible] hanged and [illegible] life.

Among those doomed to life confinement was one [illegible] young fisherman [illegible] nor write, but [illegible] found that [illegible] open for employing [illegible] the mind. [illegible] ested in the [illegible] he had atte[illegible] hands of the [illegible] year or two [illegible] translating [illegible] This was [illegible] of such a [illegible] to make use [illegible] pressive at [illegible] years of la[illegible] and was giv[illegible] fits which [illegible] read in retu[illegible] people.—St. Louis Republic.

The Oldest Tree.

The oldest tree on earth with an authenticated history is the great bhoo tree of Burma. For 20 centuries it has been held sacred to the Buddha, and no person is allowed to touch its trunk. When the leaves fall, they are carried away as relics by pilgrims.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N. H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.28 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 14, 1898, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 6.15, 6.45, a. m. and every half hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 6.25, 6.55, a. m., and every half hour until 8.25, then 9.25 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 6.45, 7.15, and every half hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 6.55, 7.25, a. m., and every half hour until 9.25, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Superintendent.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.40, 6.10, 6.50, 7.10, 7.55, 2.25, 8.55, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 7.35, 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.15 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.35 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

CHARLES F. HEATH, Supt.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
AND CONTRACTOR.
Pipe fitting of all kinds.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor.
Telephone 39-2.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

YES I HAD JUST SUCH A COUGH
But was cured by a 25c. bottle of
LAMBERT'S COUCH CURE
Made and warranted.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

HARMOSAN.

Now the third and fatal conflict for the Persian throne was done,
And the Moslem's fiery valor had the crowning victory won.

Harmosan, the last and boldest the invader to defy,
Captive, overborne by numbers, they were bringing forth to die.

Then exclaimed that noble captive: "Lo, I perish in my thirst!
Give me but one drink of water and let then arrive the worst!"

In his hand he took the goblet, but awhile the draft forbore,
Seeming doubtfully the purpose of the foeman to explore.

Well might then have paused the bravest, for around him angry foes,
With a hedge of naked weapons, did that lonely man inclose.

"But what fear'st thou?" cried the caliph. "Is it, friend, a secret blow?
Fear it not! Our gallant Moslems no such treacherous dealing know.

"Thou may'st quench thy thirst securely, for thou shalt not die before
Thou hast drunk that cup of water. This reprieve is thine—no more!"

Quick the satrap dashed the goblet down to earth with ready hand,
And the liquid sank forever, lost amid the burning sand.

"Thou hast said that mine my life is till the water of that cup
I have drained. Then bid thy servants that spilled water gather up!"

For a moment stood the caliph as by doubtful passions stirred,
Then exclaimed: "Forever sacred must remain a monarch's word.

"Bring another cup and straightway to the noble Persian give.
Drink, I said before, and perish! Now I bid thee drink and live!"

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH ZULUS.

An Incident of Boer Life In the Transvaal.

By P. Y. BLACK.

The fires on the hills were the warning. The farmers were commandeered —that is, every ablebodied man between 16 and 60 in the district was called to take his horse, his "biltong" or dried beef ration, his rifle and ammunition, and proceed at once to the rendezvous, thence to proceed against the fierce and warlike Zulus, who had again raided the Transvaal. Farmer Putter saddled up and hurried off, as his first duty was, but first he called to him Piet, his son, and solemnly spoke to him.

"Son of mine," said the farmer soldier, "you are not yet man tall enough to face the Zulu impis in open field, but to your care I give mein vrouw and your little sister Greta and Pretorius, your brother. You must, if need be, play a man's part, for, since the two gold prospectors left the farm at the sign of war, there is none to take command of the Kaffir servants but you."

Then Piet said without bravado:

"You may trust me, father, for, though I be not a man, still I am a Boer."

So the farmer rode away, and Piet, thus promoted to command, withdrew into the sitting room, and almost at once his trouble began. His first care was to clean and load all firearms. These hung on the walls, and some were old fashioned and without ammunition to fit them. But Piet's eye, seeking his own pet light rifle, which he had won in a shooting match against all boys of his age for many miles round, missed it. He was startled, for it is almost criminal to meddle with another man's glory—his rifle—and he sought Pretorius to see if that ambitious youth had taken it down. Pretorius had it not, and Piet ran out to call Malula, a native servant, with sudden fear in his soul.

Malula did not come at the call, and Piet, with a pale face, thought for a moment, and then, taking his old gun and belt, leaped bareback on a horse, without a word to alarm the family, and rode off unseen at a gallop. He rode to the cornfield, where the native laborers should have been working. The green corn waved in the wind deserted. Not a man was in sight. He dashed to the meadows down the valley, where the herders should have been with the cattle. Here, in spite of himself, tears sprang to his eyes, for the cattle were gone, and the herders were absent. The great grassy fields were silent as were those of corn.

"They have deserted us as soon as my father's back was turned," cried Piet in dismay. "And they were not Zulus! Can it be a general rising among the Kaffir tribes?"

At that thought he trembled, but he had still vigor enough to ride to the top of a kopje near by. From the peak he had a view of much country, and saw a cloud of dust far away, which he guessed was made by the stolen cattle.

"Never mind," said Piet; "if we beat the Zulus, we shall get them back with interest."

Then he dug his heels into his horse's ribs and dashed down the hillside. He had seen, half a mile away, a black figure moving swiftly across the veldt, and the sun glanced from something borne on its shoulder—a gun, Malula. Before the traitor servant was aware of pursuit, Piet was within 400 yards of him. Then the Kaffir heard the horse's hoofs and turned. For a moment the black seemed inclined to run, but changed his mind as the boy shouted to him angrily. Malula deliberately raised the stolen rifle to his shoulder. Piet threw himself from the horse as a bullet whistled over the vacant saddle. The boy, already a hunter, replied, with but a hasty glance through his sights, and Malula uttered a howl and staggered and fell to the ground struck in the chest. Piet felt a spasm of horror. Deer a-plenty had he shot, but never till now a man, so that his heart for a flash stood still, and his own face was deathlike. He rode slowly up to Malula, and found the Kaffir writhing in a death agony. Piet again dismounted, and attempted to offer aid, but the savage repulsed him. With a look of hate he glared at the boy, and cried in his own tongue:

"I am one, but tonight come the Zulus, and no white thing on the farm shall live. For mine there shall be ten deaths!"

So he died, glorying in the hope of a speedy revenge, and the Boer boy, leaving him, recovered his new rifle and rode slowly and mournfully homeward. Here his troubled mother met him.

"Piet," she said, "the Kaffirs have left us."

"I know," said he, and looked into her brave face, and told her what had happened and what Malula had said of the nearness of the Zulus.

"If my father had known it," said her son, "he would not have left us."

"He was commandeered," said the Boer wife. "It was his duty. Country first—always, my son."

"But," said Piet, in much perturbation, "my father did not think the blacks would fly. He thought that they, Basutos, would fight their old enemy, the Zulus. If these come, what are we to do? Shall we leave the farm and trek to Van Boeven's?"

The Boer mother pressed her lips with a frown of pride.

"That was not well said, my son," she answered. "Oom Putter said 'Stay.' As he obeyed his general and went, so we shall obey him and stay and fight till he comes."

It was a Roman speech. Even as the words came from her mouth she looked round and saw Piet, a well grown boy of 15 years; Greta, a child of 11; little Pretorius, and the baby—a goodly garrison to defend the hearth! But she saw that hearth, she saw the dear walls her husband had built to bring her home as a bride, she saw the fields he had tilled and the barns he had raised, and seeing them she would have fought to the last scratch of her nails, like a wildcat, rather than give them up.

"Besides," said she hopefully, "what could the wretch Malula know that we don't? The Zulus cannot be near, and if they are, the farmers have out their scouts, and they say the English from Natal are also ready. Before they reach our farm the Boers must meet them, and surely the savage shall be stricken."

Nothing more was said about deserting the homestead. Vrouw Putter went her work quietly, but Piet began to prepare. Now, the farmhouse was roomy and the garrison a most pretty one, and, puzzle over the matter as he might, the boy could not see how its rough stone walls could be protected at once on all sides if the attacking force was to be a large one. His mother was about as good a shot as he, and even Greta could discharge a gun at a pinch, but two or three guns could not protect so rambling a building. Piet came to that conclusion with a feeling akin for a moment to despair, until, at last, as he stood in the broad yard looking at the house, the chickens came clucking about him in their search for food, and he had an idea.

All day he worked busily, leaving his mother to the children, and by nightfall he had prepared a fort to withstand a siege. Two or three times during the afternoon he had slipped off to the top of the kopje, where he could look afar, but each time he came back, having seen nothing but the rolling veldt. They had supper, and again Piet slipped away and came back, but now with a grim face.

"Mother," he whispered, "from the west I heard the war song of the Zulus. It came faintly with the wind. In the direction also of Van Boeven's farm the skies are red and if I go at dark I fear I shall see the flames rising from his barns."

The mother gathered her baby tight in her arms for a moment, and then quietly asked her eldest:

"Are the guns cleaned and loaded?"

"Yes," said Piet, "and, mother, if you approve, we must leave the house. It is too big and rambling for us two to protect."

"Leave the house?"

"Not very far," said Piet and explained.

In that land of few dwellers space is not of much consideration. The farm buildings were quite widely scattered, and Farmer Putter had built his cowbyres and pigpens and so on a proper distance away from his house walls. All the afternoon Piet had been marching, laden with packages and bundles, between the house and the outbuildings. Now, when it was dark, he put out all the lights of the house, and the windows and doors were stoutly barred.

"Where are we going to sleep?" the children asked, accustomed to rise and lie down with the sun, and Piet answered cheerfully, "In the chicken coop."

The children, at first astonished and incredulous, were delighted when they discovered that their brother meant what he said, for the sight of the chickens feeding had given the boy the necessary idea. If the house were too big, the coop could not be accused of that fault. About the rocky kopje stones were plentiful and more convenient than wood. Therefore, Piet had aided his father in building a solid affair to shelter the many fowls. It was stone and high and roomy. Piet, during the afternoon, had made on each side, by careful removal of stones, loopholes and carried to the henhouse the more precious articles in the house, with all the ammunition and guns. Now the chickens, squawking, were ruthlessly turned out, and the little family went in, the youngsters giggling. The door, which Piet had strengthened, was closed, and the garrison prepared. Vrouw Putter was not without experience in war's alarms. She looked round with a brave smile.

"Well, done, Piet," she said, and calmly began to examine the guns, while at the same time quieting the children, who, now in the dark and disturbed by such preparations, began to be afraid. Again Piet slipped away to the kopje, and when he came back he said, "Flames are rising from the Van Boevens', and the war song is coming near."

"Loud?" the vrouw asked briefly.

"Not very," her son answered, piling rocks against the door.

"A detached party," said his mother quietly. "If the Lord wills it, we will protect our own."

And she made them all kneel down and pray and then sing a psalm.

* * * * * * *

It was a fitfully moonlight night in the dry season and chilly. White clouds pursued the moon after hiding it and leaving the veldt in darkness, then passing on and flooding the land with silvery beams. For a long time all was very still. At last Piet, peering out of his loophole to the west, saw a shadow among the shadows, and this shadow moved and glided, and came swiftly up the slope on which the chicken coop stood between the house and the trees by the river. It was followed by another, and another, and another, and another, coming on like wild ducks in a V or wedge, and from the heart of the shadows came a low hum—the song of the impis.

"How many?" the mother asked, as the moon shone out, and Piet told her there were about 20, with shields and assagais, for in those days firearms were not common among the Kaffir tribes as now.

"A raiding party," said Vrouw Putter, and took command. Piet was eager to fire at once, but she forbade. The children were very quiet, though trembling. The savages came on and halted, and came on again, now silent and apparently puzzled at there being no sign of life about the house. As the coop stood it could not be readily discerned in the shadow of the slope. Again the Zulus advanced.

"Mother," said Piet, "if they get close to the house they will fire it."

She nodded, but waited until the savages were only 50 yards away then—"Fire!" she whispered, and from her own loophole and from Piet's at the same instant streamed a flame, and the Zulus gave one great cry of rage and astonishment, as two of their number threw their arms high and fell, their shields clattering beside them. At once little Greta and Pretorius did their part, and with incredible bravery in such infants forbore even to tremble, but handed up fresh guns, while the two defenders passed the empty ones down to be loaded by these small but trained fingers. The Zulus, however, did not fall back. Furious at being taken by surprise they dashed at the little fort, and a shower of spears came clashing against the stone walls. Crack! again went the guns, and again a howl of pain resounded through the night. The Zulus were almost in touch of the fort, and were pressing onward, one on top of the other, with their ferocious yells, when a tall man among them with an iron ring on his head, sign of an induna chief, shouted a command and at once his warriors fell back.

"Mother," cried Piet, as they seized fresh rifles, "don't let them think that we are so few. Greta and Pretorius, load as fast as you can. Mother, let us fire continuously and, thinking we are numerous, they will retire."

Vrouw Putter nodded consent, and at once these two valiant defenders of hearth and home began from the half dozen firearms at their disposal to pour bullets into the retreating crowd of naked blacks. They could not tell what actual effect their missiles had, save for an occasional cry from the warriors, but they hoped that so quick and withering a fire would deceive the party. In this manner, however, they used up a good deal of ammunition from the two boxes of cartridges Piet had carried to the chicken coop.

With hardly a pause, the induna gave his savages their instructions, and suddenly they ran apart from one another in the moonlight and surrounded the henhouse and came at it from three sides. Now, indeed, the besieged were hard put to it, but never quailed. Greta took the lightest rifle and, little girl though she was, her father and brother and even her mother had taught her to use it. She took position, a white faced heroine, at one side, and her mother and Piet in their old places. Down came the Zulus, casting spears before them, and sheltered by their long, tough bullhide shields. Crack! crack! crack! swiftly the rifles rang out, and still the Zulus rushed on. The fingers of little Pretorius were busy on the floor of the hut, loading the rifles now getting hot. Crack! crack! The savages reached the wall; one scrambled to the roof; he thrust a spear down a crack. The Boer's wife cried out; her shoulder was pierced. But Piet's voice was triumphant, as a yell came from the induna himself.

"I aimed for the chief and got him!" cried the boy, and indeed the induna seemed badly hurt, for he limped back, supported, and again called off his soldiers. Piet ran to his mother and helped her bandage the wounded arm.

"It is nothing," she said bravely, and added more softly, "nor my life, either, if children and home are saved."

Suddenly little Pretorius cried out in dismay.

"Piet," he said, "there are no more cartridges!"

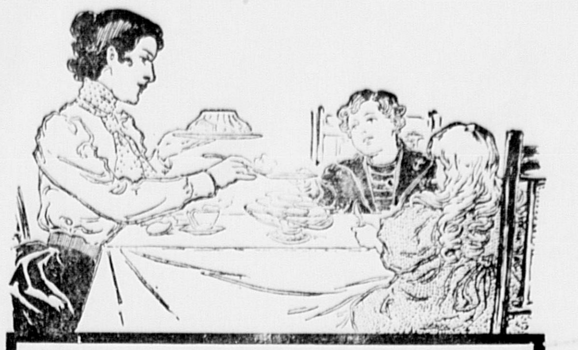
It was true. One box was empty, and the other covered box did not hold ammunition. Piet looked and despaired. Two gold prospectors had been staying at the farm who used dynamite in their work. They had gone off at sign of trouble, but had left some tools and things behind. In this box which Piet had carried off for ammunition were instead some sticks of dynamite.

"I—have—betrayed—my father's trust!" cried Piet. "My mistake has been our ruin!"

And he flung himself in despair against the wall. But his mother, finding nothing but empty guns, kneeled quietly down and prayed, her babies about her. She had done all she could. The rest lay with a higher power.

For a moment Piet was crazy, and then recovered himself. He looked through his loophole. The Zulus were in a group quite a hundred yards away, almost indistinguishable in the night. Even as Piet looked they moved and he knew they were about to attack again. With a shout of rage the furious boy suddenly stooped to the dangerous box he had carried from the house, and then threw down the rocks from the door and burst out. In his hands he carried two sticks of dynamite, carried such deadly things in his hands that a stumble meant destruction. Yet he dashed ahead through the night yelling. The Zulus turned on him in amaze, thinking him mad, and greeted him with a shower of spears. Unstricken, Piet ran to within 50 yards of them, and then, one after the other, he threw at them with all his might the dynamite. There was a fearful concussion, which dashed the boy to the earth, a roar as of artillery, a medley of fearful shrieks from the unhappy Zulus, and all was still. Vrouw Putter and the children came out trembling, and found Piet insensible, but of the Zulu raiders no trace, save scattered limbs, where the earth was thrown about, leaving a great hole. The dynamite must have struck fairly in their midst and had exploded with fearful effects.

That happened long ago. Piet is today a man and owns the farm. His father is dead, but the brave old mother lives on with Piet and his wife. Many changes have taken place on the lonely farm on the veldt, but one building remains unchanged, and reverently preserved. It is the chicken coop, which is known by the children for miles and miles as "Oom Piet's Fort."—New York Evening Sun.



Good for Them

Keystone Silver White Gelatine makes the ideal food for children. The nutritive value of gelatine is recognized in the leading hospitals where it is served to children and convalescents. It is prescribed by the leading physicians of England and France; endorsed by trained nurses everywhere.

Keystone Silver White Gelatine

represents the highest degree of gelatine refinement. Its perfect purity is apparent at a glance. Its great convenience is demonstrated by a single trial. Its delicious flavor is proved beyond doubt by its wide popularity with children and grown folks alike.

If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.

MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS, Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

An Invalid's Luck In the Woods.

"Speaking of deer shooting," said the local enthusiast, "reminds me of the story of the man up Bethel way. He had a pulmonary trouble that had reduced him somewhat, and he was doubtful if his strength would permit him to make the journey. His physician told him to go ahead, but not to tramp much. In camp, where he arrived much exhausted, his friends told him to make himself comfortable while they went out and got him some venison.

"He sat about camp alone until about 10 o'clock and then went in and took his rifle out into the open. Here he sat down on a log and thought of his unhappy fate. The sun was warm and bright, and he moved out into it, resting his rifle against the stump of a pine. He then lit his pipe and ruminated. A rustle in the brush aroused him. Looking up, he saw a buck, with branching horns, about 40 yards away. He reached over without moving from his seat, took the rifle, rested it on a prong of the stump, drew a bead on the deer and fired, and the buck fell dead.

"When the hunters who went out after venison for the invalid came home, he said, 'What luck?' 'Oh, we'll have deer meat for you before we go home. Didn't get any today, but we saw signs.' 'How's this for a sign?' said the invalid, and he led them up to a 600 pound buck, and they broke the profound silence to remark, 'Well, I'll be darned.'"—Lewiston Journal.

A Question of Kinship.

General Hickenlooper and his family make the evening dinner a source of mental as well as of physical nutrition, in which exercise the general has usually the best of it by presenting puzzling and difficult problems. The other evening the youngsters turned the tables upon him by presenting the following legal proposition:

A French beggar died and left one child, a son, and a considerable estate. The son, in order to inherit the estate, was required to prove a kinship to the deceased. What kinship did he prove?

The general promptly replied the kinship of father and son.

The children said the answer was wrong; the parent was a woman. This tickled the general, and he decided to pass it along, so the next day, while taking luncheon with a friend, he propounded the following:

A French beggar woman died and left a son and an estate, and the son in order to inherit the property was required to prove kinship to the deceased. What was the kinship between them?

The friend promptly replied, "Mother and son."

"Well," said the general, "you guess better than I did, for I answered father instead of mother."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cause For Care.

"No," said the confident youth, "I shall not trudge along in the beaten track. I shall not devote my mind to humdrum duty."

"What are you going to do?" asked the schoolmaster.

"I am going to strike away from the beaten path. I'm going to leave footprints on the sands of time."

"Well, you want to be careful."

"I have energy and ability."

"Yes, but you want to be careful too. Trying to leave footprints on the sands of time has been the cause of a lot of people getting stuck in the mud."

Doing Penance.

A member of the mining exchange tells this story of a man doing penance: "I had a wagon and was driving out of Denver, on my way to the mines. The roads were fetlock deep in dust, and the weather was hotter than hades. A young fellow halted me a few miles out and asked if he might walk behind my wagon. It was the strangest request I had ever heard, and I said:

"'Walk behind? No! Get up here on the seat and ride.' He wore a sort of sad look and replied:

"'I don't want to ride, pardner. I ain't fitten to ride and I ain't fitten to get fitten. Just let me walk behind your wagon.'

"I thought then he must be crazy and concluded to let him have his way. The dust rolled up in dense, suffocating clouds. I glanced frequently over my shoulder, but couldn't get a glimpse of him. As the team rattled on, however, I heard his voice repeating over and over again:

"'Serve you right, confound you! Sell your claim for $10,000, win $1,500 at poker, go down to Denver, blow off the town and go dead broke! You blank blank blank! Ought to suffer! Got to go back and start all over again! Dust too good for you! Ain't half punishment enough!'

"At the end of the journey he was nearly dead, but still bravely anxious to do penance. I hired him, and he's here in New York now, doing well."—New York Press.

Admitted It Himself.

A story is told of two prominent Chicago lawyers who several years ago were regarded as being among the brightest lawyers the state had produced for a long time. There was great rivalry between these men, and one day they were having a heated argument on the steps of the statehouse at Springfield.

"I'll agree to leave it to the first man we meet," said one of the wrangling lawyers fiercely.

"All right, and that will settle it once for all. Ah! Here is Charlie ——. We'll leave it to him."

"Charlie," as the man spoken of approached within hearing distance, "we want you to decide who is the best lawyer in Illinois. We agree to abide by your decision."

"Well," replied Charlie, himself an old practitioner and well known in the capital city, "I plead guilty to being the best lawyer in the state myself."

"Why, Charlie, how can it be proved?" inquired the first of the two Chicagoans.

"You don't have to prove it," replied the Springfield man. "I admit it, don't I?"—Detroit Free Press.

The Sweatshops.

It pays to own real estate where New York's laboring classes are concentrated. A man who owns a large, square building in the down town east side district says that it pays him more than 20 per cent net on the money invested. He never has to look for tenants and he has no trouble in collecting his rents. A prosperous saloon keeper has the ground floor, and, of course, his rent is guaranteed.

The floors above are rented for sweatshops. One man hires a floor and sublets each window to a man to work by. If at any time he shows signs of running behind with his rent a dozen window tenants are eager to take the contract in his place.

The windows rent for $5 each. This gives the man who hires the whole door his window free, or sometimes a little more than that. The windows in this particular building are especially sought after, because there is a freight elevator, by which the heavy cloth garments can be hoisted and let down from the various stories. It runs by hand power, but even then it is far better than carrying the heavy burdens on the back.—New York Press.

"Horning" Professors.

Many college men will be interested in knowing just what the practice of "horning" professors is. President Tucker of Dartmouth gives what may be considered an official definition of this form of disorder. It is an expression of dissatisfaction among students with a professor and consists of a "noisy and insulting demonstration against the instructor at his office or at his residence." Sometimes it is "attended with damage to property, but not with violence to person."—New York Tribune.

Lovely Hands.

Lovely hands are more uncommon than pretty faces, yet a little silver sand, a deep basin, a stiff nailbrush, good soap and two good little implements (file and orangewood sticks) will transform ugliness to lasting beauty in a month.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, NOV. 24, 1899.

A "NO" VOTE.

With proper effort on the part of the temperance men in this city it is firmly believed that prohibition will be able to win at the next election. It seems to be in the air, and all signs point that way. A considerable number of people who have heretofore cast their ballots for license have determined, so it is said, to change their programme this year and vote "no."

Last year the majority for license was only 123, a margin that may easily be overcome next month if the true friends of temperance will rally at the polls and do their whole duty when there. It is undoubtedly true that the management of the liquor business during the current year has given rise to much dissatisfaction. No one blames Mayor Davis for it. He has unquestionably done all he could to suppress the illegal sale of intoxicating drinks in this city, but he has made little or no impression on it. The trouble lies in the system and not in the execution of the law, or its non-execution. The difficulty cannot be obviated so long as the city votes for license; prohibition is the only remedy for a state of things here which all decent people deplore.

Again, property owners are begin[illegible] view the question in its true [illegible] they are coming to realize the [illegible] of license from a property [illegible] They are waking up to a full [illegible] of the reason for the low p[illegible] estate and absence of sales in [illegible] Many of these will vote aga[illegible] this year. We have heard [illegible] them say it, and they meant w[illegible]d. Merchants too are getting [illegible]en and "no license" may con[illegible]unt on reinforcements from tha[illegible] quarter.

VICE-PRESIDENT DEAD.

After a protracted and wasting illness Garrett A. Hobart, Vice-President of the United States, died at his home in Patterson, N. J., at half past 8 o'clock last Tuesday morning, in the presence of his wife and other members of the family. He was 55 years old on the 8th day of last June. He was elected in 1896 and inaugurated on March 4, 1897. He filled the office with great ability and credit, and his death will be deeply regretted by the Nation.

☞ The Democratic Party of Woburn held Ward caucuses last Tuesday evening to select delegates to the Mayoralty convention and perform other business. They were large and lively. The friends of several candidates for Mayor worked hard for delegates, but John P. Feeney, Esq., won a majority of them and will no doubt receive the nomination. Had he given his consent to stand for the office a few days earlier it is more than likely he would have carried every Ward. Mr. Feeney has occupied the Mayor's chair two terms, so that his light will not be hid under a bushel, nor his qualifications misunderstood. Lynch made a poor showing in the ballot, but Kelley did considerably better. Of course the caucuses were only the beginning of the fight among the Democratic factions in this city.

☞ It is all right now! When it was learned that Admiral Dewey had deeded the house in Washington given him by a grateful people in honor of his naval achievements at Manila in May, 1898, to his new wife hot indignation was felt and expressed all along the line. But when, on Tuesday, Mrs. Dewey deeded it to the Admiral's only son, George Goodwin Dewey, in fee simple, and it was learned that such was the plan on the start, and done with the sole and express purpose of securing the property to the Dewey family and name, without future controversy, everybody saw the wisdom of the transaction and heartily approved of it.

☞ Representative Bennett of Saugus, who some injudicious friends have made believe is good timber for Speaker of the House, undertook to play a sharp political trick last week but it did not work well at all. He caused to be published in the Boston papers a list of names of members-elect who, he claimed, had pledged themselves to his support in caucus. Some of the men immediately denied having pledged themselves to Mr. Bennett and averred that their names had been used by him without authority. Mr. Bennett tried to squirm out of the bad fix, but made poor work of it.

☞ The prospect for carrying this city against license at the coming election is cheering. We hear of many good, solid, sober-sided Democrats, Yankee, Irish, and other nationalities, who will vote "No" and work to induce others to go and do likewise. They have become sick and disgusted with the way the liquor business is conducted here. The strongest opposition to prohibition will come from a quarter from which better things ought to be expected, if we are rightly informed.

☞ It is with much surprise tinct with considerable sorrow that we note the gradual but certain decay of the political influence of some of the old Democratic bosses of this city. The fact has been particularly noticeable this week. Men, the snap of whose finger was, not so long ago, law and gospel for the Democracy, were coldly turned down at the caucuses Tuesday evening, and given to understand, emphatically, that their name was Dennis. "Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenge."

☞ It is probable that the Democrats will nominate Mr. William R. Bartlett to run against Mr. Elwyn G. Preston for the Board of Public Works. With Mr. Preston's splendid record as Water Commissioner of the Board during the last two years he will be found a hard candidate to beat.

☞ Neither Harvard or Yale scored at the great intercollegiate football contest at Harvard last Saturday, which was a virtual defeat of Harvard. The game was a huge surprise all around, for it was generally expected that the crimson would win easy.

☞ Hon. Thomas N. Hart was nominated last Tuesday evening by the Republicans of Boston for Mayor. He filled the office some years ago with credit and profit to the city, and Boston can do no better than to elect him for another term.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Election.
C. C. & W.—Minstrels.
A. W. Whitcher—Lecture.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.

— Shaman.

— Kobek.

— Auditorium, Dec. 8.

— Whitcher will tell you.

— The F. N. C. hold a grand social this evening.

— Yesterday was another glorious autumn day.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— The Innitou Minstrels will give a show on Dec. 27.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— The Police held their annual rifle shoot at Brookside Range yesterday.

— Buy your Thanksgiving crockery at Prior's, 373 Main St.—2.

— Canvas coats and cardigan's all prices at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The annual ball of the Woburn Police Department will be given on Dec. 20.

— Overalls and shirts our own make and every pair warranted, Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Ames's Hall in Wilmington has strong attractions for lovers of the dance this fall.

— Next Thursday, Nov. 30, is to be Thanksgiving Day. Has the turkey been bespoken?

— The city Flag waved at half-mast yesterday in consideration of the funeral of Vice-President Hobart.

— The Celtic Association will give a ball in the Auditorium on the evening before Thanksgiving, Nov. 29.

— The Harvard hat at $2.00 is a seller remember the price and place Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The Managers of the Burbeen Lecture Course will please accept our thanks for a liberal supply of season tickets.

— We hope a good fat turkey will find its way to every kitchen in this city next Thursday. And cranberry sauce galore.

— A communication from Professor Frederic B. Fuller will appear in these columns at an early date. It is of local interest.

— There was a pleasant family reunion at Mrs. J. H. Hovey's on Church ave. last Wednesday. A fine dinner was served.

— Have you purchased a bundle of of Remnants at Richardson's, 431 Main st. If not now is the time as they are disapearing fast.

— Mrs. S. E. Howe, the chiropodist, will be at her rooms, No. 414 Main street, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 19, 20.

— Prof. Worthley, the popular optician, will be at his office in this city, store of L. E. Hanson & Co., on Thursday, Dec. 7.

— The meteor show scheduled for last week was a failure. A few of our people, so we were told, watched for it, but were disappointed.

— Ald. D. Wilbur Brown is recovering from a severe illness from neuralgia of the stomach, with which he has formerly suffered.

— It has been reported that G. A. R. Posts 33 and 161 are to be consolidated, but prominent members of both say the rumors are untrue.

— As near as we can learn, Thanksgiving services are to be held at Trinity Episcopal church, and Rev. Dr. Crane will preach the annual sermon.

— It would be a good plan to buy tickets to Mr. Whitcher's lecture at once because, from present indications, the Auditorium will be crowded.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The 26th Regiment, Col. Rice, is having some fighting in Panay, and it may be that Lieut. Homer Grant will have a chance there to "flesh his maiden sword."

— It will be observed that slight changes have been made in the timetable of the Boston & Maine Railroad affecting the arrival and departure of trains in this city.

— LOST:—A Gold Watch on 5.44 train Thursday from Boston, or between depot and Cummingsville. If found please leave with ticket agent at the depot. R. E. MAGUIRE.

— The Woburn Workers and Minister's Class will give a Mother Goose Party at First church on Dec. 11. Tickets for adults 25 cents; for children, 15. It will be worth attending.

— The die is cast! It has been finally and irrevocably determined that Col. Edward Simonds is to be City Messenger just as long as he can drag one foot after the other. And that is right, too.

— Alderman B. H. Nichols contemplates a visit to California this winter. He will be one of a small party of gentlemen of leisure who talk of touring the Pacific Slope, if he concludes to go.

— Benjamin Champney, the artist, will hold a sale of pictures at Leonard's Art Auction Rooms, Bromfield st., Boston, during the week of Dec. 10, beginning Monday, 11. More particulars hereafter.

— We have received an interesting communication from our occasional Ohio correspondent, A. B. W., which we hope to print erelong. The gentlemen is a racy writer, and there is always meat in his letters.

— Mr. Gordon Parker, the well known and esteemed druggist in Mechanic's Block, advertises a sovereign remedy for colds. Mr. Parker is always up to proof, and what he tells a customer you can depend on.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Shaman.

— Kobek.

— Auditorium, Dec. 8.

— Whitcher will tell you.

— The days will reach their minimum length on Dec. 19.

— Contoocook a shirt and drawers $1.25 per garment at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— A full line of winter underwear at reasonable prices at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The factories in this city are pestered to get tanned leather enough to keep them running full handed.

— Thanksgiving crockery at Prior's in great variety. You can find just what you want.—2.

— Vespers at the Unitarian Church next Sunday at 5 P. M. with short sermon. Chorus choir and soloist. All invited.

— A bicycle, manned by a young woman, a horse and buggy, and an autimobile, collided on Walnut st., Tuesday evening and caused quite a rumpus.

— Agent Junkins and Mr. Callahan held a little seance last Monday morning when the latter gentlemen found out, with strong emphasis, that Mr. Waterman Brown is still proprietor of the gateman's lodge at Church ave.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Last Monday evening Woburn Post, 161, G. A. R., was inspected by Assistant Department Inspector F. C. Adams of Lowell. There were several visitors from neighboring Posts. A fine supper was served by the Woman's Relief Corps.

— The Rifle Team of the Mechanic Phalanx will give the first of a series of balls, for the benefit of the team, at Armory Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 6. Music will be furnished by Tripp's Orchestra. The series promises to be a fine one.

— Fitz & Stanley have got about settled in their new store in Fowle's Building. They are now doing business there. People should make it a point to drop in and take a good look at the fine new quarters of the old and popular Boston Branch.

— The ladies of the Swedish Lutheran church are preparing to hold a Fair to be opened on Thanksgiving Day evening. The proceeds will be given in aid of the church. The ladies propose to make it attractive and hope for a liberal public patronage.

— The famous Old Kentucky Orchestra from Boston, Prof. Lewis Bedford, Leader, will furnish the latest music for the dances, while two eminent piano virtuosos will accompany all numbers for the concert in the J. W. W. Scott ball at the Auditorium on Dec. 14.

— The Sons of Veterans gave a Whist Party last Wednesday evening. The following were the prizes won: Lady's 1st, Miss Grace Nichols; 2d, Mrs. L. Britton; Booby, Miss Carter. Gent's 1st, James Hammond; 2d, A. V. Haynes; Booby, Frank Howard.

— Dr. J. H. Conway's span of whites, handsome carriage, and fine harnesses, constitute the most attractive turnout in this city. The horses are perfectly matched, proud steppers, and sprightly, and the equipage is one that people stop to look at as it passes along.

— The first lecture in the Burbeen Course will be given at the Auditorium next Monday evening, Nov. 27. F. Hopkinson Smith will give "Readings from Col. Carter, Tom Crogan, and his new story, The Other Fellow," and a fine literary entertainment may be expected.

— A number of Society young gentlemen, representatives of Uppertendom, fine young fellows they are, too, are to conduct a dance at Music Hall on next Wednesday evening, Nov. 29, for which the best of music is to be provided. Everything will be a la mode and tiptop.

— We print the following note from Judge Charles D. Adams, written Nov. 20, with much pleasure: "Noticing in your last issue that it is reported I have purchased a residence in Nahant and will make that town my home in the future, I desire to state that I have recently purchased a new summer residence in Nahant but it is very improbable I shall give up my home or legal residence in Woburn."

— Large assortment of crockery, dip pans, pudding pots &c., at Prior's. You will need them for Thanksgiving.—2.

— Mr. Andrew J. Parker, a relative of Mr. J. Henry Parker of this city, died suddenly at his home in Wilton, N. H, two weeks ago. He was once a resident here, and carried on wood planing business at the corner of High and Prospect streets. He was popular and had many Woburn friends.

— The St. Charles football team beat the St. Joseph team of West End, Boston, on Salem street field last Saturday afternoon, 5 to 0. A large company witnessed the game, which was a handsomely contested one. The St. Charles team is composed of a fine bunch of athletes and are hard to vanquish.

— The St. Charles F. B. C. go to Concord next Saturday to play the C. H. S. team. The line up will be as follows: Meagher l.e.; Looby l.t.; Hoy l.g.; McSweeney c.; Ball r.g.; R. Meagher r.t.; R. Byrnes r.e.; Harkins q.b.; Maloney l.h.b.; Doherty r.h.b.; W. Byrnes f.b. Carleton and Jones subs.

— A large and interesting collection of Spanish War relics and curiosities, collected at Moro Castle, Havana, Cuba, by Mr. George A. Campbell of this city, and owned by him, is on exhibition in the front window of Mr. John Arnott's jewelry store, 465 Main st. They attract strongly the attention of passersby.

— Mr. T. M. Adams, Cambridge's immense character vocalist, will present his excellent aged darkey impersonation, "Uncle Eph's Return," in the grand concert to be given by "The Major John W. W. Scott Gigantic Novelty Show" and ball in the Auditorium, Thursday evening, Dec. 14. Secure tickets now.

— Internal Revenue Collector Gill of the Boston office has issued a notice to the effect that manufacturers, wholesale and retail dealers in cigars, tobacco, and snuff violate the Internal Revenue Law when they buy or sell those goods for resale in any manner other than in full package, put up, stamped, branded, and marked by the manufacturer.

— The stockholders in the Marine Salts Gold Company have received another and final dividend of 6 percent which makes 36 percent in all. Several people of this city owned stock in it, but will lose little or nothing, for they bought it, as a general thing, much below par. We congratulate them on getting out of the business so well.

— Mr. Robert C. Whitten of Boston will sing at the Unitarian church Sunday, the 26th, at 5 p. m. Mr. Whitten is one of the finest teachers of voice culture, as well as baritone soloists, in Boston. Those wishing to study the voice can make appointments by mail or call at his studio, 149A Tremont street, Boston, any day except Wednesdays.

— An incendiary fire destroyed four great barns, one of them for horses with 50 stalls, on the Frothingham place, in Burlington, the finest residence and grounds in these parts, last Sunday. The loss was about $10,000. Luckily the mansion escaped the fiery element, but the barns were totally destroyed. Mr. Barker of Winchester ownes the elegant place.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis is building the rock foundation for the additions to the leather plant of Beggs & Cobb at Winchester. One of the new buildings is 110x50, and the other is 30x50, and when completed will make one of the largest leather manufacturing establishments in the country. Beggs & Cobb are turning out an immense amount of leather every day and coining a mint of money.

— Mr. Martin Westphall and wife of Joliet, Illinois, had been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Richards and of Mrs. Sophia Hovey of this city for a week or more previous to departing for their Western home a day or two ago. Mr. Westphall is a prominent banker and citizen of Joliet, where he settled in 1856, and his wife is a sister of Mrs. Richards and of Mr. Harry Gould of Lexington, who they also visited. The lady is an an aunt of Mrs. James Bruce of Joliet, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richards. They have been in the East some time and have traveled quite extensively while here. Early last week they came down from Littleton, N. H., where they spent several days with Mrs. Gorham, another sister of Mrs. Westphall's. Mr. Westphall tells us that his visit and sojourn in New England have been very much enjoyed by him and his wife.

— Instead of saying that Miss Elvira Leverone is a relative of Mr. David Cuneo we should have said she is a cousin of Louis and Angelo Crovo of this city.

— From 7.30 to 9.30 last Wednesday evening, at Music Hall, Clan Mackinnon charmed a large and hightoned audience with one of the best concerts ever enjoyed in this city. Bagpipes, a fine Orchestra, and singing of Scotch songs and ballads, comprised the programme, and everybody was delighted with it. Mayor and Madam Davis were present, and the entire audience were from the cream of society. Clan Mackinnon beats them all when they try.

— In response to card invitations last Sunday at First church over $1500 was offered in aid of the "World's Forward Christian Movement," to promote the interests of which four notable meetings were held on Friday, Saturday and Sunday at that house of worship by delegates from the 23 churches composing the Woburn Conference, supplemented by large audiences. The "Movement" is, as we understand it, a new departure in foreign missionary work.

— Tickets for the Burbeen Lecture Course were officially assigned at the Public Library last Tuesday. Librarian Cutter, Assistant Miss Pollard, Alderman Loring and Miss Dora B. Buss composed the force of distributors, and it took them nearly all day to perform the task. There were applications for over 1800 tickets from nearly 1000 people, which goes to prove the popularity of the Course and also that there exists a widespread desire in this city for good literature.

— At the first of a series of Vesper Services to be held by the Unitarian church at 5 o'clock next Sunday evening, besides the music by the choir, Mr. Robert Whitten of Winchester has been engaged as soloist, and Mr. Frederic Percyval Lewis will preside at the organ. Among other pieces Mr. Lewis will render four compositions of his father, the late Frederic F. Lewis, three organ pieces and an Anthem, in manuscript. Other appropriate organ selections will be given.

— Dr. William H. Kelliher's buggy experienced a partial wreck Tuesday forenoon. Rounding the corner of Walnut st., all the spokes of one wheel suddenly dropped out which caused the carriage to upset and land the Doctor and a companion on the pavement. It was "so sudden" that the Doctor's breath had a notion of leaving his body, but a professional examination of both men disclosed no serious injuries, except to the buggy, and for a sequel to the affair the reader is respectfully referred to Pollard & Grothe's carriage shop.

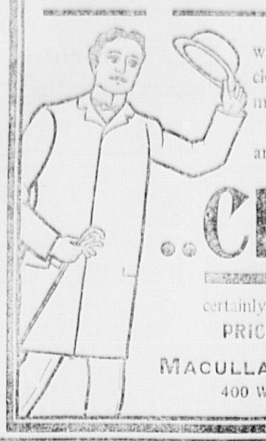
— Bram and DeRue, the musical team engaged for the present season with Culhane, Chace and Weston's Minstrels, are musical artists and their performances, instead of being nonsencial attempts at producing music from peculiar articles, consists of artistic solos and duets upon difficult instruments rendered in a refined and skilful manner and bound to please the music loving patrons. As a cornet soloist Mr. DeRue is surpassed by but few players in this country and leading critics of his native city, Rochester, will not admit that he has a superior. They will be seen with the big Minstrels at Lyceum Hall, Friday Dec. 1, for one night only. Seats on sale at Parker's Drug Store.

— Never in the history of the Party have the Democrats of this city been more at loggerheads than they are now. The organization is in the hands and under the control of its irresponsible and least worthy faction, whose only idea of politics is to "make," or "get even" with somebody. They care nothing for the interests of the city; they have no conception of honest endeavor for the public good; they have no property at stake; taxes are nothing to them; and "rule or ruin" appears to be their watchword. There are many highly respectable people in the Party, solid men of acknowledged worth; but they are in a hopeless minority, and the wonder is that they will continue to train in such politically disreputable company.

— On Friday evening, Dec. 8, at the Auditorium, Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher will give a lecture on the life and customs of the Eskemo and Tinneh Indians in Alaska with which he became familiar by a sojourn in that country in 1898 and '99. It is to be profusely illustrated by personally taken photographs, which will add greatly to its value and interest. The lecture cannot but be instructive and entertaining. Mr. Whitcher has given much care to its preparation, and the pictures we know to be fine. They represent every conceivable phase of Alaskan Indian life. The gold fields of that inhospitable northern clime continue to attract thousands of adventurers, and the eagerness for information concerning them constantly increases. Mr. Whitcher's lecture, then, will be timely as well as instructive. It is advertised in this paper.

— Mr. Henry F. Davis, of J. T. Freeman & Co., returned from a successful hunting trip to Maine last Monday evening. He had on exhibition at George Durward's Market on Tuesday a buck shot by him not far from the Mt. Katahdin Iron Works in the upper part of Pescataquis county, which was probably one of the finest specimens of a deer ever brought to this city. At least, that is what the old hunters said. He was large, handsomely antlered, smooth haired, and a beauty. Mr. Davis has in former years hunted big game around Mt. Katahdin, and always with good fortune. Having been born and raised in it, he knows the State and where to go to for the best shots. Instead of tramping through the primeval forests of the Madawaska, Miramachi, Mooseliguntiocook, Scoodie Lakes, in the Bluenose country, he hies himself towards the sources of the Penobscot, Piscataquis and Kennebec rivers, and always returns laden with the best products of the hunt. He was entirely satisfied with his late trip to Pine Tree State for game.

To avoid a task and to fear it is to make it our master. To set about it cheerfully at once is to become its master.



The Coming Man

will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere. PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

A Great Show.

The Culhane, Chace & Weston Big Minstrels will be at Lyceum Hall for one night only Friday, Dec. 1. This company is one of the best known burnt cork organizations on the road and give a thoroughly up-to-date minstrel programme, made up of new and novel ideas and ingenious effects, the comedy element being especially strong. The singing corps of this company is unusually clever and the entire performance strictly first-clas and up-to-date in every detail. The street parade on the day of performance is a big feature, the two bands furnishing music galore. The return of this favorite organization should be the signal for a large house. Seats now on sale at Parker's Drug Store.

His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and Lung Trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

Republican Caucuses.

The Republicans of this city held Ward caucuses last Wednesday evening, Nov. 22, with the following result:

Ward 1—Alderman, Edward Q. Brackett; Delegates, Alva S. Wood, Benjamin Hinckley, Joseph F. DeLoriea, Charles H. Johnson, Rufus C. Hayward, Henry C. Hall, Zoeth C. Atwood.

Ward 2—Alderman, Frank A. Winn; Delegates, George E. Fowle, Edmund C. Cottle, Luke W. Fowle, Ambrose Bancroft, Edward F. Johnson, Edward C. Collamore, Charles R. Rosenquist, Wm. P. Chute, George D. Wright.

Ward 3—Alderman, John K. Murdock; Delegates, John K. Murdock, Frederic A. Flint, Charles H. Harrington, Wm. A. Prior, Charles M. Howe, William G. Graham, Frank E. Cotton, Frank E. Wetherell, Nathan W. Frye Jr.

Ward 4—Alderman, Arthur D. Wyman; Delegates, John M. Harlow, John R. Carter, John M. Portal, Charles A. Burdette, William E. Blodgett, William R. Putnam, Walter W. Case, A. L. Holdridge, Everett P. Fox.

Ward 5—Alderman, Albert D. Carter, Delegates, George F. Hosmer, Charles A. White.

Ward 6—Alderman, Austin D. Dickson; Delegates, B. Frank Kimball, Samuel H. Patten, Leander W. Hall, Percy W. Linscott, Arthur W. Walls, James E. Cutler, Arthur U. Dickson.

Ward 7—Alderman, Adam Bustead; Delegates, Francis M. Pushee, James Given.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—ADOLPH L. MILLETT, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Foot Ball.

The Woburn High School played the Reading High School last Friday, Nov. 17, with a score of 0—0. The following was the line-up:

WOBURN HIGH		READING HIGH
C. Duncan	l.e	A. Hazel[illegible]
F. Hale	l.t	D. Cullinal
E. Buckler	l.g	E. Parker
M. Walsh	c	H. Mellon
J. Breslin	r.g	F. Webb
J. Shea	r.t	R. Day
F. Sullivan	r.e	B. Loring
W. Bixby	q b	P. Parker
C. Dearborn	l.h.b	L. Chapman
J. Walsh	f.b	R. Thompson
H. West	r.h.b	R. Sawyer.

Time: 15 and 20 minute halves.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any endency of a cold to result in pneumonia

Weight of Mail Matter

Dispatched from Woburn P. O. from Oct. 3rd to Nov. 6th, inclusive.

	Received.		Dispatched.	
First-class	1136 lbs.	14 oz	882 lbs.	12 oz.
3d and 4th class	844 "	4 "	782	5
Foreign			50	7
Postage paid			713	00
Free County matter			5	5
Gov't Free matter			1182	10
Equipment, pouches and sacks			2935	7
Total dispatched			6,551	14

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Gordon Parker's drug store.

North Woburn.

Mr. Henry Curtis of Ward st. met with a painful accident while at work at a splitting machine, but is doing well now.

A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health. Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.

We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

THE PLAY OF THE YEAR
AUGUSTUS THOMAS'
ARIZONA
The Universal Verdict
"GREATER THAN ALABAMA."
TREMONT THEATRE Beginning Dec. 4

In Memoriam.

Words spoken by a kind friend to Mrs. ALFRED H. WILLOUGHBY in her hour of greatest sorrow.

Your husband has passed on beyond from your sight.
He has gone to the home of the beautiful light.
Jesus, he called him, he no longer could stay;
He is now with loved ones that have passed away.
United together in that bright world above;
They are waiting the coming of those that they love.

When you turn back and think of the days that have flown,
And remember the kindness that to you he has shown,
Your heart should fill with gladness and dispel all the sadness,
When you remember the love to you he has borne.
As you think of the kind words that to you he has spoken,
They will seem like a golden chain unbroken.

How careful he always looked out for your good,
And was always willing to do all that he could.
He has finished his work in the land of the living,
And is now at rest in the beautiful heaven.
And may you so live that when you are called to rest,
You may go and meet him in the land of the blessed.

In the Mill Cities.

Boston Sunday Journal Investigates Conditions of the Workers.

The conditions of life among the mill workers in New England cities is the subject of a striking series of articles to begin in next Sunday's Boston *Journal*. These conditions furnish topics for discussion frequently at times of strikes, when the problem of Southern competition comes up, and, in general, by the social reformers. The Boston *Sunday Journal*, in order to investigate the subject in a practical way, sent Mr. J. O. Fagan, a conservative man and a strong writer, to live among the people as one of them for a number of weeks. These articles are the fruits of his experiences there.

The Boston *Journal* has again taken the lead in New England by the use of half-tone illustrations in its daily editions, a method of illustration which, by its direct reproduction of the photograph, ensures accuracy and a more finished and brilliant picture than can be had by other processes. The use of half-tone illustration in daily papers has been dependent upon the possibility of printing them satisfactorily on a fast newspaper press. This problem the *Journal* has apparently satisfactorily solved.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand good medicine. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
327 & 329 Main St.
FITZ & STANLEY.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the Only Cause and Creator." All are welcome.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Preaching Sundays at 10.30 A. M. and 7.15 P. M. Sunday School at 9.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Salvation from Good Works." Sunday School at 12 M. Vesper Service with Sermon on The Expansion of Religion at 5 P. M. Union Thanksgiving Day Services at the Episcopal church.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P., Thanksgiving Harvest Vesper Service. Wednesday, at 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting. Friday, at 4.15 P. M., The Minister's Class.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sunday next before Advent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30. Sermon to the Children.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "The Minstrel and the Prophet." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "The First Prayer of the Crucified One." Second in Scenes from Calvary. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Text John 5: 24-29. Subject: "Resurrection and Judgment by the son man."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M., Sermon, "The Righteous Ruler." 2 Sam. 23: 3, 4.
Thursday, at 7.30 P. M., Thanksgiving Festival and Offering. Dr. F. E. Emerich of South Framingham will speak.
Friday and Saturday evenings at 7.30, Preaching Services.
All Scandinavians are cordially invited to attend.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

Married.

In Winchester, Nov. 17, by Rev. H. J. Madden, Roderick McDonald of Woburn, and Christina Beaton of Winchester.

In Medford, Nov. 16, by Rev. M. F. Johnson at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. William O. Brown of Woburn and Miss Mary Orrok of Medford.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 18, Charles W. Bergman, aged 36 years, 8 months, 21 days.

In this city, Nov. 19, Joseph F., son of James and Hannah McCarthy, aged 9 months, 21 days.

In this city, Nov. 21, Josephine Quinn, aged 21 years, 11 months, 21 days.

Winter Overcoats

- A WORD ABOUT OUR -

$15.00 Kersey Overcoats.

: COLORS :

Black, Blue, Brown and Olive.

THEY ARE MADE WELL,
THEY WILL FIT WELL,
WHEN YOU BUY ONE
YOU WILL SAY
"THEY WEAR WELL."

And when they wear well we can add another customer to our fast growing list. We have them in all sizes, regulars, stouts and slims. Come in and let us show you these Overcoats. It will be a pleasure for us to do so.

HAMMOND & SON.
Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building.
WOBURN.
Established 1851.

A TRIO OF : :
BARGAINS . . .

A very few Golf Capes left in our stock. We shall not be able to replace them when they are sold. If our customers wish a good warm garment much below the market price, now is the opportunity.

A fine line of well made and finely fitting Dress Skirts. These goods are not hastily sewed together and made up for a quick sale at low price, but they are good, honest made garments at low price. A careful inspection will convince our trade of these facts.

Children's Dresses and Night Robes made of Flannelette are moderate in price, very pretty in style, and just the right thing for this cold weather.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Boston Theatres.

THE COLUMBIA.

Next Monday the great golden spectacle, "The Man in the Moon," begins the fourth week of its limited run at Boston's new and palatial playhouse and music hall—the Columbia Theatre and Promenade de Luxe, which is under the direction of that king of producers, Mr. George W. Lederer, who also has the Casino and New York Theatre in New York and a leading theatre in London. The business at the Columbia the past three weeks has been phenomenal, and as the engagement in Boston of the great golden spectacle is limited, the chances are that well filled houses will rule while the colossal offering is at the Columbia. Of all the spectacles which have been upon the stage in Boston, none has approached "The Man in the Moon" in splendor of presentation, excellence of cast, or humor of material. From the rising of the curtain to the ringing down of the same it is a series of dazzling colors and hearty laughs. The entertainments run swiftly and smoothly from 7.45 till 11 p. m. each evening, and matinees are given every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, beginning at 2 o'clock. The matinee performances are popular with ladies without escorts, as no smoking is allowed in the theatre at matinees.

THE TREMONT.

With the introduction of several new scenes and a number of new songs, and important changes in the cast, Mr. Barnet's bright and merry musical comedy, "Three Little Lambs," now in its second month at the Tremont Theatre, presents a great deal of novelty—so much, in fact, that it seems almost like a new piece. Mr. Barnet has put some of his best work into his share of the interpolations, and the new musical numbers are of the same melodious, catchy character as the original score by Mr. Corliss. Of the changes in the distribution of parts, the most notable is the transfer of the principal female role to Miss Adele Ritchie, an accomplished vocalist and clever comedienne, whose successes in light opera are well remembered. Miss Clara Palmer now appears as Patience More, the bank cashier, and there are a number of changes among the less important roles. The result of these changes is a material improvement in the performance, which is attracting and delighting large audiences. The production at the Tremont Theatre on Dec. 4 of "Arizona," the latest play by Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama," "In Mizzoura," etc., which had a marvellously successful summer run of four months in Chicago, will be one of the most notable events of the theatrical season in Boston. The new work has been enthusiastically received as the typical American play for which critics and public have been waiting so long. The play is interpreted by an excellent company, and the scenic investiture has been painted from sketches of actual localities from the pencil of that master painter of western life, Frederic Remington.

No Right To Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at Gordon Parker's Drug Store.

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woman's Club was held in Music Hall, Friday afternoon, Nov. 17. A business meeting was called at 2.30 followed by a literary program arranged by the Sociology Committee. After the reading of "Currant Events" by Miss Hosmer, Mrs. Partridge, as Chairman of the Committee, assumed the charge of the literary part of the afternoon.

A report was read by Mrs. Partridge of her recent visit to the all day meeting of the Melrose Woman's Club.

Miss Clara Carter read a paper on "Sociology, What is it"? in which she traced the development of the subject from the early days of civilization to the present era. Timely suggestions were given for working along this line such as beautifying the school yards, cleaning the streets, planting trees, improving sanitary conditions of the city, etc. Mrs. Gilman of Winchester followed giving an interesting talk on "The Visiting Nurse." The scheme of work as carried on in Winchester was outlined. Mrs. Gilman cited a number of actual cases which had been taken care of by the nurse with small expense to the family but with great benefit to the patient.

Dr. Chalmers concluded the literary part of the program by reading a concise paper on "Some Suggestions for the Care of the Family." Specific directions were given for taking care of a number of emergencies likely to arrise in any family, such as fainting, nose bleed, obstruction in the throat or nose, sprain, etc. "A Social Tea" followed.

Next meeting will take place on Friday afternoon, December 1. Subject: "Evangeline Country," by Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs.

The Woburn Fires.

Two tanneries burned at Woburn within two days raises the suspicion of incendiarism. As both the tanneries burned belonged to parties who had refused to sell out to the leather trust, that controls most of the business in that city, the belief in the theory of criminality is strengthened. It may be only a coincidence, and that the attitude of the tanners who stood out against the trust has nothing to do with it, still the fact remains that the recent deal whereby most of the tanneries were sold to the trust has left an unpleasant feeling among the leather workers of Woburn, and if it should later appear that incendiaries had begun to work it would create little surprise. More than one boss tanner in Woburn regrets the day the trust was suggested to him.—*Lynn Item.*

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Love is the salt that preserves affections and actions from the corruptions of life.

First Church Notes.

At the meeting of the Maternal Association on Wednesday afternoon the topic "Home Sanitation" was considered. The discussion was opened by a helpful and practical paper by Mrs. H. M. Eames. These meetings, which are held on the fourth Wednesday of each month in the church parlor, are free to all mothers and at each meeting some topic pertaining to the care of the home or the training of children is treated.

By the efforts of the Association classes in Physical Culture have been successfully organized for people between the ages of 9 and 17, to be held in the church vestry on Tuesday afternoons. A competent teacher from the Emerson College of Oratory has been secured and the scholars have entered upon the work with enthusiasm.

Harvest Thanksgiving Sunday, November 26, 1899, at 7 o'clock P. M.

1. Voluntary.
2. Hymn. No. 1. 1st 2nd 3d.
3. Chorus. Ye shall dwell in the Land.
4. Reading of Scripture.
5. Prayer.
6. Hymn. No. 2. 1st 2nd 4th.
7. Chorus. To Thee O Lord our Hearts we raise
8. Recitation. Autumn.
   Emily Godfrey, Edna Felch, Ethel Wallace, Josephine Ray.
9. Recitation. Praise for the Harvest.
   Lena Vickery.
10. Solo. We plough the Field and scatter.
   Mr. Hayden.
11. Recitation. Thanksgiving. May Wheeler
12. The First Thanksgiving.
13. Chorus. O Lord how manifest are Thy Works
14. Recitation. God has passed this way.
   Maud Smith.
15. Recitation. Giving Thanks.
   Maydelle Follensbee, Anna Ray, Carrie Williams, Sadie Edmunds.
16. Chorus. The ayes of all wait upon Thee.
17. Hymn. No. 3. 1, 2, 3.
18. Thanksgiving Offering.
19. Address.
20. Address.
21. Closing Hymn. No. 4. 1, 2, 3.
22. Benediction.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them; also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Extracts from a Letter to Miss Hosmer.

The following letter from Rev. Dr. E. J. Young, Recording Secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, has been received by Miss M. T. Hosmer to whom it was addressed.

"The career of Count Rumford has several points of resemblance to that of Joseph Priestley, L.L. D. The former was born in Massachusetts, March 1753, and died in France, August 1814. The latter was born in Yorkshire, March 1733, and his death took place in Pennsylvania, February 1804. Both were obliged to leave their native land, both became eminent scientists, and both were honored by their countrymen after their death.

"Dr. Priestly sympathised with the principles of the French Revolution and was attacked by a mob in Birmingham, where his house was broken into and burned and his manuscripts and instruments destroyed. He came not long afterwards to America, and an English Cyclopaedia of Biography says: 'In perusing the works of this remarkable man it is impossible to fail being struck with his intense love of truth; and that liberty of independent thought which he claims for himself he determinedly demanded for others. It will ever remain a stain upon the name of England that this man should have been compelled, on account of his religion and politics, to flee his native country'.

"This stain upon England's name has now however been removed, for a few years ago a bronze statue was erected in Oxford to the memory of Dr. Priestly as the Discoverer of Oxygen.

"I am glad to know that in Woburn a similar tribute is to be paid to Count Rumford for his distinguished services to science and to humanity. Harvard College and the American Academy of Arts and Sciences have received from him generous endowments. Rumford has written 'I have ever loved my native country with the fondest affection; and the liberality I have experienced from my countrymen, their moderation in success, and their consumate prudence in the use of their independence, have attached me to them by all the ties of gratitude, esteem and admiration. The many proofs I have received and am receiving every day, of their indulgence and regard for me have rendered me quite impatient to find myself among them.'

"I congratulate the citizens of Woburn that they are to have a fitting memorial of this celebrated man.

(Rev.) EDW. J. YOUNG."

Waltham, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

The winter bowling tourney of the Calumet Club will open on Nov. 27.

Lend-a-Hand Club will present "A Rank Deception" at Metcalf Hall, on Dec. 15.

Union services will be held on Thanksgiving Day in the Methodist church. The Baptist pastor will preach.

Winchester are still growling over the timetable of Mystic Valley Road. "Echoes" is a fair exponent of the Winchester temperament—growl.

The newly elected officers of the Unitarian Society are: Treasurer, B. S. Briggs; Standing Committee, Edgar J. Rich, Lewis C. Pattee, Robert Bacon, Walter J. Jarvis, Caleb S. Harriman, George S. Littlefield.

Rev. Dr. Scudder, pastor of First church, Woburn, lectured in the Bethany Chapel course on Cross street last Monday evening. His theme was "Some Features of the Japanese People," and it was all the more interesting by reason of Mr. Scudder having lived in Japan a number of years.

Burlington.

There will be Thanksgiving Services at the church Sunday morning. All invited.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Woburn Sixty Years Ago.

EXTRACTS FROM LEONARD THOMPSON, JR'S., DIARY.

(Continued from last week's issue)

These entries relate to a period before the era of local newspapers in Woburn, and we feel certain will be read with interest by our older citizens. At another time we hope to present a final instalment bringing the items down to the year 1847.

January 23, 1836. "At night Father brought home a Bowditch's Navigator, for me, from Uncle Coolidge's, which he bought for me on Wednesday.

January 27. "Mr. Josiah Converse politely loaned me his case of mathematical instruments. In the evening I called down and paid Uncle Coolidge for my Navigation, $3.50.

March 3. "Father and Mother and Aunt Pierce went to a party at Mr. Buckman's, in the evening. It is now becoming fashionable to have cold water or lemonade at parties, instead of tea!

March 29. "In the evening I attended a lecture on electricity, given by Mr. Quimby, of Charlestown. It was well attended, and I was much pleased I, with some others, were *electrified*. Admission, 25 cents.

April 21. "Heard a piano for the first time, which I liked very much.

1837.

November 27. "140 Whigs of Woburn to supper at Horn Pond

November 28. "Fired a gun for the first time, with a ball, this day.

December 28. "We have now in our hands a journal kept by one old inhabitant of this street, by the name of Benjamin Wyman, grandparent of Deacon Wyman, deceased a short time since. It was commenced in 1730.

1838.

January 10. "Old fashioned bell-topped hats are now in fashion. 11. "An abundance of dancing going on these times. 13. "Fine skating on the canal 16. "Making and wearing large breast pins is quite fashionable."

February 7. "This morning enjoyed a fine walk to New Bridge and thence to New Boston, to call on Uncle R. Wyman, and then along the bed of what was once called Dunham's Pond. It is but a short distance from this house, on top of a range of hills. It covered about fifteen acres, and was nearly forty-five feet above the plains at the base of the hills. Iron ore was formerly dug from the hill at south end of this pond."

During this winter Mr. Thompson was a constant attendant on the lectures on geology and electricity, given by Mr. Hathaway, the Principal of the Warren Academy.

He records quite fully his impressions of them. Thus early, in his twenty-first year, he showed his appreciation of information acquired in this manner, culminating in the last years of his life in the beneficent provision for his native city of the Burbeen Free Lecture Fund. On February 9, 1838, on the occasion of the last lecture of Mr. Hathaway's course, he made the following entry: "Again repaired to the [Baptist] vestry and the last, and to me, most interesting lecture of the course, on the subject of the upper secondary, tertiary, diluvial, and alluvial formations. Thus has ended the most interesting course of lectures that I ever have had the privilege of attending."

On February 10. "Several machines for getting out ice by the wholesale were seen at Horn Pond, the only pond frozen thick enough in the vicinity of Boston, and the ice company being under contract to deliver so much ice, are obliged to take it wherever they can get it.

March 24, 1838. "Visited Rag Rock; have not been on it before these four years.

April 27, 1838. "In the evening attended a temperance lecture, delivered by Mr. Hooper, the Baptist minister, in this town. It was highly conciliatory and well adapted to the present situation of the Baptist Society in this place, they having voted to dissolve the society on account of some difficulties.

June 2, 1838. "A circus exhibited yesterday.

June 10, 1838. "Antislavery lectures abound. 11. "A bawling Abolitionist lecture in the evening."

June 20. "Visited the beautiful grounds of the Horn Pond House; saw a fine fountain."

June 23. "The air rent with fruitless attempts to send up sky rockets.

June 25. "Repaired lightning rod.

June 26. "Went to Boston with Father and Doct. Brown; had a pleasant ride. Met an independent Boston Company of heavy infantry, the New England Guards, coming out to Woburn to encamp till Saturday." Mr. Thompson having spent the night in Boston, "came out to Woburn [the 27th] with Brackett [the stage driver] and heard that last night, about 12 o'clock, the Warren Academy was burnt out; supposed to have been set on fire. Loss $4,000.

June 29. "In the afternoon and evening visited the Guards; ladies plenty and pretty. Fireworks, splendid. 30. "Guards returned to Boston."

July 3. "Another unsuccessful attempt to send up the rockets.

"Wednesday, July 4, 1838, was ushered in by ringing of bells, firing of guns, etc. The weather was very propitious. . . There was a Sabbath School celebration at Mr. Bennett's Meeting House in the afternoon. In the evening I spent an hour or so very agreeably at Horn Pond. The evening was delightful and the young ladies made a beautiful appearance. The fire-works in Boston were distinctly seen from the heights."

Experiments with fireworks continue. On the 11th of July, Mr. Thompson himself "sent up a beautiful sky rocket." On the 14th, "in the evening, the young men in the neighborhood sent up about eighty sky and ground rockets. Some of them were most splendid. Some of the sticks were found nearly a quarter of a mile from the place where they were thrown."

August 7, 1838. "Toward night the Woburn Engine Company brought their engine into the Bridge [neighborhood] and played upon the houses near.

Aug. 10. "Shot a rifle, for the first time."

Huckleberries at this period were very abundant.

On the 9th inst., a large Huckleberry Party was planned to take place at Horn Pond Mountain, and all things were prepared; but alas, for the pleasure, they were obliged to postpone it. Berries were never perhaps more plenty than at present. They hang in clusters, and the bushes are literally black with their numbers. 14. "This afternoon the great huckleberry party was held, according to adjournment." 18. "In the afternoon went a gunning with Samuel [Tufts]. Visited the bower of the late huckleberry party, which is truly a delightful place. Found a fine pasture of huckleberries. Saw numerous flocks of ducks.

August 24. "Attended the exhibition at the Meeting House. It was well attended, and the performance of the scholars justly excited much admiration.

January 6, 1839. Mr. Thompson having been employed for some time in a store in Boston, left there at four o'clock in the morning, for Woburn, in the mail stage on runners, where after a cold and dark ride, "he arrived at home at six o'clock."

Long Doctoring Means Wrong Doctoring

If you are afflicted with chronic and lingering disease it is safe to conclude that you are doctoring on wrong lines. If proper medicine could not overcome your disease, the disease would long ago have overcome you. The trouble is that you have been treated for something wholly foreign to your complaint, and the medicine either has had no effect or has made you worse. The wise thing to do is to consult Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., the discoverer of that greatest of all remedies, Dr. Greene's Nervura. Call on him if you can, but if that is inconvenient, write him fully about your case. You can tell him in a letter many things that you might forget in a personal interview. It will cost you nothing, as Dr. Greene *makes no charge for consultation and advice.*

AN OLD IPSWICH LAW

'T WAS FRAMED TO PREVENT MONOPOLY AND OPPRESSION.

Early Attempt of a Massachusetts Town to Regulate Prices—What It Cost to Have a Grave Dug and to Procure a Coffin.

The Essex institute of Salem, Mass., has a quaintly printed poster in its collection of objects illustrating the early history of this country. This poster embodies a law of 1777 that was an attempt of the municipal authorities of the town of Ipswich, in Massachusetts, to fix prices in that town.

The enactment of this law is probably the first instance, in this country at least, of a governing body to take in hand the regulation of prices to be paid for labor and commodities.

The headlines of this curious colonial bill read as follows:

The
PRICE ACT
OR, THE
List of the Prices
NOW IN FORCE
IN THE TOWN OF
IPSWICH,
for the Prevention of
Monopoly and Oppression.
At a meeting of Selectmen and
Committees of Correspondence, Inspection and Safety, in
Ipswich, February 10, 1777.

Here are the rates at which clothing was to be sold:

"Stockings.—Men's Best Yarn Stockings at 6s. a pair and in that proportion for an inferior quality.

"Men's Shoes.—Men's Best Shoes, made in this Town, of the common sort, at 8s. a pair, and for other shoes in proportion to their size and quality.

"Calamanco Shoes.—Women's best C. Ditto, at 6s. a pair.

"Leather Shoes.—Women's shoes made of good Leather, at 5s. 4d. a pair, and other shoes in proportion to their size and quality, and for making shoes in the same proportion."

Ye ancient tavern keeper of Ipswich was by this law obliged to charge his guest for a breakfast or a supper one shilling, and for a dinner "of boiled and roasted meats, with other articles equivalent, exclusive of wine," one shilling six pence. For lodging the charge was to be four pence.

The rate for hack hire was fixed at eight pence a mile and for the hire of a "single horse" five pence a mile.

A barber's pay for shaving by the year, entitling a person to one shave a week, was to be six shillings eight pence. "Transient customers" were to pay the barber "four coppers a time."

The prices of alcoholic drinks were given in greatest detail:

"West-India Flip.—Flip made of West-India rum, at 10d. a mug or bowl.

"New-England Flip.—Flip made of New-England rum, at 8d. a mug or bowl.

"West-India Toddy.—Toddy made of West-India rum, 10d. a mug or bowl.

"New-England Toddy.—8d.

"Distillers.—For distilling Rum from Molasses, 4d. a gallon."

To dig a grave for a "grown person," tolling one bell and attendance upon the funeral, a sexton's charge was to be five shillings, "and for children in proportion." And furthermore to do away with extortion in funeral charges the price of a coffin was legally determined by the good fathers of this old town—"a Plain Pine Coffin, blackened, for a grown person, 9s. and lesser ones in proportion," was their decree on this subject.

The rate to be paid to laborers and to craftsmen was fixed and quaintly worded thus:

"Laborers.—Laborers at 2s. 8d. a day, from the tenth day of April to the first day of July; and for mowing, 3s. 4d. a day; and for other Labor from the first day of July to the last day of September, that is equivalent for hardness at 3s. 4d. a day and found as usual; and Labor at other seasons of the year in proportion according to ancient custom.

"House Carpenters.—House Carpenters, at 3s. 9d. a day, and found as usual. Joiners, at 3s. 4d. a day, and found as usual.

"Curriers.—For currying a Dickerable Hide, 4s., and other Hides in proportion.

"Taylors.—For making a common suit of Cloaths, 20s., and other Cloaths, in proportion. And by the day, at 3s. a day."

The prices on meats and provisions were fixed thus:

"Beef, grass-fed, 3d. a pound.
"Beef, stall-fed, 4d. a pound.
"Lamb, 4d. a pound.
"Mutton, 4d. a pound.
"Veal, 4d. a pound.
"Fresh Pork, 5d. a pound.
"Ducks, 5d. a pound.
"Turkeys, 5d. a pound.
"Fresh Cod, 1d. a pound.
"Milk, at 2d. a quart."

That there were no bakeshops and that every family made their own bread is evident from the fact that there was no price fixed on bread, but on the raw material—flour, which was rated thus:

"Flour imported from Southern States, 30s. a hundred.

"Home Flour made in the State, 25s. ditto."—New York Evening Post.

Bad For the Mice.

All houses are more or less overrun with mice, and as the tiny creatures are capable of doing a great deal of mischief it is only natural that the careful housewife should try to get rid of them. A very simple and ingenious plan consists of standing a small tub of water on a chair almost on a level with the pantry or cupboard shelf the mice most frequent and then sprinkling the water thickly with oats. The oats float on the water and impart such an appearance of solidity to the surface that the unsuspecting mice, having a liking for oats, venture upon it at once and of course are drowned.—Woman's Life.

Fur Facts

Our Guarantee.

We manufacture our own goods and hold ourselves responsible for any defect in their manufacture.

We sell our furs by their correct names and guarantee them to be strictly as represented.

We invite comparison as to quality, style and price, and if not found satisfactory, we will refund the full amount paid if returned in good condition within three days of the day of purchase.

Kakas Bros.

Our business is steadily increasing, year by year.

Why?

Because we hold our old customers and constantly make new ones.

Our goods, our prices, and our general business methods receive the approval of more and more people, as the years pass.

This is pretty good evidence that our store is a good place to trade—for YOU to trade.

We have had 25 years' experience in handling Furs, and our stock includes everything which should be found in a first-class Fur store.

All is new, fresh, and up-to-date, and prices are always moderate.

As Christmas approaches we hope to have the privilege of showing YOU our assortment.

KAKAS BROS.,
FURRIERS,
34 and 36 Bedford Street, Boston.

..FREE..
Public Lectures
—IN THE—
CITY OF WOBURN
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

MONDAY, Nov. 27. F. Hopkinson Smith. Subject: "Readings from Col. Carter, Tom Grogan, and his new story, "The Other Fellow."
TUESDAY, Dec. 12. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "Mexico." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Dec. 26. William G. Ward. Subject: "The Novel and the Short Story."
TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Feb. 13. To be announced.

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, E. MARIA BEAN, WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.

7000 Miles
To the Arctic Circle
By Stereopticon.

Mr. A. W. Whitcher
WILL DELIVER A
LECTURE

On Life and Customs of the Esquimo and Tinneh Indians of Alaska, with views of scenes along the muddy Yukon, Koyukuk, and Hogatsakakat Rivers.

120 personally taken Photographs
of that unknown corner of the Globe.

AUDITORIUM, WOBURN,
FRIDAY, DEC. 8, 1899.

Admission, - 35 Cents
Gallery, - - 25 Cents

Tickets on sale at Wilcox's and Brooks's Drugstores.

Doors open at 7.15 P. M. Lecture at 8 P. M.

COMING!
Return of the Favorites.
LYCEUM HALL ONE NIGHT ONLY
Friday, Dec. 1.
The only Big Show of the Year
Culhane, Chace & Weston's
MINSTRELS

The Star Company—Will E. Culhane, Wm. H. Chace, Will R. Weston.
Bram & Terrill.
The Imperial Four—Durkin, Norton, Cherry, and Miller.
Allaire & Gaudrau.
The De Elmer Trio.
Bob De Rue.
Extra Attraction—The Famous Three St. Felix Sisters.
A Show of Novelties.
2 Big Bands.
Superb Orchestra.
Seats on sale at Parker's Drugstore.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

Cornet Playing and Dimples.

Do you want dimples? Of course you do, for dimples are the soft wells into which love is sure to fall. Every one would make love a prisoner. Then, since you would have dimples, learn to play the cornet.

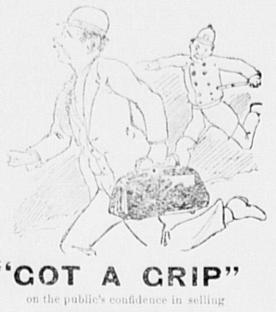
All cornetists have dimples. The fair sex is learning this and is bringing into vogue a new fad. Women are practicing on the cornet—not for music's sake. Bless you, no! But for the cultivation of dimples. If they practice faithfully, the dimples are sure to come.—Kansas City Independent.

In the Crush.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd.

"A regular jam," said another.

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed an old lady.—Ohio State Journal.



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GROCERIES
that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

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"That's a FRUIT Flavor."

So are all Flavors made with

Baker's Pure Fruit Extracts.

The best hotels and most particular housekeepers have used them for **years.**
Baker's Vanilla, Orange, Lemon, etc.
You need but **half** as much of Baker's as of any other Extract. Result—flavor perfect, money saved. **You can get them from your Grocer if you ask.**
FREE Send three shell trade marks cut from the cartons or wrappers of our Extracts and we will forward you a beautiful 4-page Art Calendar for 1900.
Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass.
Trade marks will be received up to Dec. 25.

FURS
A. N. COOK & CO.

Have a Fine Collection of Furs, some of the Choicest European Designs, in small and large Shoulder Capes, Jackets, Sacks and Collarettes. Choice Alaska Seal Skins. Russia and Hudson Bay Sables always on hand.

New Location 161 Tremont St

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Curtis Greenwood, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Sarah E. Greenwood, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

..FOR..
Thaksgiving

Good Dinner Sets from $8.00 up
Good Celery Trays " 50c. "
(Fine China.)
Good Carving Sets, " $1.25 "

Abram French Co.
[75 Years a China Store.]
89, 91, 93 Franklin St., Boston, Mass

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

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A Broken Ring.

Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1899.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday, Dec. 7, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale
— OF —
Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., Nov. 15, 1899.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 16, 1899,** at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 4.

JAMES B. MURRAY and HUGH D. MURRAY.—About 26,348 square feet of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by land of Hugh D. Murray; southwesterly by land now, or late, of Barrett; southerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by land now, or late, of Flagg; northerly by Broad street; being the same premises described in deed of Sumner Flagg, dated November 2, 1886, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, November 5, 1886.
Tax of 1897, $96 99

HUGH D. MURRAY.—About 6,485 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Broad street, bounded and dscribed as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of James B. and Hugh D. Murray; thence the line runs northerly by land last named about 122.5 feet to Broad street; thence westerly by and with said Broad street about 150 feet to land of Buss; thence southerly by land of said Buss to land now, or late, of Barrett; thence easterly by land last named to a corner; thence in a southeasterly direction about 120 feet to Montvale Avenue; thence easterly by and with said Avenue about 126.6 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 116 20

ALVAH WISWELL, TRUSTEE OF LONG WOOD HILLS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 6 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southeasterly corner of premises at land of Mrs. Reuben Weston; thence northerly by said land 64 rods; thence westerly by land of Marshall 10 rods; thence southerly and thence westerly by land of Holden; thence again southerly by land of Heirs of James Brooks; thence easterly and southerly and again easterly by land of Isabella E. Wiswall to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 8 70

ALVAH WISWELL, TRUSTEE OF LONG WOOD HILLS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 5½ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southwesterly corner of the premises at land of Joseph Marshall; thence north 12° west 10 rods 19 links; thence north 17° west 23 rods 19 links by land of Heirs of John Hart Bancroft to stake at land of Erskine Ames; thence north 72° east 6 rods; thence north 84° east 3 rods; thence south 85° east 4 rods 6 links; thence south 70° east 3 rods 10 links; thence 82° east 2 rods 18 links; thence south 35° east 10 rods; thence north 85° east 8 rods 23 links all by land of Ames to stake at land of Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 31° east 15 rods 10 links; thence south 41° east 6 rods 22 links by land of said Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 78° west by land of Joseph Marshall 37 rods 1 link to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 5 10

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

MISS E. A. DAILEY,
Pianoforte Instructor,
No. 9 Baldwin St.,
Winchester Highlands, Mass.

Terms Reasonable.
Lessons given at my house, or will visit the homes of pupils.
Especial attention given to beginners.

— AT —
Linnell's Market

Quality Comes First,
Then Price Follows.
We act on this thought.
We aim to carry only first-class goods.

406 Main Street, Woburn
Telephone, 14-2.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.
Every Evening. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
5TH AVE. THEATRE MUSICAL CO.
In Magnificent Professional Production of the
Boston Cadets' Latest Success,
Barnet's Musical Comedy,
3 LITTLE LAMBS :

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
— DEALER IN —
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.
Prices and terms reasonable.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

LADIES'
TAILOR-MADE GARMENTS.
Party, Ball, Street, and Evening Costumes Artistically Designed.
Miss M. E. MORAN,
26 Franklin Street. WOBURN

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St., WOBURN

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

Bed-Time.

Going to bed to tumble and toss and dream; to pursue in vain the phantom sleep through long weary hours and rise to a new day unrested and unrefreshed. That is the way with many a woman, who is tormented by the aches and pains resulting from female weakness, and other diseases of the delicate organs of woman. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was made to cure just such cases and it does what it was made for. It heals ulceration and inflammation, dries debilitating drains, cures female weakness, strengthens the body, soothes the nerves and enriches the blood. It gives lasting strength for the day and sound sleep for the night.

"For three years I suffered continually," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College St., Jacksonville, Ills. "*I sought relief among the medical profession and found none*, until induced to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. It built me up until now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing down pains and such distress every month. But now I never have a pain—do all my own work and am a strong and healthy woman. Thanks to your medicine."

Biliousness is banished by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

SALLIE'S KISS.

And have so many years gone by since she and I
were young,
And skies were blue, and earth seemed new, and
Love its rondels sung?
It seems today I hear her sing as plain as once I
heard
Sweet "Afton Water" and "Ben Bolt" and "Maggie"—every word!
And how her eyes grew softer, and how hope
sprang elate,
For life meant bliss with Sallie's kiss down by
the farmstead gate.

The moonlight on the fodder fields still shines as
bright as then,
The plaining of the whippoorwill yet rises through
the glen,
And I suppose that lovers like to linger there as
we,
Their eyes filled with the light that ne'er shone
on the land or sea;
But is their love as strong as ours when we would
linger late,
Where life was bliss for Sallie's kiss down by the
farmstead gate?

The world is filled with prosy things; there's little
left to cheer;
Gray hairs tell plain the time to leave off cakes
and ale is here,
Yet something of my youth returns when thinking how I hung
Upon the words of Sallie there—"when you and I
were young;"
And, little one, how much I'd give to take from
time and fate
One night of bliss with Sallie's kiss down by the
farmstead gate!

—Will T. Hale in New York Times.

A PRISMATIC COURTSHIP.

Nemesis Takes a Hand In a Vassar Joke.

The Fuerst Bismarck was just leaving the dock at Hoboken. Up and down the gangplank surged a moving throng—stewards laden with hand baggage, trucks piled with steamer trunks, girls in seagoing costume, with their arms filled with roses and faces bright with anticipation; older women with sober countenances, speaking seriously to grown sons and daughters who were to be left behind; business men looking important and college graduates still care free and intoxicated with their newly found liberty. It was a motley crowd, pushing, chatting, laughing in the bright June sunshine.

The gong sounded for the last time, the stewards rushed about, shouting "All ashore!" and the final messages arose in chorus. Slowly the great ship swung around, and the cable loosened. The faces on the dock were gradually lost in a confused sense of color.

"We are really off, auntie," said a girl's voice gayly. "Now, don't cry, for you know you are delighted to go. Uncle Tom will be all right without you. Indeed, I've no doubt he will enjoy himself hugely." She laughed mischievously and put her arm around her portly companion, who sniffed audibly behind her handkerchief.

John Towner, who was standing by, glanced at the pair as they disappeared in the cabin.

"Pretty girl," he murmured as he chose a cigarette. "If she were only Priscilla, now, what a heavenly time we would have." He sighed pensively. "However, there's no use wasting wishes over that, and I suppose I'd better be getting my seat at the table."

As he took his place in line in the dining saloon the same pretty girl stood near him. She stood so near, in fact, that as he gave the steward his card her eye fell upon it as it lay on the table. A look of bewilderment and intense embarrassment crossed her face; she flushed painfully and glanced involuntarily at him in evident distress. Towner stared back at her in astonishment. In an instant she recovered her composure, drew herself up haughtily and turned away.

"What in the name of common sense was the matter with her?" he muttered as he sought his stateroom. "I never laid eyes on her before, and why she should be so awfully upset on seeing me, or, rather, on seeing my name, passes me."

He sat down on the edge of his berth to think it over. He was perhaps unused to the ways of the world, still he had had four years at college and flattered himself that he knew something of society. But this experience was a new one to him. He felt strangely flattered by the unknown's mysterious knowledge of his name.

"She will probably sit near me," he thought, "and I will find out what the trouble is."

It was with undue haste that he sought the table at the first sound of the gong, but his eye searched in vain the faces of those nearest him. Evidently she had given the steward particular instruction to put her seat as far as possible from the one labeled "Mr. John Towner, Biloxi, Miss.," for he finally discovered her at the extreme limit of the room.

The third morning was bright and sunny, and the decks were crowded.

"Where shall I put your chair?" said a despairing voice at Towner's elbow. "The steward has disappeared, and there isn't an empty inch of room."

"Allow me!" he exclaimed, inwardly rejoicing as he seized the steamer chair. "There's a nice sheltered place just around the corner." And he led the way.

"Thank you so much," said the aunt, sighing, as she dropped heavily into the comfortable seat as he settled it. "I still feel the effects of yesterday's illness. Priscilla, dear, can't you find a place too?"

The girl flushed again and turned abruptly away.

"Thank you, auntie, but I am going for a book," she called back over her shoulder.

Towner tucked the rug snugly around the elder lady's feet.

"Might I bring my chair, too?" he inquired, with becoming meekness. "It is so pleasant here."

"By all means," was the gracious reply, and in a moment the two were engaged in conversation.

"That's a most charming young man, my dear," said Mrs. Hunter complacently as she smoothed her hair for luncheon. "His name is Towner, and he is from the south. He has graduated from Cornell and is going abroad on a business trip. He is engaged to a Vassar girl, a Priscilla somebody. I told him you were at Vassar and must know her, as she is a junior too."

"Oh, you told him I must know!" repeated her niece.

"Certainly I did. He is anxious to meet you, and as he is engaged of course it is all right for you to know him. Indeed, I told him I hoped we should see a great deal of him. He is really delightful, and it's so convenient to have some one to fix your chair and run errands, you know."

Priscilla groaned. "Well, auntie, you've done it this time. Mr. Towner is the one man in all the world I would have avoided. I can't tell you the story—it's a secret—but it's about the girl he is engaged to, and it is going to be very embarrassing to me."

"Dear me, Priscilla, how I do wish you had only told me before!" said her aunt complainingly. "Your habit of reticence is most annoying. I've asked him to change his seat to the one next you at table, and he is going to. Indeed, he rather suggested it. So we will have to see him all the time."

"Never mind, auntie; it's Nemesis, that's all," said her niece, with calm despair.

That Towner felt the frigidity of the atmosphere as they met at luncheon was inevitable. But with a cheerful resolution he set himself to overcome Miss Barton's open dislike. His tact, his gayety, his avoidance of all difficult subjects and, above all, the utter absence of questions from his conversation gradually thawed the chill of the girl's manner, and by the next day she was almost her own bright, easy self once more.

A light rain now set in, and Mrs. Hunter was kept in the cabin for several days by fear of rheumatism. Priscilla, however, and Towner sat in their cozy nook on deck and enjoyed it after youth's reckless fashion. Suddenly the moment came so dreaded by the girl.

"Mrs. Hunter tells me you are from Vassar, Miss Barton, and I want to ask you about Miss North. As she is in your class you must know her, and, as your aunt has probably told you, I am engaged to her."

"In that case, Mr. Towner, you must know her far better than I," replied Priscilla, smiling constrainedly.

"Miss Barton, please don't think it queer, but I want to tell you a secret. You have been so kind to me and have such a—well, almost a sisterly way of treating a fellow, if you will excuse my saying so, that I know you will advise me what to do. Indeed, it seems as if my meeting you were really providential."

"Don't you think, Mr. Towner, that you would much better not tell me. You see, I am a stranger to you, and in a week we shall separate and probably never meet again, and then you would regret having confided in me. Oh, I am quite sure you would better not!"

"I know it would seem foolish under other circumstances, Miss Barton, but when I tell you the story you will understand my anxiety, if you will allow me?"

He leaned eagerly forward, and Priscilla dropped her eyes in confusion. Taking her silence for consent, he began:

"You see, it was this way: I'm an only child, and I've seen little of young people. I had a tutor and never went to school until I came north to college, and you can imagine it was rather an ordeal to be thrown suddenly among so many men. I kept rather to myself and didn't meet many fellows. There was one man there, however, who was very good to me. His name was Hal Somers."

Priscilla turned her head still further away and picked nervously at the fringe of her steamer rug.

"One day," continued Towner, "he brought me the photograph of a pretty girl. It was one of those soft, rather indistinct pictures, like a composite, you know, only it wasn't one. It had such deep, beautiful eyes and such a way of seeming to look a fellow right through that it made a strange impression on me. It was of Hal's cousin, a girl at Vassar, Priscilla North. Well, before I knew where I was he got me into a correspondence with her by sending messages first and then notes. I never wrote to a girl before, but if all girls write as she does they are a bright set. Why, Miss Barton, her letters fairly scintillated! And no two were alike. There was the charm of it. They were 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe,' only all were simply exquisite. No wonder I fell in love with her! Well, to make a long story short, we became engaged, and then, naturally, I wanted to see her. And here the strange part begins. I cannot meet her. I am never to see her."

"That is—rather peculiar"— murmured Priscilla.

"Peculiar? It's unaccountable! She says she is forbidden to make acquaintances by her grandfather, with whom she lives, so I can't go to the college. At the end of the term she rushes off west—she lives in Wisconsin. And in vacation she travels! And here I am in the ridiculous position of being engaged to a girl I've never seen. Now, Miss Barton, I beg you to tell me all about her. You know her, of course."

Towner leaned his head on his hand and gazed earnestly at the girl. She slowly turned her eyes from the horizon and bent them on him with a troubled expression. How handsome he looked with that eager face; how his hair curled in the little damp rings about his temples! She turned away again. "Mr. Towner," she began after a pause, "I cannot say that I do know Miss North. I—I would rather not talk about it," she ended abruptly.

Towner stared at her. "Why, what can you mean?" he said incredulously. "Surely you must know her! What possible reason can there be for your silence?"

Priscilla still hesitated. Then, suddenly turning impetuously to him, she said, with little gasps between her sentences:

"Mr. Towner, you will never, never forgive me, but you ought to know the truth, and I suppose I must be the one to tell you Hal Somers is my cousin. That was a composite photograph, touched up so it looked like an ordinary one. And there is no Priscilla North! I've been dreadfully ashamed of the part I've had in it all, though it was only lending half my name and copying the letters for the girls, so they would all be in one handwriting. After all, I'm glad of a chance to end it. I don't ask you to forgive me, for I suppose you can't, but I do want to say I'm heartily ashamed and sorry."

Towner had turned very white.

"I don't understand," he said, slowly, at last. "Somers is your cousin, but you did not write the letters."

"He knew any number of the girls at college, but it was in coming to see me he suggested the plan to the others."

"How many were in this pleasant arrangement?" inquired Towner in a hard tone.

"Only three," replied Priscilla deprecatingly. "You see, Hal suggested that you needed to be educated to a knowledge of women and from more than one side. Most men know lots of girls, you see, and you knew none, so these three said they would form a sort of prism, and you should see three sides of the ewig-weibliche, you know."

"I do know indeed," said Towner grimly. "I know more of women than I ever dreamed."

"It was only a schoolgirl trick," pleaded Priscilla, "and we never meant to hurt you. We thought you would really be amused when you knew"—

"Amused!" exclaimed the man with an unmirthful laugh. "You play with a man's best feelings and expect him to be amused! Those girls must be specimens of the 'new woman' I heard defined the other day. 'One who had forgotten how to be a lady and not learned to be a gentleman.'"

"I don't wonder you feel so," said Priscilla humbly, and then there fell a long silence.

When the gong rang for luncheon, Towner rose and helped her to her feet in silence.

"Aren't you coming down?" she inquired timidly.

"Thanks; no. I've food for thought," he replied, lifting his hat formally.

The next days were gloomy enough. Towner seldom appeared at meals, and when he did he was taciturn. As Mrs. Hunter talked incessantly she did not notice his silence, but Priscilla felt cowed by it.

"Gibraltar tomorrow!" called some one as they stepped on deck after dinner on their last day.

The girl involuntarily glanced at Towner, who stood near, and caught his eyes fixed on her with a softer light than they had known.

Her heart felt lighter. She had suffered these past days from remorse. Mrs. Hunter went to her stateroom to pack, and Priscilla stood alone near the bow of the ship.

The air was soft and summer like; the moon shone bright and clear from a deeply purple sky. She turned at the sound of footsteps. Towner stood beside her.

"Our voyage is over," he said. "Are you going to make me any reparation for my wrongs?"

"How can I?" she inquired faintly.

"You have taken away one Priscilla from me. I loved her. I was engaged to her. The least you can do is to give me another Priscilla in her place."

"But you don't know me"—

"I know you as well as I knew her," he said firmly.

"But you corresponded with her," she faltered.

"So I will with you."

There was a pause. Towner looked anxiously at the girl, who again willfully kept her eyes averted.

"But how can I make amends," she exclaimed at length, "when there was no other Priscilla at all?"

"You can give me one now," he replied, fondly laying his hand on hers as it rested on the railing.

"Perhaps it's my duty," she murmured.

"I'm sure it is," he replied, and kissed her.—Woman's Home Companion.

Some of Our Wonders.

"Returning to this country on a steamer recently," says the Chicago News, "an American found himself besieged by a young Englishman, who was determined to find out as much as possible about the new world before the steamer landed. He had been warned to keep a sharp lookout for hostile Indians, who sneaked about the streets looking for a chance to pounce upon and kill unsuspecting foreigners and then make their escape by running around the corner and posing quietly before a cigar store until the crowd rushes on.

"He then asked about crocodiles and if they could be found in large numbers. The unsophisticated Britisher was solemnly assured that they were not so numerous in the Hudson river as they were some time ago and that the most of them are found at Niagara falls, where the water falls 175 feet. It is a very interesting sight, he was told, to stand on the high rocks above and watch the powerful animals swim up over the falls."

Pitching the Voice.

"I have a severe cold," said the sweet singer. "I shall have to use a cough sirup."

"Use only tar sirup," spoke up the manager.

"Does it make any difference?"

"Yes; everything depends on the pitch of your voice."—Chicago News.

The Earnings of Playwrights.

Dramatists of established reputation write plays only upon order. Their ordinary prepayments are $500 upon the delivery of a scenario and $500 more upon the completion of a play. "If the finished work does not realize expectations," writes Franklin Fyles in The Ladies' Home Journal, "or if the manager for any other reason does not desire to put it on the stage, the money paid is forfeited after a certain lapse of time, and the ownership reverts to the author.

"But if the manager decides to produce the piece the author receives a percentage of the gross receipts, usually 5 per cent, payable weekly, after the amount previously advanced has been deducted. Ordinarily it increases with the amount of money taken in. More than one native drama has earned $100,000 for its author. A dozen have yielded $50,000 each, three times as many $25,000 and a goodly number $10,000."

On the Road to Bankruptcy.

Griggs—Your friend appears to be prospering finely. His new residence is simply palatial, and the horseflesh he rides behind must have cost him a mint of money.

Briggs—Yes, Stentor is doing splendidly. But I'm sorry to say he has just taken out a patent for a very ingenious invention.

Griggs—Is that so? By George, when the bankruptcy sale comes off I'm going to be on hand to make a bid on one of them horses.—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made a New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 64,492]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to write to you expressing my sincere gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried different doctors, also different kinds of medicine. I would feel better at times, then would be as bad as ever.

"For eight years I was a great sufferer. I had falling of the womb and was in such misery at my monthly periods I could not work but a little before I would have to lie down. Your medicine has made a new woman of me. I can now work all day and not get tired. I thank you for what you have done for me. I shall always praise your medicine to all suffering women."—MRS. E. E. KUHN, GERMANO, OHIO.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of your Sanative Wash, also some of the Liver Pills, and I can say that your remedies will do all that you claim for them. Before taking your remedies I was very bad with womb trouble, was nervous, had no ambition, could not sleep, and my food seemed to do me no good. Now I am well, and your medicine has cured me. I will gladly recommend your medicine to every one wherever I go."—MRS. M. L. SHEARS, GUN MARSH, MICH.

What It Might Have Cost.

In a certain town in Vermont, said the Boston drummer as he chewed away at a pepsin tablet, I picked up a wallet containing $500 in cash. In it were papers bearing the owner's name, and he proved to be the mayor of the town. I at once hunted him up and handed over his lost cash, and as he received it he looked me over and scratched the back of his head and said:

"I shall reward you, of course. How much do you think you ought to have?"

"Nothing whatever, sir. I am glad to restore your property."

"But you expect something?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't look for me to give you a cent?"

"Not a red."

"It don't seem possible," he went on as he looked me over again, "but I'll have to take you at your word. Do you know what it might have cost me, sir, had any one else found this wallet?"

"I can't say, of course."

"I'd have had to hand over at least 10 cents, sir, and he might have struck for 15 or 25."—Ohio State Journal.

A Close Estimate.

Speaking about close estimates, General John M. Wilson, chief of engineers, made one some time ago. Congress called upon him to make an estimate of the cost of an addition to the government printing office. As it was near the close of the session and congress was hurriedly getting through its work, little time was given General Wilson to consider the matter, but he submitted his estimate, and the appropriation was made accordingly. He estimated that the proposed building, according to the plans and specifications which had been drawn, would cost $121,121.90. The building was completed, and there was $9.16 surplus covered back into the treasury. General Wilson was put in charge of this work, and he took a great deal of interest in it. He always gave credit, however, to Lieutenant Sewell of the engineer corps, who had the immediate supervision of the work, for the care with which the building was erected and the fact that the cost did not overrun the estimate and appropriation.—Washington Cor. Portland Oregonian.

How Will 45 and 15 Do?

Here is an odd little piece of doggerel which appeared in The Gentleman's Magazine 15 years ago, which gave rise to considerable discussion. Correspondents seem to have been pretty evenly divided between those who claimed that there were several answers and such as maintained that the problem was unsolvable:

When first the marriage knot was tied
Betwixt my wife and me,
My age did hers as far exceed
As three times three does three.
But when ten years and half ten years
We man and wife had been
Her age came up as near to mine
As twice four is to sixteen.
Now, tell me, Captain David Gray, I pray,
What were our ages on the wedding day?

(David Gray was a noted writer on mathematical subjects who lived at that time.)

A Compliment.

Apropos of the late Lord Watson's predilection for interrupting counsel and the story of Lord Bramwell's exhortation to his learned brother to cease worrying a certain arguing barrister, a correspondent tells how on one occasion Lord Watson justified his inveterate habit of interposition.

"I ventured," he says, "once out of court to complain to him of his too frequent interruptions from which I had suffered in court.

"He answered: 'Eh? Man, you should not complain of that, for I never interrupt a fool.'"—London Globe.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents | Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

THE WEATHERSHARP

A FORECASTER MUST BE A MANY SIDED SORT OF MAN.

It Requires Much Education and Training and a Wide Acquaintance With Scientific Subjects to Serve Uncle Sam In That Capacity.

A weather bureau man serving on station, whether he ranks as local forecast official, section director or observer or revels in the three combined, to be a credit to the service must be a man of education and training and, in addition to being, like Benjamin Franklin, a "philosopher, philanthropist and printer," should be a statistician, a geologist and a farmer. He must be able to prophesy of weather events to come and keep an accurate and comprehensive record of those past. He should be an electrician, too, and an astronomer, unaided by any star gazing paraphernalia with which to sweep the heavens for lost comets.

That a weather observer should be a philosopher is almost too evident to discuss, as the science he represents is based on natural laws, many of which yet remain to be discovered, and the weather bureau of today, with its remarkable achievements, would not be in existence had not thinking men turned into account their knowledge of physics and applied it to the various atmospheric changes until now the art of observing, forecasting and tabulating weather conditions follows in importance close on the heels of the science from which it sprang.

It would not seem that philanthropy could enter into an occupation where cold blooded calculations, facts and figures play so important a part, but it should be remembered that an observer is at all times ready to brave every climate for the benefit of mankind and science; that his stations are scattered from the edge of the arctic circle in Alaska to the tropical jungles of South America; that he should be equally competent to foretell a change of weather to the weary gold seeker on the Yukon, herald an approaching cold wave from his bleak post in the far northwest or recognize the incipient symptoms of a West India hurricane as it coils for a spring at our commerce in southern waters.

Although a printer is furnished to weather bureau stations whose publications are printed, yet there will often arise occasions when a knowledge of typesetting would greatly increase the value of an observer and prevent many a temporary break in the records of his station.

Statistics play no small part in a weather observer's work, and in order to compile useful data from which to deduce important facts in the future it is obvious that much depends upon records being intelligently as well as accurately kept. It is a popular belief among some that one day is the exact counterpart of some other; that back in some period of the world's history the atmosphere varied in pressure, the temperature rose and fell, the winds backed and veered and the clouds formed, changed their shape and melted away, each in their turn, with unvarying regularity, again and again, to be repeated in regular cycles as the unceasing mill of time grinds out the years. While many facts tend to prove the fallacy of this theory, climatic records do not yet extend far enough back to positively controvert it, and it rests with the weather observer in the future, with his accumulated data of centuries, to establish the truth.

The relation between climates and crops is so close that a knowledge of the latter is indispensable to the proper performance of an observer's duties, and he should also be geologist enough to study the soil in his state or territory with a view to determine its special adaptability to the various products. The success of the pioneer, the enjoyment of the tourist and the recovery of the health seeker depend not only upon the climate of a place, but upon its productions as well. The up to date farmer is no longer a creature of mere brawn and muscle. He relies as much upon the science of his occupation for success as he does upon the sweat of his brow, and the official who represents the climate and crop service of the weather bureau should be alive to all his needs and an unfailing source for any information he may require.

Many of the most important records of the weather bureau are now made by self registering machines which do their work with the aid of electric contacts, and, while it is not necessary to be an Edison or a Tesla in order to understand the few principles of electricity involved, an observer should at least be master enough of the science of this subtle fluid to account for and remedy any defects in the workings of his instruments.—Monthly Weather Review.

Let Your Dog Scratch.

"It's a bit curious," said Mr. Dave Wilson, the bird fancier, "how animals are actuated by instinct. Have you ever owned a dog? Well, if you have, I'll warrant you've been annoyed by his scratching up a garden bed—your own or another's. And yet the dog does not mean to be mischievous. Some dogs there are who naturally take to digging. That is their breed, and they're after the animals that burrow in the soil. Of course there are the truffle dogs, who are educated to locate the plant and to dig for it, but that isn't a natural instinct. Aside from these instances, when a dog begins to scratch up the dirt, he is simply dulling the surplus growth of his nails. Dogs, you know, have no manicures, and so they must get rid of their surplus claws as best they may. Don't blame the dog when he scratches the dirt. Cut his claws carefully, and he will be grateful.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Misfortune of a Poet.

"James has been quite unfortunate of late," said the poet's wife gloomily.

"Had another poem declined?"

"No; worse than that. You know he has a habit of looking at the ceiling for inspiration, and last night, just as the inspiration came, a yard of plastering fell square on his head, knocking all the inspiration out of it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

In the Japanese temples there is a large drum used in worship. It is called kagura-taiko, and it gives a tone much like a gong.

Church processions are prohibited in Mexico. Even a priest cannot legally walk the streets in his churchly garments.

Very Sharp.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, if the earth were empty on the inside, what could we compare it to?

Johnny—A razor, ma'am.

Teacher—A razor?

Johnny—Yes, ma'am; because it would be hollow ground.—Brooklyn Life.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON IX, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 26.

Text of the Lesson, Prov. xxiii, 29-35—Memory Verses, 29-32—Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1899, by D. M. Stearns.]

29. "Who hath woe?" The world is full of sorrow because of sin, but the sorrows are greatly increased by strong drink and opium. I have often wondered why the last great promise in the Old Testament, that the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, should be immediately followed by the words, "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest the bottle to him (Hab. ii, 14,15), unless it be that this is one of the greatest hindrances to the coming of the kingdom. Among the six woes of Isa. v two refer to those who are given to wine or strong drink (verses 11, 22), and it is added, "They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands; they have despised the word of the Holy One of Israel." The only deliverance is found in Him who allowed the sins of the world to be laid upon Him, who became sin for us, wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities (I John ii, 2; II Cor. v, 21; Isa. liii, 5, 6). His wounds were indeed without cause, that our wounds with cause might be healed. Let the drunkard and the opium fiend and every sinner see Him suffering for their sins, and His love will break the hard heart.

30. "They that tarry long at the wine." Every form and phase of self indulgence, whether in eating or drinking or business or pleasure, whatever makes self and self interest the center rather than Christ and His interests, are on the same line as those who tarry long at the wine. When those who are given to any form of intemperance (lack of self control) seek to rescue others from their phase of intemperance, the work might be more successful if Math. vii, 1-5, were well considered and acted upon. The beam in one's own eye is a great hindrance to getting the mote out of a neighbor's eye. Christ at the center is the only remedy for a self centered life. His love is better than wine (Song i, 2). He has saved some of the worst, and He is able to save to the uttermost and evermore all who come unto God by Him (Heb. vii, 25). See in I Cor. vi, 10, 11, some samples of those who have been saved and who therefore can be saved. Let those who can truly say, "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me" (Gal. ii, 20) tell others of Him.

31. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red." If the woman had refused to look upon the tree concerning the fruit of which the Lord had said "Thou shalt not eat of it," she would not have received such perverted vision as to make her think that the fruit of the tree was good for food, pleasant to the eyes and a tree to be desired to make one wise (Gen. ii, 17; iii, 6).

32. "At the last it biteth like a serpent." There are ways the end of which is heaviness and death, and there is a way the end of which is peace and glory (Prov. xiv, 12, 13; Ps. xxxvii, 37, 38; Math. vii, 13, 14). The reaping shall be life everlasting or corruption, peace or the whirlwind (Gal. vi, 8; Hos. viii, 7). Since it is certain that God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or evil (Eccl. xii, 14), how blinded by our great enemy must all those be who, like Esau, regard not the future because of some present gratification. What a contrast is seen in Moses, who for the sake of the future renounced all the pleasures of sin (Heb. xi, 24-26).

33. "Thine eyes shall behold strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." See Samson and Delilah (Judg. xvi, 4, 19) and consider Samson's strength when he was a Nazarite, wholly for God, and his helplessness and suffering when he allowed this love to come between him and God. The Church, the Body and Bride of Christ, is spoken of as a chaste virgin (II Cor. xi, 2) and as a woman arrayed in fine linen, clean and white (Rev. xix, 8), but the apostate church is compared to a woman on a scarlet colored beast, arrayed in purple and scarlet, decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness. Believers who are asleep, as Samson or Jonah or Simon Peter, are liable to see and to say strange things.

34. "Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast." Either of these situations are suggestive of the words of David to Jonathan when Saul sought his life. "Truly as the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, there is but a step between me and death." One is apt to think of this when out at sea. I often thought of it in passing over the 20,000 miles of ocean last year and the 19,000 of the year before, as well as on former ocean voyages, but it is equally true in traveling by rail or in the quiet everyday life at home. We know not what shall be on the morrow, therefore it becomes us to say, if the Lord will, we shall live and do this or that (Jas. iv, 14, 15). A saved person may well go on in perfect peace, for with the assurance of sins forgiven, that to die is gain, and to be with Christ is very far better, the step that would usher him into the presence of the Lord is not to be dreaded (Isa. xliii, 25; Phil. i, 21, 23; II Cor. v, 8). But how an unsaved person, knowing that the next step may be out of this world, and that means torment and cut off from God forever, can go on at all in an unsaved state is not easily understood except we remember that the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not (II Cor. iv, 4).

35. "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again." The insatiable flesh that can never get enough says, "We will fill ourselves with strong drink, and tomorrow shall be as this day and much more abundant." (Isa. lvi, 11, 12.) They neither feel nor see the hand of the Lord stretched out in mercy to them; they regard not His chastenings nor heed His entreaties. If they do well a little while, they soon turn, like the dog to his vomit and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire (II Pet. ii, 22). This makes us think of another, ii, 22, in Isaiah, where the vanity of man, his utter nothingness apart from God, is strikingly stated. So full is the natural man of sin that, "though thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle yet will not his foolishness depart from him." (Prov. xxvii, 22.) If only he would allow the Lord to awaken him and show him his danger and the only remedy that he might seek the Lord and his strength.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE

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No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

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I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

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BLOOD AND NERVE REMEDY.

WEAK, FADING WOMEN.

Departing Health and Beauty Called Back By Dr. Greene's Nervura.

[illegible] vitalization of the system through the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

MRS. KATE AUSTIN, 40 Jenny Lind Ave., Somerville, Mass., says:

"I suffered with terrible backache and such an awful headache, and I had not a bit of appetite. I [illegible] I was terribly nervous. [illegible] I weighed 128 pounds. A friend recommended Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and I commenced to take it. After taking the Nervura [illegible] I don't believe there is any medicine in the world as good as Dr. Greene's Nervura. It did me good right off [illegible] work for fourteen in the family. I now weigh 148 pounds."

Dr. Greene, 34 Temple Pl., Boston, Mass., has cured more cases of women's complaints than any other living physician. He gives counsel and advice to women free of charge. Write to him freely and in perfect confidence. His advice will result in your cure.

THE SKIPPER SOLD HIS LIME.

After Failure Elsewhere He Saw Jackson and Made a Deal.

Down in Rockland they have a story that they are always fond of telling the stranger within their gates. It is the story of Captain Simon Shibles, late of Thomaston.

Captain Simon Shibles was one of the brightest men that ever stood to the helm off the coast of Maine, and that is saying enough for any man. There are dozens of stories of him, but the one I am going to retell is the one that concerns his commercial dealings with President Andrew Jackson.

Captain Shibles went out of Rockland one day with a cargo of lime that he wanted to dispose of at good rates. He took his course down the coast and in due time made Richmond. He found the market dull, and he couldn't get an offer that he thought would recompense him sufficiently, so he weighed anchor and went up to Alexandria. Market was just the same there. All the dealers had more lime than they knew what to do with, and they wouldn't make any kind of an offer for the Rockland man's cargo.

He lay there for a day or so, and then he had a brilliant idea. The next morning, bright and early, he boarded a shad vessel that was going up the river and landed in Washington before the fashionable people had opened their eyes.

The captain took a farewell sniff of the river and then struck out for the White House. It was still early when he got there. He walked into the reception room, and when the servant came along to ask him what his business was he straightened back.

"Tell your master that Captain Simon Shibles of Thomaston, Me., is here and wants to see him," he said.

"Yo' card, sah," said the negro.

"Card! Card!" exclaimed the Maine man. "Why, I'm Captain Simon Shibles of Thomaston, Me., and I want to see Andrew Jackson, the president of the United States. I ain't never used no cards in my life. I want to see your master, and I don't have to have any cards."

Now, it happened that the door into the next room was ajar, and President Jackson, who was there, heard all that passed.

As the nigger paused irresolutely, not knowing whether to show in a man without a card, he heard his master's voice.

"Show in Captain Shibles," came the presidential mandate.

The captain was ushered into the presence of the chief executive, and he found him clad in dressing gown and slippers and smoking an old church warden clay.

"I'm Captain Simon Shibles from Thomaston, Me.," said the Maine man, introducing himself, "and I have come to Alexandria with a cargo of lime. I called at Richmond, and I couldn't sell it. I came on to Alexandria, and I couldn't sell it. And now I have come up to see you. You're president of the United States, and I want you to buy it."

Then, with Yankee shrewdness, before giving his man a chance to refuse, the captain shifted the topic of conversation and began to tell the president all the good stories he had heard for the last six months. Jackson liked a good story as well as the next man, and the Thomaston man was a star when it came to spinning yarns. His first few words made the president smile, and before he had finished his first story he was playing to a most enthusiastic audience. Then he told another and yet another till President Jackson was holding his sides.

Shibles, seeing that the time was ripe, again brought up his cargo of lime.

"Lime," said Jackson, "lime—yes, now that you speak of it, I recall that we are badly in need of lime. You take this down to the commodore in the river, and he will tell you where to unload your cargo and pay you for the same—and, Captain Shibles, when you come to Washington again be sure that you come to the White House and tell me some more of your stories."

With that he gave the captain a penciled order to the commodore commanding in the river, directing him to take Captain Shibles' cargo of lime and pay him a good price.

When the captain got back to Thomaston, he told the story with a great deal of pleasure, and he said that so long as Andrew Jackson was president of the United States he didn't care how the market stood on lime.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Lip Reading by the Deaf.

"The skill in articulation and lip reading of some persons born deaf is wonderful," said James Douglas, an Iowa schoolteacher. "I know a young woman who has passed through the district and high schools with no other advantage than to be seated nearer the teacher than other pupils. She was graduated with honor, took a commercial course and has a fine position as a bookkeeper. She is fond of dancing, and, although she cannot hear even the thunder, she manages to keep perfect time. She says she feels the vibrations of the floor from the music.

"One of her chief pleasures is the theater. She is unable to read the lips of the actors, but she makes up a plot of her own from observing them. Sometimes it is better than that of the dramatist. At the table she takes part in the general conversation, and a stranger would never suspect she was deaf. Under the new and scientific methods of instruction it is possible to modulate the voice and escape the harsh monotone that used to mar the speech of speaking deaf persons."

When a man borrows trouble, the interest eats up the principal.—Kansas City Star.

A Cuckoo Caught In the Act.

Everybody has read in the natural history books how the ungrateful young cuckoo makes room in its foster mother's nest by evicting the [illegible] occupants, hatched and unhatched; however, few people have [illegible] good fortune to see a young cuckoo [illegible] been rather difficult to understand [illegible] how the ingrate managed to [illegible] eggs and squabs.

[illegible] naturalist, John Craig, has [illegible] solved the mystery, and in The [illegible] Feathered World there are two photos, taken under his auspices, of a young cuckoo in the very act of murdering a stepbrother. When the outline of the young cuckoos in the two pictures is once grasped, one can see how well suited for its fell purpose is the position it takes up. Head well down, legs wide apart gripping either side of the nest, wings outstretched to prevent any slipping back sideways, the unfortunate victim well poised on its broad back, the curious depression in which serves to steady it—the attitude is perfect for accomplishing the final act in the curious tragedy of nature by which a cuckoo is reared at the expense of the family of its foster parents.

What Is Science?

"Trained and organized common sense" is Professor Huxley's definition of science. There is probably no better.

The popular mind persists in thinking that there is a wide difference between science and knowledge in general. Yes, there is a wide difference, but it is just the difference that there is between a trained and organized body of men for the accomplishing of some great work, and a crowd of men unorganized and undisciplined. What unscientific knowledge has accomplished may be roughly seen in the condition of savage races today; while the changes wrought by knowledge trained and organized, in enlarging the sum of knowledge, in extending men's power of perception, and in increasing the facilities not merely for living, but for living well, are changes in comparison with which all others recorded in history are trifling.

It will be profitable for us in order to get a clearer idea of scientific method, to trace as briefly as possible the history of science and the development of the scientific idea.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Longest Swim.

Going with the tide, in the Thames river, Captain Matthew Webb once swam a distance of 40 miles in nine hours and 57 minutes. Montague A. Holbein, an English "long distance cyclist," swam three miles farther, although he made no such time record.

Taking the water at Blackwall pier in the early morning, says the London Chronicle, Holbein went down the river on a strong ebb, which ran until he had progressed two miles beyond Gravesend. Turning then with the tide, he came back on the flood to Blackwall. He failed to reach the pier by a mile owing to the tide failing him, and he left the water quite fresh and strong, willing, had his friends so advised, to turn again and complete 50 miles.

The distance he had thus covered—43 miles, which he swam in 12 hours 27 minutes 42½ seconds—is the greatest ever known to have been covered by a swimmer, although it has been assumed that Matthew Webb, when he crossed the channel, must have been borne almost as far by the changing tides.

The Waiter Knew 'Em.

A down town restaurant was in the turmoil of the busy dinner hour. Careworn business men rushed in and swallowed a lunch as though millions depended on their haste. Waiters balanced steaming platters on the tips of their little fingers with the ease of Japanese jugglers, and everything seemed confusion. Yet there was a certain degree of discipline among the waiters, and they seemed to know their customers and their usual choice of dishes. For instance, when a pair of lantern jawed actors without an engagement entered, the waiter that listened to the order yelled out to the cook, "Two sups and a Hamomelet!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Benefit of Gargling.

If only people would wash out their mouths twice or three times daily with an antiseptic, there would be far less disease than there is now, since most disease germs are taken into the mouth and from thence into the system. One of the best and simplest of antiseptics is carbolic acid and water. There is a difference in the strength of carbolic acid purchased at different chemists, so one should ask the chemist how much of the solution should be put into a tumbler of water. Hold a little of this mixture in the mouth, and if you can do so gargle the throat three times a day, and all disease germs that may be lurking there will perish.—Home Notes.

A Slight Return.

"The last laundry I patronized was the worst I've struck yet."

"In what way?"

"Why, I sent 'em six collars, and all I got back was the buttonholes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Ohio man who admits he is superstitious attributes it to the fact that he was once caught in a rainstorm while arrayed in a $13 suit of clothes.—Chicago News.

Is there anything more depressing than to walk into your room at 4 in the afternoon and discover that the bed has not yet been made?—Philadelphia Times.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY–To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43, 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P. M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.05 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.35, 11.58 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 18, 1899, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 8.30, then 9.30 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15, and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

in Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 7.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
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Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

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HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.

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Heating Engineer
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Pipe fitting of all kinds.
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Flour, Corn,
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Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
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Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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Telephone 39-2.

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Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

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AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

A SORE THROAT

May be the result of a slight irretation. It not prevented by a 10c. package of

STOP THAT HACK.

PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.

The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville)
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Cahan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE !
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street. WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE SAILOR MAN.

Sure a terrible time I was out o' the way,
Over the sea, over the sea,
Till I come back to Ireland one sunny day,
Betther for me, betther for me!
The first time me foot got the feel o' the ground,
I was sthrollin along in an Irish city
That hasn't its aquil the world around
For the air that is sweet an the girls that are pritty.

Light on their feet now they passed me an sped,
Give you me word, give you me word!
Every girl had a turn o' the head
Just like a bird, just like a bird!
An the lashes so thick round their beautiful eyes,
Shinin to tell ye 'twas fair time o' day wi' them.
Back in me heart, wit' a kind o' surprise,
I think how the Irish girls has the way wi' them.

Och, man alive, but it's little ye know
That never was there, never was there!
Look where ye like for them; long may ye go—
What do I care? What do I care?
Plenty as blackberries, where will ye find
Rare pritty girls, not by two nor by three o' them?
Only just there where they grow, d'ye mind,
Still like the blackberries, more than ye see o' them.

Long, long away, an, no matther how far,
'Tis the girls that I miss, girls that I miss.
Women are roun' ye wherever ye are,
Not worth a kiss, not worth a kiss.
Over in Ireland many's the one—
Well do I know that has nothin to say wi' them—
Sweeter than anything under the sun.
Och, but the Irish girls has the way wi' them.

—Moira O'Neill in Blackwood's.

THE SURGEON'S VACATION.

He Went Away For a Rest, but Could Not Stop Benefiting Others.

BY W. R. ROSE.

The great surgeon had come down to Marion for rest and forgetfulness. He had meant to go where there was neither pain nor sorrow, if such an Eden existed, and he had come to Marion. For one thing, it was not on a railroad; for another, its diminutive size precluded the idea that the clanking chains of business life were about it. It was just a lazy little hamlet—a church, a general store, a score of straggling white houses with green blinds, and that was all.

Here the surgeon meant to bury himself for his precious four weeks' outing. He could have gone to Europe as the guest of a millionaire had he said the word. He knew he needed Marion instead.

The great surgeon had been sadly overworked. All through the summer months he had promised himself that he would stop and rest. It was late in September before he finally started. He felt that his iron nerves were giving way, and one September morning he noticed that the marvelous steadiness of his good right hand was impaired. He knew then that he had enough.

He went away with all the precautions of a defaulter. He left no address. He desired no mail, no telegrams, to follow him. For a month he meant to drop his professional existence. He picked out his destination at haphazard from the big map on his office wall. He was influenced, as has been said, by the fact that the little village was off the line of travel. He bought his ticket for a point beyond the railway town that was Marion's nearest connection and then doubled back.

"And now," he said, as he alighted, valise in hand, from the mail stage that brought him over, "here's an end to the surgeon shop. For a month I'm somebody else, somebody who knows no more of struggling with human ailments than he does of throttling Thracian gladiators."

He hadn't even brought a professional card with him.

A half hour later he was comfortably lodged in the upper front room of the Widow Gilette's cozy cottage, with a wonderful view of smiling hillsides and tinted woods and blue and white sky from its extremely clean windows.

He had told the widow that his name was Thomas Brown and that he was a worn out traveling man who had come to Marion for rest and quiet. Where was he from? From Braceville, and he named the railway town to which he had purchased his ticket when he ran away from the big city.

"Much sickness in Braceville?" inquired the widow.

The surgeon shuddered.

"I don't know," he said shortly and, taking his hat, went out for a stroll. As he passed down the maple bowered highway beyond the row of houses, kicking the red and gold drifts of leaves as he faintly remembered doing when he was a boy in that faraway Iowa village, he noticed a lame man approaching. The man walked with a crutch, one of his legs being bent stiffly at the knee. He was a cheery faced old man in a faded blue blouse with brass buttons.

"Mornin, squire," he said, with true rural affability.

"A fine morning," said the great surgeon, resolutely looking away from the stiffened knee.

"Not from my rheumatism's p'int of view," chuckled the old man.

"Rheumatism, eh?" said the surgeon. "I thought it might have been a gunshot wound." The lame man had halted, and the surgeon felt that he was called upon to say something.

"No, sir," said the lame man, with much emphasis. "I went thro' th' war without a scratch. Got into 17 pitched battles an came out ag'in sound as a dollar. Uncle Sam don't owe me nothin. No, sir. Mornin," and he sturdily plodded along.

The sugeon smiled at the old man's vehemence. Then, as he looked back at his pain cramped figure, he sighed. Somehow the sunshine didn't seem quite so bright.

He walked long enough to win a good appetite, however, and when he returned to the widow's cottage found an appetizing cold luncheon awaiting him, with a trim little rosy cheeked lass to serve it. The widow bustled in presently with voluble excuses for her absence. She had run over to Ezra Patchen's, her right hand neighbors, to carry a glass of quince jelly to young Joe Patchen, just back from the Philippines.

"Poor boy," said the widow; "he's nothing but parched skin an aching bones. Got one o' those swamp fevers fastened on him, an if he pulls through the winter it'll be a blessed wonder."

The surgeon pushed back his plate. His appetite had suddenly failed. He went up to his cozy bedroom and dropped into a big cushioned rocker.

"The man's a fool who thinks he can run away from human suffering," he muttered bitterly.

Then the tidy bed, with its immaculate coverings, wooed his tired bones, and a minute or two later he was enjoying the first afternoon nap he had taken for many years.

He awoke toward dusk feeling rather ashamed of his long sleep. And yet only a few hours later he found he was quite ready for the all night nap. He was sleeping soundly at 8 o'clock when the widow called him. He arose with a start, glancing first at his watch and then at himself in the bureau glass. He looked ten years younger.

"Sleep is knitting up the raveled sleeve of care for you all right, old fellow," he said.

Then he quite astonished himself by having an appetite for breakfast, and after breakfast he walked forth again. He remembered the old soldier, however, and went the other way.

As he passed the last cottage in this new direction a young woman came through the gate. She was accompanied by a weazened little boy, who clung tightly to her hand. He was a cripple. One of his shoulders dropped, and his head bent over it. His legs were spindly and weak, and he shuffled along with the appearance of a decrepit old man.

The great surgeon frowned and hurried forward. Just as he was about to pass the pair the girl turned and looked back. She was a comely young woman of perhaps six and twenty, with clear, honest eyes and pretty nut brown hair and a singularly gentle expression.

When the surgeon came back from his long stroll along the ridge, the young woman and the boy were seated on a low stone wall half way up the hill. As the surgeon passed, the little fellow, whose head rested comfortably against the girl's arm, laughed shrilly over some story his companion was reading aloud from a book in her lap.

The surgeon thought of that picture a good many times during the day. He saw it again the next day and the next. The boy's misfortune worried him. His fingers twitched to examine into his ailment. He felt that the lad could be helped. He tried to crowd this feeling aside. He told himself that he was an idiot to let sentiment bother him in such a ridiculous fashion.

"But you always were a fool about children," he growled to his reflection in the bedroom glass.

On the fourth day he spoke to the girl.

She and the little cripple were sitting on the low stone wall where they usually rested on the way up the hill.

"Pleasant afternoon," said the surgeon, as he lifted his hat. The girl looked up. She saw before her a tall man, a little stooped, a little gray, a little careworn. She gravely bowed. She took no offense at his unceremonious speech. The niceties of social usage are not so strictly observed in the country. "I am interested in your little companion," the surgeon went on. He might have added that he was also interested in the dark eyed, self possessed young woman.

"He has been a great sufferer," said the girl, "but he is a very good and very patient boy."

The surgeon sat down on the wall by the lad and lifted him on to his knee. He did it so quickly, so deftly, so gently, that the girl looked up at the kindly face in surprise. She saw the large white hand of the stranger pass softly but firmly across the twisted shoulder and adown the weakened spine. She saw a frown replace the kindly smile.

"How long ago was he hurt?"

"Three years," said the girl. "He is 11 now. It was a runaway. He and our mother were thrown from the wagon, and she was killed." The girl paused and turned her head away.

"What treatment did he have?"

"The best we could secure—a doctor from Bridgeville."

The stranger's frown deepened.

"It was botch work," he said, almost harshly. "The boy should never have been like this."

The girl turned quickly.

"Then you are a surgeon?" she said, with a wondering flash in her dark eyes.

The stranger faintly smiled.

"Murder will out," he said. "I didn't mean to hear that title for a solid month of forgetfulness. But never mind. I intend to see this matter through. Come, I must examine the boy more at my leisure."

His eyes sparkled as he arose with the slight figure of the child in his arms, and together they passed down the hill.

"If you are a surgeon," said the girl after a little hesitation, "perhaps you will be kind enough to give me some advice on a subject that—that deeply interests me. It is my ambition to become a hospital nurse. I feel that I am called to the work. I have had a little experience in nursing here in Marion, and when they had a typhoid epidemic in Milburn they sent for me to come over. But what I need is a chance in some city hospital." She paused and looked appealingly in his eyes.

"It is painful and disagreeable work," he said.

"Yes, I know," she quickly cried. "I have thought of all that. I own several books on nursing and medical practice and know quite well what to expect. I would have started out for myself months ago if it hadn't been for Artie there. He needs constant care, and, while my stepmother—my father died last winter—is very kind to him, I did not think it right to put all this burden on her shoulders. But the desire to go grows stronger and stronger every day."

The stranger's eyes sparkled again at her eagerness.

"It looks to me now," he said quite gravely, "as if there would soon be a chance to prove your capabilities. If you come out of the ordeal in a satisfactory manner, I think I can safely promise you a berth in the big hospital with which I chance to have some connection."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she cried. "And what is the ordeal?"

The stranger looked down at the face of the crippled lad.

"The little chap is asleep," he softly said. "With your permission I mean to straighten this tortured back and this ugly shoulder. I mean to undo the mischief wrought by well meaning ignorance. I mean that this little fellow shall walk through life as straight and upright as God intended he should."

The girl's eyes dilated.

"And you will do this?" she murmured in an awed tone.

"With your permission and a certain amount of your assistance," the stranger smilingly said.

"My assistance!" she repeated.

"Yes. I have no acquaintances here, and I will need some help. Do you think you have the nerve to stand by me?"

"I will try," she simply answered.

Three days later a square, leather covered box of considerable size was brought over on the stage from the nearest railway station. The surgeon sat up late that night examining and arranging its contents. Then he went to bed and slept like a healthy child.

The first thing he did when he arose in the morning was to stretch out his long, white hands and stare at them.

"Steady as the eternal rocks," he said, with a pleased smile.

Two hours later he made his appearance at the door of the little cottage, valise in hand, where the dark eyed girl eagerly awaited him.

"Artie awoke in capital spirits," she whispered, "and my stepmother has gone to spend the day at a neighbor's, and everything that you ordered is ready."

"Good," he said, with an admiring glance at her eager face and trim, alert figure.

Then he went in and closed the outer door.

When it was all over, the dark eyed girl walked with the great surgeon to the gate. She was very pale, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Those wonderful, wonderful hands," she murmured. "So swift, so steady, so sure!"

He smiled down at her like a pleased boy.

"I make it a practice never to flatter my assistants," he said, "but I will say to you confidentially that the hospital berth is yours whenever you choose to call for it." He stopped her thanks with a quick gesture as he went on a little more gravely. "It certainly was a beautiful operation, and we may both feel proud of it. Our plastered and harnessed and jacketed little patient ought to be on the highway to recovery in a month's time. Then you can safely leave him. Meanwhile you will have to put up with a daily call from the surgeon in charge."

A cloud crossed the girl's face.

"But the—the bill for your services, sir," she murmured. "How are we to pay that?"

"I admire your frankness, my dear," laughed the surgeon. "But chase that troubled look from your eyes. When I came to Marion, I dropped the shop. I haven't even a blank billhead among my effects. Besides this, I took the case for my own selfish amusement. Oh, I can afford these little eccentricities. I'd have paid you for it sooner than have missed it. Goodby!" And the great surgeon walked briskly down the road quite unconscious that a pair of worshiping eyes followed him until a swift rush of grateful tears blurred him from their sight.

Three weeks later, as he sat in the parlor car that was rapidly bearing him back to the great city, he smilingly muttered to himself:

"I quite failed to carry out my vacation programme. But what of that? I was never better nor surer of myself. Besides, it has taught me a valuable lesson. Fixed habits of life should only be broken off by degrees."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

London In 1784.

In 1784 M. La Combe published a book entitled "A Picture of London," in which, inter alia, he says: "The highroads 30 or 40 miles round London are filled with armed highwaymen and footpads." This was then pretty true, though the expression "filled" is somewhat of an exaggeration. The medical student of 40 or 50 years ago seems to have been anticipated in 1784, for M. La Combe tells us that "the brass knockers of doors, which cost from 12 shillings to 15 shillings, are stolen at night if the maid forgets to unscrew them"—a precaution which seems to have gone out of fashion.

M. La Combe, in another part of his book, exclaims: "How are you changed, Londoners! Your women are become bold, imperious and expensive. Bankrupts and beggars, coiners, spies and informers, robbers and pickpockets abound. The baker mixes alum in his bread; the brewer puts opium and copper filling in his beer; the milkwoman spoils her milk with snails."

A Delusion and a Snare.

"Friends? I should say so. Never suspected that I had so many. Have to let them in one door and out the other. Best lot of fellows you ever saw. Give 'em a big stag party tonight."

Then the misguided youth sat down and drew a check against the generous legacy he had received within the month and resented an insinuation that his finish was visible.—Detroit Free Press.

A woman with pale ears can be safely set down as one whose heart is hard to reach, while she whose ears are pink along the curled rims and downy lobes is a creature of sympathetic and responsive temperament.

Free.
Keystone
Silver White
Gelatine

If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you free a sample package of gelatine and recipes for desserts by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15 cents.
Michigan Carbon Works, Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

The Kaffir's Wives.

The Kaffir is a day laborer and reckons his wealth in the number of heads of cattle he may be able to acquire. He works for a couple of years until he can get 11 oxen or cows. Then he hies himself to the Zululand on the east or to other countries controlled by black men and there buys himself a wife. Ten cows is the price of a wife. The eleventh is killed for the wedding feast. The Kaffir remains a few months with his wife, then off to the mines he goes to earn the price of another.

When he possesses half a dozen wives, the Kaffir's menial toil is over, and he becomes a gentleman. His wives plant the mealy (corn) and look after what cattle their lord and master owns. With a kraal full of daughters the Kaffir must become a rich and important person.

The daughter of a chief costs 25 cows and the daughter of a king 60, no matter how old or ugly. The chiefs are severely strict in their watchfulness over the morals of the Kaffirs. If one is found guilty of dishonesty, he is fined so many oxen. The Kaffir is said to be better in his original state than when contaminated with what they call civilization.—Columbia State.

The Farm Beat the Mortgage.

The following story illustrates the resources of a Nebraska farm: A farmer got discouraged because he didn't get rich the first year, and, as there was a mortgage of $700 on his farm, was about ready to jump the whole business, but determined to make one more effort and sowed 80 acres in wheat. It happened to be a poor year for wheat and the stand was not very good. Concluding that it wasn't worth harvesting he pulled up his stakes and moseyed back to Missouri, leaving the farm to fight the mortgage all by itself. The farm was equal to the occasion.

The wheat ripened, fell down and deposited the seed in the soil again. Next spring the wheat began to grow lustily. Some of the neighbors were honest enough to write about it down to the fugitive in Missouri, and he got interested enough to come back and take a look. Then he stopped and harvested his voluntary crop. He sold it for enough to pay off the mortgage and the rest of his debts and had a tidy little surplus over, with which he moved his family back and now declares there is no state like Nebraska.—Lincoln (Neb.) Journal.

Take Care of Your Ears.

Men and women have much to do to keep straight. A hundred nerves and muscles are at work all through the waking hours, giving warning or receiving orders that the body, with its many joints and natural instability, shall preserve its equilibrium, shall not stagger or double up in a hopeless heap. These nerves and muscles are a highly organized signal service, the chief offices of which are in the semicircular canals buried in the "stony" bonework that protects the inner ear. Were it not for these canals a human being would find it difficult, often impossible, to maintain a proper balance either while walking or standing still.

So long as these canals are in healthy working order their reports are trustworthy, but when any undue force has shocked them or any agency, such as sickness, has interfered with their workings their messages are incoherent, and the brain, like the engineer of a battleship in action, when the men above are blinded and bewildered, has nothing to do but let things go.—Berlin (Md.) Herald.

Railroad Slang as Translated.

Extract from report made by head brakeman:

"The con was flipping the tissues in the doghouse. The hind shack was freezing a hot hub near the hind end. Tallow Pot was cracking diamonds in the tank. Eagle Eye was down greasing the pig and I was bending the rails when they hit us."

It was translated by an old timer in the office as follows:

"The conductor was examining the train orders in the cupola. The rear brakeman was cooling a journal. The fireman was breaking coal. The engineer was oiling the engine, and the head brakeman was throwing a switch when the trains came together."—Maine Central.

Making Ducks Lay Black Eggs.

According to a writer in a French scientific paper, ducks fed on acorns, which they will eat ravenously, not unfrequently lay black eggs. The reason is that their eggshell is naturally rich in iron, and this combines with the tannin in the acorn to produce a good, fast black. The same paper states that if fowls are fed on boiled lobster shells they will lay bright red eggs.

Mixed.

On one occasion the Prince of Wales visited a Hindoo school in Madras. The youngsters had been drilled into the propriety of saying "Your royal highness" should the prince speak to them, and when the heir apparent accosted a bright eyed lad, and, pointing to a prismatic compass, asked, "What is this?" the youngster, all in a flutter, replied, "It's a royal compass, your prismatic highness."

Cruelly Repressed.

"It's a shame; that's what it is!" exclaimed the boy wrathfully. "I can't have any fun at all."

"What's the matter?" asked the sympathetic neighbor.

"Dad says he'll lick me if he ever hears of me fighting with a boy smaller than I am, an I dassen't fight with a bigger one."—Chicago Post.

The Passing of the "Hayseed."

Who does not know him, with his goatlike beard, his wispy hair, his "galluses" of homely cut, his trousers evolved by the seeming aid of a buzz-saw, his voice of an impossible nasality, his speech uncouth, his gestures ungainly, his greenness amazing? Who has not seen him on the stage of the vaudeville farce or outlined by the overworked caricaturist? No one.

We are familiar with him from absurd hat to ludicrous footwear, and have been for years. Who sees him on the streets of northwestern cities today? No one.

In a modified form he exists in that part of the nation which Bostonese are wont to call "way down east." He also exists to some extent in the New England that is nearer Boston than Maine, while from New York and New Jersey he is not altogether absent. West of a line drawn north and south through Chicago he is rare—at least as an indigenous variety.

The passing of the "hayseed" is desirable. As the farmer becomes more like him of the city he and his children will care less for the so called delights of metropolitan life, will recognize his innate and indestructible independence and will be better satisfied with his lot.—Minneapolis Times.

What President Was This?

One day a president of the United States sent for me. He had been elected to that high office, but had not yet been installed.

"I hear," he said, "that you have just come back from Washington."

"Yes."

"Did you go to the White House? You did? Well, please sit down and tell me all about it. What sort of a house is it? How is it managed? How many rooms are in it? Whereabouts does the president do his work? And how did you get in there—how do visitors manage to see the house while a president and his family are living in it?"

"Why," I exclaimed, "you have often been to Washington! Have you never visited the White House?"

"No," said he, "I have only seen the outside of it. I have never even seen a president or, in fact, any great man. I am so peculiarly constituted that if I knew the greatest man in the world could be seen by walking to the corner I would not walk there. But now that I am about to make the White House my home, I should very much like to hear all that you can tell me about it."—Julian Ralph in Saturday Evening Post.

A Reflection on the Judge.

In an address before the Virginia State Bar association James P. Harrison of the Danville bar told this story of an eminent judge in Virginia, who sat on the bench with his feet up before him, showing his soles to counsel and audience: "The defense had offered a little negro as a witness for their client, and the commonwealth's attorney challenged the witness as too young to testify. When the pickaninny had been sworn on the Holy Evangelists, he was asked by the commonwealth's attorney what he had done. 'I swared,' said he.

"'And what will happen to you now if you tell a lie?' the lawyer roared.

"'My mammy, she'll whip me.'

"'Is that all?' insinuated the defendant's attorney.

"'No, sah. De debble, he'll get me.'

"And then the judge took his feet down, and leaning over the bench with menacing finger said, 'Yes, and I'll get you, too, sir!'

"When quick as a flash came the boy's ready reply, 'Boss, dat's jess what I done said.'"—New York Sun.

What Women Don't Know.

"One of the mistakes of women," said a woman's lecturer the other day, "is in loving too much. They can never make a mistake in loving, but they ought to be careful in picking out the man. They are rather apt to do it on the grab bag principle. Another of the mistakes of woman is not knowing how to rest, and still another is not knowing how to eat. What women don't know about both has built 10,000 hospitals. Consider the way of man and be wise. Women worry too much. They are misers to jollity, and they nearly always die leaving a large account in the Bank of Merriment."

A Fire In Japan.

A fire in Japan is exciting. The Japanese seem to lose their heads completely in the presence of the fire demon. The people move from the houses where the fire breaks out into the next, then to another, and so on, until the fire is over, the united families moving from house to house with great nonchalance. A man dancing on his roof with a paper fire god is supposed to avert the danger, and no man is more surprised than he when, in spite of the fire god, the house ignites, and in a moment roof and man fall together. In three days the houses are rebuilt and all traces of fire removed.

"Shadowgram" and "Telegram."

A correspondent writes to protest against the "barbarous" word "shadowgram," which he fears is getting into the language as the term to describe Professor Roentgen's new process of photography. The only defensible word, he assures us, is sciagrapheme, assuming that the term wanted is one to describe the representation of a shadow or outline. If there were a corresponding Greek word, it would be skiagraphed for the verb form and skiagraphema for the noun form; hence, of course, "sciagrapheme."

We prefer not to kindle warfare among the scholars by expressing a very positive opinion upon this point. But our correspondent's objection recalls a similar battle long ago over the word telegram. In this case the barbarians won a notable victory over the combined forces of Cambridge scholarship, which asserted that the word "telegram" implied a blunder for which any schoolboy would be chastised. The verb, they asserted, must be telegraphe and the noun telegraphema; hence telegrapheme and not telegram. The public, however, absolutely revolted against telegrapheme and insisted on telegram, though to the end of his days the famous Cambridge scholar Shilleto always talked about "sending a telegrapheme," never a telegram. In the case of "photograph" a curiously British compromise was arranged between the two forms. The word is quite correct so far as it goes.—Westminster Gazette.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 1, 1899.

THE SKIES ARE BRIGHT.

The prospect for carrying the city in favor of no license on Dec. 12 grows brighter and brighter every day.

If the churches, Catholic and Protestant, would unite as one man and fight valliantly for "No" it would go through by a majority astonishing to friend and foe alike.

Men who have regarded the question of license with indifference heretofore, and others who have voted in favor of it, are now giving it serious thought. Small property owners, as well as large ones, are beginning to doubt the value of license for our city from a money standpoint, and considering the question in the light of dollars and cents. It is expected that this class of men will leave the "anxious seat" before election day, and "come out into the liberty." From an economical point of view no sensible man can doubt for a moment which system, license, or no license, is the best for this community or any other.

Our city has a bad reputation abroad, caused solely by its treatment of the license question. Respectable people shun the place; they refuse to come here and settle; no houses are being built; no lots bought or sold; the town is not only a standstill, worse, it is retrograding in population, business, and wealth.

All this can be remedied by carrying the city for prohibition by a good rousing majority.

ELWYN G. PRESTON.

If the Democrats, at their convention last Monday, had nominated Mr. Elwyn G. Preston for the Board of Public Works they would have strengthened their ticket very materially. It would have insured many votes for Mr. Feeney that he is now liable to lose.

It is conceded on every hand that Mr. Preston has made one of the best Water Commissioners that ever filled the position, if not the very best. A gentleman of this city who is familiar with the workings of the Water Department informed a JOURNAL man, two or three weeks ago, that the record of Mr. Preston during his service as Commissioner is really surprising and reflects great credit on him as a financier. A comparison of his record with that of previous years will show a material reduction of expenses and a great financial reform. It was a leading Democrat who said these things about Mr. Preston's administration of the affairs of the office. He is no partisan of his, or particularly friendly; but knows a good thing when he sees it, and is not lothe to give praise when fairly earned.

If Mr. Feeney's friends would secure every possible vote for him they should revise their list of candidates and substitute Mr. Preston for Mr. Quigley for Water Commissioners.

THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The Republican convention to nominate candidates for Aldermen at Large and other offices was held last Monday afternoon. No nomination was made for Mayor.

The ticket decided on was as follows: For the Board of Public Works for 4 years, Elwyn G. Preston; Aldermen at Large, Benjamen H. Nichols, Arthur G. Loring, William A. Prior, William E. Blodgett, Frank W. Greydon, Edward Q. Brackett, William H. Lewis, John K. Murdock; School Board, Herbert S. Riley, Frank E. Cotton, Mrs. Vanie B. Dow.

With here and there an exception, the ticket is a good one. Its popularity will be determined at the polls on Dec. 12.

SCHOOL CANDIDATES.

The regular Republican candidates for members of the School Board are Herbert S. Riley, Frank E. Cotton, and the vacancy caused by the declination of Mrs. Dow to be filled.

Mr. Riley is acknowledged to be one of the most efficient of the present members and a valuable man in the place. He should be re-elected unanimously.

Mr. Cotton is an untried aspirant, but nobody doubts but that he will, if elected, fill the bill to perfection. He is young and bright.

HERBERT S. RILEY.

Herbert S. Riley, Esq., is one of the best members of the School Committee. His official associates, the schools, and the public, say so.

Mr. Riley is the Republican candidate for re-election, and will no doubt receive a large majority. Many Democrats, who have the good of our schools at heart, will, we believe, vote for him.

It would not be using Mr. Riley nor the school interests right not to re-elect him. But of this there is probably no danger.

NO NOMINATION.

The failure of the so called Republican convention to nominate a candidate for Mayor created surprise and elicited some severe criticism. The matter is easily explained: The Republicans were in a minority in the convention; the Davis managers owned it; they concluded that it would better serve the interests of Mr. Davis to make no nomination for Mayor.

☞ We assure the readers of the JOURNAL that it will be perfectly safe so bet on the re-election of Mrs. Vannie B. Dow to a chair on the School Board. In her case not a doubt exists as to her name going through triumphantly. And, by the way, Mrs. Dow might be excused for feeling just a little vain of her popularity. She has been unanimously nominated for re-election by both parties, which certainly was a mark of high esteem, and of which anyone would be justified in feeling proud.

P. S. Mrs. Dow declines to run.

☞ Congressman McCall of Winchester has changed his position on the Philippine question. Formerly he was opposed to the polic[illegible] of the Administration, but now admits that the United States must go ahead and finish the task on hand. He also admits, reluctantly, that the Philipinos are not capable of self-government. Quite a change of heart.

☞ The WOBURN JOURNAL assures the temperance men of that city if they really wish to secure a majority for no license they can do so. Woburn at the present day is a most effective no license argument.—*Reading Chronical.*

Acting on the JOURNAL's suggestion, or apparently so, the churches in this city, last Sunday, chose committees to circulate temperance literature, furnished by the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society, among the people with a view of securing a rousing "No" vote next election day. The committees are composed of earnest, faithful anti-license men, and good results may be looked for from their work. Every respectable citizen should heartily cooperate with them. If this is done Woburn will go "no license" this year sure as fate.

☞ Some have wondered why Messrs. Brackett and Murdock should have been nominated for Aldermen-at-Large when they had already been nominated for Ward Aldermen. Mr. Brackett found he could not accept the Ward nomination for the reason that he had been a caucus officer, and Mr. Murdock had not accepted the Ward nomination, and was therefore eligible for Alderman-at-Large. The work was all properly done, and the gentlemen are regular nomineess.

☞ The Suburban Press Association, at its meeting in Boston last week, chose a committee to consider the matter of pay for publishing reading notices and portraits of candidates for office, who will report at the next meeting. The newspapers should be paid for such work. To ask them to do it without fair recompense is impudent. The Suburban Press Association should make a rule applicable to the case and stick to it.

☞ If, now, Mr. Charlie A. Jones were a Republican, or a Republican candidate for the School Board, the JOURNAL would delight to give him its support. It is another case of "Poor Tray"—bad company. Mr. Jones is Chairman of the Board at the present time, successor to Mr. John R. Carter, who occupied the Chair many years, but "as he makes his bed so must he lie in it."

☞ Mrs. Vannie B. Dow, a most excellent woman, long an influential member of the School Board, and again nominated by both Parties, declines, with thanks, to accept the nominations and the favors which her fellowtownsmen and women would be glad to bestow. As once before remarked by the JOURNAL, she will be missed by the Board.

☞ Messrs. S. Franksford Trull and Henry M. Aldrich, both worthy of the place, have declined the Democratic nomination for Aldermen. Both of the old Parties seem to be badly demoralized in this election.

☞ Mr. William F. Kenney of the *Globe* Editorial Staff wanted no Woburn School Board in his, and therefore respectfully declined the Democratic nomination.

☞ Mr. Feeney and his friends feel absolutely sure of defeating Mr. Davis by a very large majority on Dec. 12. Time will tell.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

City—Election.
D. A. Winn—Piano.
Unitarian Parish—Sale.
B. Champney—Pictures.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.

— Minstrels tonight at Lyceum Hall.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Mr. C. M. Strout has not yet fully recovered from his late illness.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— A Fair will be held by the ladies of the Unitarian church on Dec. 7.

— Canvas coats and cardigan's all prices at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The Alpine Quartet sang at the Y. M. C. A. meeting in Malden last Sunday.

— The registration for city election showed a total of 3026 men, and 819 women.

— Officers Fountain and Tarr won the Hanson medals at the annual Police Rifle Shoot.

— F. C. Parker & Son are building an addition to their leather factory on Sturgis street.

— The Harvard hat at $2.00 is a seller remember the price and place Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The Mechanic Phalanx held an all day shoot yesterday for the Simonds and the Hammond medals.

— The Knights of Columbus gave a musical entertainment and ball at their Hall last Tuesday evening.

— A big hearted man of this city sent in a check for $20 to be used in making poor people happy on Thanksgiving Day. It was a generous present to a good cause.

— Mr. Arthur B. Wyman, very sensibly, declined to be a candidate for Alderman in Ward 4. He served three terms in that office and concluded he had done his part.

— Prof. Worthley, the optician, will be at his office, with L. E. Hanson & Co., jewelers, this city, on next Thursday, Dec. 7. Make a note of this date and keep it in mind.

— We are informed that the ball given by the young gentlemen at Music Hall last evening was a grand success. It was a fine party and the pleasures of the evening were marred by no untoward incidents.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— The Harvest Concert at First Church last Sunday evening was well carried out. The programme, published in the last issue of the JOURNAL, was nicely performed. The music was excellent, and the harvest gatherings were good. These were duly distributed after the concert.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact. Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England — including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively. Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Minstrels at Lyceum Hall tonight.

— Contoocook A shirt and drawers $1.25 per garment at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The Phalanx will probably parade at Wakefield as a feature of the Fair to be held by the Wakefield Company, on Dec. 5.

— Mr. James W. McDonald is a skilful piano tuner and does a fine business. He knows a piano from one end to the other.

— Mr. Frank B. French, City Engineer, and Mrs. French are in New Orleans at the bedside of Mrs. French's sick mother.

— Last Saturday was one of the finest of the season. November was a remarkably pleasant month, and people have enjoyed it.

— Have you purchased a bundle of of Remnants at Richardson's, 431 Main st. If not now is the time as they are disapearing fast.

— Read the advertisement of Abram French & Co., the oldest and largest china and glass wholesale and retail establishment in Boston.

— Dr. F. P. Brooks, the druggist, left Wednesday evening for Ashby to spend Thanksgiving Day there with his parents and other relatives.

— The roof of a building on Fowle street was somewhat damaged by fire Monday morning. It was extinguished by employees of the foundry.

— The Woburn High School foot ball team played with the Waltham team at Waltham last Saturday afternoon, defeating them by a score of 5—0.

— Our old friend, Mr. Harrison Bates, born in 1812, the opening year of the war with England, is somewhat under the weather, but able to be about.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Sweet perfumeries and beautiful toilet goods, for Christmas presents, may be obtained at Gordon Parker's drugstore. He always has fine things for the holidays.

— In another column may be read an advertisement of a Sale and Supper to be held and given by the ladies of the Unitarian Parish on next Thursday evening, Dec. 7. It tells the whole story better than we can.

— L. E. Hanson & Co's. purchases of holiday goods are about completed and the rich and handsome wares will soon be on exhibition at their popular store. Mr. Varney has exercised judgment and care in selecting them.

— Miss Dora A. Winn's professional card appears in this paper. She has studied for years with the best teachers and is a thoroughly educated pianist. Parents who employ her to instruct their children will make no mistake.

— Woburn markets never held a finer lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving than this year. They looked good enough to eat. But then, good Lord! what business had a poor country Editor looking at Thanksgiving turkeys?

— Mr. Marshall Tidd received a letter last Wednesday morning informing him that the Count Rumford statue would be shipped from Munich, Germany, on Dec. 15, sure. It will be close on to New Year before it arrives in this city.

— The receipt of a copy discloses the fact that Mr. W. B. Winn, a Woburn born boy, son of the late Rev. Daniel Winn, is Editor of "The Pacific Oil Reporter" published by Winn & Crowell at San Francisco, California.

— The St. Charles went to Concord last Saturday and put up a good game against the C. H. S. which resulted in no score. The work of P. McHugh and Rexford for Concord, and Maloney, Doherty and Hoy for the Woburns was especially noticable.

— Mr. Thomas J. Feeney offers to rent at a reasonable price one half of the double house on Warren ave., the other half of which is occupied by himself and family. It is desirable in every respect, being new and provided with all modern conveniences.

— Fitz & Stanley began the grocery business in the store which they have just vacated for a new one in Fowle Building on Oct. 1, 1880. By strict attention to business, fair dealing, and considerate treatment of customers they made a success of it from the start and laid up money. Occupying the entire first floor of Fowle's fine building they now have the best business quarters in Woburn.

— A full line of winter underwear at reasonable prices at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— A year ago last Sunday, as to date, and a year ago last Saturday, as to day of the week, was the great snow storm. It was the date also of the loss of the Steamer Portland with all on board—200 persons. It was a terrible storm, long to be remembered.

— Persons who wish to make contributions to the Woman's Suffrage Fair to be held in Boston next week can leave them with Mrs. N. M. Thompson, 29 Salem street, on or before 10 o'clock, a. m. Tuesday, and the same will be delivered by her at the Fair.

— Prof. Elmore A. Pierce gave "The Passion Play," accompanied with fine music, at the Central Congregation church in Lynn on Wednesday evening, Nov. 22, to a large and delighted audience. The *Item* of that city praised it mightily the next morning.

— Mr. Whitcher suggests that those who attend his lecture take along their opera glasses. With their aid the 120 splendid pictures can be seen to better advantage and enable the visitor to examine them more closely and with greater satisfaction. Bring your opera glasses to the Auditorium.

— Attention is directed to the notice of an art auction sale by Benjamin Champney at Leonard's Art Auction Rooms, Bromfield street, Boston, beginning on Dec. 11. A splendid lot of paintings by Mr. Champney will be offered for sale, and the auction will afford a rare opportunity to secure some of them. Read the notice carefully.

— Never did a church rise more grandly to its missionary opportunity than did the Woburn church last Sunday when, under the persuasions of Mr. Wishard and Mr. Capen, it lifted its contribution to nearly $1600, aside from the gifts of the women. At this rate it will get ahead of the "Forward Movement" itself.—*Congregationalist, Nov. 23.*

— On Wednesday evening, the 6th of December, the Rifle Team of the Mechanic Phalanx will give a ball at Armory Hall, the net proceeds to be used for the benefit of the organization. The Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements informs us that it is going to be a fine ball. Tripp's Orchestra are to furnish the music, which is tantamount to saying it will be of the best quality.

— Edward Banwell, who went to Alaska in the Whitcher-Littlefield Exploring Company in April, 1898, returned to this city last Saturday well and hearty. He had a hard and dangerous time getting out of the Klondike country, but finally landed safely at his old home here. He was Mrs. Charles Choate's coachman several years before seeking gold in the far Northwest, and is a worthy young man.

— We received a brief but pleasant call from Mr. Mason, late City Editor of the Portland, Me., *Evening Gazette*, last Tuesday. He is a Biddeford boy by birth, a son of Lawyer Luther Mason of that city, and springs from sound New England stock. We were pleased to have a visit from him—somewhat on the "kiss me for my mother" plan, for his father used to be a good friend of the inditer of this item.

— Mr. Fred W. McDonald of Groveton, N. H., a member and manager of the Weston Lumber Company of that place, dropped in on the JOURNAL last Tuesday and tarried long enough to impart the cheering information that the Company have had a prosperous year during 1899. He came down to spend Thanksgiving with his mother, and also to meet his wife who has been visiting here several weeks. They return to Groveton today.

— While watching for other features in connection with The Major John W. W. Scott Gigantic Novelty Show, Monster Concert and Grand Ball in the Woburn Auditorium on Thursday evening, Dec. 14th, next, please don't get bewildered at this most dazzling array of talent and lose sight of the actual feature of the programme, which is the great Buck and Wing Dancing Contest for a valuable Gold Medal and the Juvenile Championship to be contested for by "Baby Ray" of New York City and the Challenger, "Woburn's Child Wonder," Little Josephine R. Scott, ably assisted by Master Robert Franklin Saunders. This will prove the hottest contest ever witnessed hereabouts. They are "Warm Babies!" Don't miss seeing them.

— Overalls and shirts our own make and every pair warranted, Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— W. P. Fox & Son have bought the White tannery.

— The Rumford School is to be closed two weeks on account of scarlet fever.

— Gibson Pictures will be exhibited under the auspices of Friday Night Club on Dec. 15. Miss Katherine Ramsdell is Chairman of the Committee.

— Customers are glad to see Howard F. Irish back in the Ames butter, cheese and eggs store, corner of Main st. and Montvale ave., once more. He is a popular salesmen.

— Mr. and Mrs. George H. Newcomb observed the 10th anniversary of their marriage at their home, 23 Mishawum Road, last Saturday evening. About thirty guests were present and music and social converse made the hours pass all too quickly. Refreshments were served from a daintily spread table by Misses Hattie Rice, Bertha Heald and Susie Gustin. The host and hostess were the recipients of many beautiful gifts.

— Culhane, Chace & Weston's Big Minstrels are pleasantly remembered as presenting one of the best minstrel entertainments seen in this city. They will appear at Lyceum Hall tonight, Dec. 1, for a return engagement of one night only. The company now number 38 performers and carry one of the largest and best orchestras and bands on the road. An entire change of programme will be presented.

— REWARD AND NO QUESTIONS. At 7.30 last Sunday evening Mr. C. B. Strout had a new and valuable bicycle stolen from the front stoop of his father's residence, 89 Montvale ave., for the return of which he will pay a liberal reward and ask no questions. A woman near Mr. Strout's saw a young fellow jump over the front fence, take the wheel, and speed rapidly up Montvale ave. It is thought he is known. He had better return the bicycle.

— We suppose Thanksgiving Day was passed much as usual in this city yesterday. There were no strange goings-on that we have heard of, but it has come to our ears that a great many fine dinners were enjoyed by our people. Likewise there were several family reunions, a few parties in the evening, considerable indulgance in tripping the light fantastic, etc., and theatre visiting in the evening. We like to tell about these things in the JOURNAL, but there was but precious little to tell about.

— We are indebted to Rev. Dr. Scudder for a copy of "Our Children for Christ: A Series of Catechetical Lessons on the Religion of our Lord Jesus Christ" by Doremus Scudder, published by Fleming H. Revill Company, N. Y. It is a book of 32 pages, very neatly executed mechanically, and will be found useful and valuable in the religious instruction of youth. We notice that Rev. Dr. Plumb, and Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott speak in high commendation of its contents. The little book should be in every family.

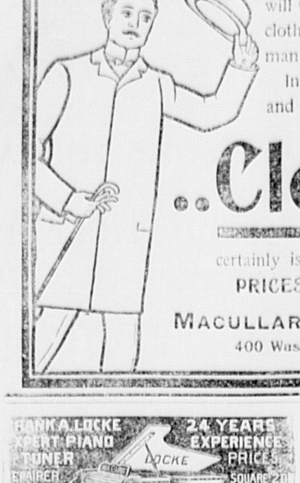
— Mr. Alex Grant received a letter from his son. Lieut. Homer B. Grant of the 26[illegible] Regt. last Tuesday evening, which gratified him greatly. It was written Oct. 21, on board of U. S. A. T. *Grant*, and devoted chiefly to accounts of his meetings with relatives and friends on the Pacific Coast before sailing for Manila. He said they had had a fine trip so far, without any sickness to speak of, and expected to sight the northern coast of Luzon the next day. He did not know then that he was so soon to see fighting in Panay.

— Mr. Hopkinson Smith scored a signal success in the Burbeen Course at the Auditorium last Monday night. His renditions of selections from "Col. Carter," "Tom Grogan" and "The Other Fellow," were unique and highly entertaining. It was a grand good opening of the Course and satisfied everybody. The audience was very large, nearly every seat in the vast hall being occupied by interested listeners. The next number in the Course will be given on Tuesday evening, Dec. 12, when Miss Abbie S. Peck will give an illustrated lecture on "Mexico."

— Last Wednesday the Senior Class of the High School and their guests were given a reception at H. S. Hall, which proved to be a pleasant affair. A fine musical programme was rendered and a delightful season enjoyed by all present. By departures on several lines Principal Owen is making High School life exceeding pleasant, as well as profitable, this year, for his large body of pupils. Hard work is sweetened by periods of mental recreation, by platform exercises, receptions, music, etc., all of which are greatly enjoyed by the School, and are profitable as well as pleasant. In these departures Principal Owen has hit the right chord.

— Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher's lecture will be given at the Auditorium on Friday evening, Dec. 8, as may be seen by reference to the advertisement in this paper. It is named "7000 miles to the Arctic Circle by Stereopticon," and cannot but prove intensely interesting. It will describe what Mr. Whitcher saw in Alaska, and give pictures taken by him on the spot. Some of the plates we have seen and have no hesitation in bestowing on them unqualified praise. The subjects of them are curious and unique, and they are worked out most artistically. With a successful debut here it is probable Mr. Whitcher will have many applications for his lecture in other places. We can assure our readers that it will be entertaining and instructive.

— One evening last week a party of about 20 ladies and gentlemen, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Tripp, gave Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard Nason and Miss Alice Hewes a surprise party at their pleasant new home in Everett, and enjoyed a delightful evening. It was in reality a great surprise to the Nason family, but a very pleasant one. The Woburn people took along a good supply of refreshments and managed the gastronomic feature of the affair to the entire satisfaction of everyone concerned. It also left the host and hostess and Miss Hewes at liberty to talk to and exchange stories with their old friends and neighbors. The party left for home about 10 o'clock, congratulating themselves on having passed a happy few hours.



The Coming Man will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does. In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere. PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

— There were 5 weddings at St. Charles church last evening.

— The weather was fairly good yesterday up to 2 P. M. when it began to rain.

— The alarm from box 46 at Montvale about 12.50 this morning was false.

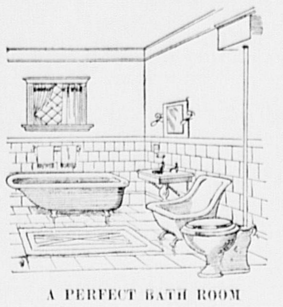
— President E. C. Cottle of the City Council was taken severely ill last Sunday and has been housed all this week. It is to be hoped that he will get out in season to vote.

— In commemoration of an important event that happened in the State of New York on Nov. 25, 1819, Hon. John M. Harlow, and his good spouse, Mrs. Harlow, gave a small family dinner at their home in this city from 1 to 4.30 o'clock last Saturday afternoon. The time not devoted to the repast was pleasantly spent in social intercourse, in which there was general and lively participation. There were a dozen or so of guests, nearly all of whom—Dr. Cowdry, the Kimballs, Cutters, etc.—were relatives of the Doctor and his wife, and all enjoyed themselves highly. The important event above alluded to was the birth of our esteemed townsman, Dr. Harlow, who, it will be seen without much headwork, was 80 years old last Saturday. The birthday anniversary party and dinner were delightful. May the Doctor live to celebrate a great many more of them.

— Mr. Frank T. Hall, Superintendent of the State Institution for the Blind at Jacksonville, Illinois, spent last night with his aunts, Mrs. Bridgham and Miss Valentine, on Court street, this city, and lectures this evening before the Teachers Institute in Boston. He is an educator of high standing in Illinois and neighboring States, and is often sought to deliver lectures and impart instruction at gatherings of teachers in that part of the country. During his visit East he will address audiences connected with schools in New York, Philadelphia, and other cities. Mr. Hall has compiled and had recently published an Arithmatic for graded schools, which he is now introducing to the attention of teachers and School Boards. He is regarded an authority in mathematics. Some years ago he invented a typewriter for the blind, which he refused to have patented because to do so might deprive the poor of its benefits. It is now used all over the world. Business interests cut short his visit to his relatives here.

— A careful study of the work being done in the Commercial Department of the Woburn High School will furnish proof sufficient to convince any unprejudiced person that, practically considered, it is the most important part of the education obtained in the School. The introduction of that branch of learning was a happy thought, and its enthusiastic prosecution will redound to the benefit of many young people who, but for it, would be compelled to become, on quitting school, simply "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Pupils who avail themselves of the privileges of this Department gain a good knowledge of bookkeeping, banking, commercial transactions, business correspondence, etc., and when they are graduated are capable of filling responsible positions in banks, stores, manufacturies, etc., with efficiency and credit. This is practical education. It is worth vastly more than all the Greek and Latin that could be acquired in a lifetime. It saves the graduates from poorly recompensed drudgery and prepares them for better positions at better pay. It sets them up in the world, makes them self-respecting, and enhances the value of their life work.

— On Tuesday evening, Nov. 21, the 50th anniversary of Mr. Charles R. Rosenquist's birthday and the 20th of his wedding was celebrated by about 100 of his and Mrs. Rosenquist's friends at their home, 36 Green street, this city, in a happy manner. The large company of ladies and gentlemen was composed mainly of members of the Scandinavian Evangelical Free church, of which Mr. and Mrs. Rosenquist are prominent and influential members. The existence of that now thriving church is due largely to the hard work of Mr. Rosenquist and his equally hard working wife. They were instrumental in organizing the Society and later were chiefly so in procuring the erection of their present neat house of worship. The Scandinavians were neither numerous nor rich, and it required constant and unremitting effort to conquer success. It was won however, and the church is in a healthy and prosperous condition both spiritually and financially. Mr. Rosenquist has been a resident of Woburn about 20 years and fills an honorable place in the community. The birthday and wedding celebration passed off to the satisfaction of everyone connected with it. A delightful social evening was passed, and the presents bestowed by the company were gratefully received by Mr. and Mrs. Rosenquest.



A PERFECT BATH ROOM
is essential to perfect comfort and health.
Our estimates on putting in
Plumbing Work
and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.
We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

THE PLAY OF THE YEAR
AUGUSTUS THOMAS'
ARIZONA
The Universal Verdict
"GREATER THAN ALABAMA."
TREMONT THEATRE Beginning Dec. 4

Democratic Convention.

The Democrats held their Mayoralty convention at the Central House last Monday afternoon. It was harmonious, as usual.

Ex-Mayor John P. Feeney, Esq. was nominated for Mayor.

John C. Meehan was Chairman, and M. H. Feeney, Secretary.

An informal ballot for candidate for Mayor resulted in nine for John P. Feeney and seven for James H. Kelley. The ballot was made formal and unanimous.

For the School Board, Charlie A. Jones, Mrs. Vanie B. Dow and Wm. F. Kenney were nominated. The latter declined and Edward F. Cassidy was substituted.

The following candidates were selected for Aldermen at Large: Henry M. Aldrich, Edward E. Lynch, Timothy Calnan, S. Franksford Trull, Levi Furbush, Patrick Daley, Mark C. Felch and John J. Carroll.

Charles J. Quigley was nominated for Board of Public Works for four years.

Trouble was anticipated from the "Kelley Wing" of the Party, but they magnanimously accepted the result of the convention, and promised to work heartily for the ticket.

Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs are surely cured by it. Call on Gordon Parker, Druggist, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c. and $1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

Words of Praise.

EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL:—

Those who attend the illustrated lecture on Alaska experiences to be given in the Auditorium next Friday evening will be well repaid. The pictures which were taken by Mr. Whitcher give a true representation of the places described in the lecture, and it will be an unusual opportunity for the children of the public schools to obtain a practical object lesson concerning that territory.

From a careful study of the pictures which will be presented the writer commends them as rare illustrations, and trusts that the citizens of Woburn will heartily give Mr. Whitcher the encouragement which his lecture will merit.

WM. HORATIO CLARKE.

City Council.

The Council held a special meeting on Saturday evening Nov. 25.

Ald. Loring offered an order for an ordinance to increase the pay of the City Solicitor. Adopted.

Dr. W. H. Kelliher and Joseph C. Larock asked for the removal of a tree in front of each of their residences.

The Board of Public Works asked for funds for sewer construction on Sturgis and Burlington streets. Referred.—Construction of catch basin on Beach st. authorized.

Red Hot From The Gun

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue. WOBURN

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street
FITZ & STANLEY.

Always Doing Something Good.

Not contenting with monopolizing the intellect of New England with its editorial page, the great variety and reliability of its news and the unusual excellence of its illustrations. *The Boston Sunday Herald* has just introduced a section which must appeal to the younger portion of the household. It is devoted to a collection of original pictures by The Herald's own staff artists. These pictures are not uproariously funny, but are intended to interest children, cause a smile among the middle-aged, and prove a mine of suggestive good humor to those who have seen funny pictures all their lives. Even those who enjoy the golden fancies of that age when we know it all will find a smile. You don't have to read or use a magnifying glass to find the point, for the pictures tell the stories. Place your orders for *The Sunday Herald* early, and thus make certain of securing it. Oh, yes; let us remind you that The Boston *Herald* fashions continue to lead the country. To dress well you must be a reader of *The Boston Herald.*

Working Night and Day

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar-coated globule of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain fag into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Gordon Parker, druggist.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God the Preserver of Man." All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "The Ark and the family." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "He Saved Others, Himself He Cannot Save." Third in Series of Scenes from Calvary. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., The First in a week of Evangelistic Services. Revs. D. A. Newton, C. E. Beals and the pastors will take part. Every evening except Saturday, Evangelistic Services at 7.30. Pastors of Malden, Reading, Stoneham and Winchester churches co-operating.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—1st Sunday in Advent.
Holy Communion at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by Revs. C. W. Holm, Cambridge, A. F. Lindholm, Pigeon Cove.
At 2.30 P. M. Special Service for children and parents.
At 7 P. M. sermon for Young People by Rev. J. Nelson, Manchester, N. H.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Bible Reading and Prayer.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—First Sunday in Advent. Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Year of Jubilee."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
Divine Service at 7.15 P. M. Preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The New Testament." Special music in the evening.
Saturday Dec. 2, Fair in church.
Thursday " 7, " " "
Saturday " 9, " " "
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 5, by Rev. James H. Doherty, Edwin J. Lord and Mary E. Collins both of Woburn.

In Winchester, Nov. 26, by Rev. H. J. Madden, John D. Como and Nellie A. Golden both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices [illegible] a line.

In Somerville, Nov. 24, Charles L. Chase, aged 65 years.

A TRIO OF::
BARGAINS...

A very few Golf Capes left in our stock. We shall not be able to replace them when they are sold. If our customers wish a good warm garment much below the market price, now is the opportunity.

A fine line of well made and finely fitting Dress Skirts. These goods are not hastily sewed together and made up for a quick sale at low price, but they are good, honest made garments at low price. A careful inspection will convince our trade of these facts.

Children's Dresses and Night Robes made of Flannelette are moderate in price, very pretty in style, and just the right thing for this cold weather.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

The Bowery Critic.

The critic was the most prominent leader of Bowery society. He is slow of speech and hesitates, sometimes painfully, but when he does speak every word hits. He does not go about, as is the manner of less cultivated speakers, but strikes home with few words, mainly figurative. Although he is full of the instinctive aversions and tastes of a man of culture, he is a retired prizefighter and spends most of his time in an uncommonly dirty saloon.

At a ball which this leader of Bowery society gave a "hard walk" took place, in which there were contestants for a prize, to be given to him who was the most natural. Any one who should burlesque the walk of the Bowery tough was to be excluded. If the tough walk was to be given, it was to be given right.

"You must do it on de level," said the leader of society, giving preliminary instructions. "You must give us de real t'ing. 'Tain't no cake walk, dis hard walk. Walk jest as if you was walking on de lane [Bowery] wid yer bundle [girl] on yer arm. Anybody kin look tough, but I want you to look as hard as de real t'ing, de bloke on de Bowery, and no harder."—Atlantic.

Fur Facts

Our Guarantee.
We manufacture our own goods and hold ourselves responsible for any defect in their manufacture.
We sell our furs by their correct names and guarantee them to be strictly as represented.
We invite comparison as to quality, style and price, and if not found satisfactory, we will refund the full amount paid if returned in good condition with in three days of the day of purchase.
Kakas Bros.

Our business is steadily increasing, year by year.
Why?
Because we hold our old customers and constantly make new ones.
Our goods, our prices, and our general business methods receive the approval of more and more people, as the years pass.
This is pretty good evidence that our store is a good place to trade—for YOU to trade.
We have had 25 years' experience in handling Furs, and our stock includes everything which should be found in a first-class Fur store.
All is new, fresh, and up-to-date, and prices are always moderate.
As Christmas approaches we hope to have the privilege of showing YOU our assortment.

KAKAS BROS.,
FURRIERS,
34 and 36 Bedford Street, Boston.

A Broken Ring.

Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO.,
409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1899.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.
MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.
Remember the date and place, Thursday, Dec. 7, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.
G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - - Woburn

First Church Notes.

The Christian Endeavor Society held a most enjoyable social Friday evening, Nov. 24, at which they gladly welcomed several older members of the church.

There is a saying floating round loose in church history to the effect that "Giving to Foreign Missions helps every other good cause." It certainly seemed true last Sunday at the First Church where the people followed up their pledge of $1600 to the Board by practically doubling their usual Thanksgiving collection. Everybody is correspondingly happy.

A Mother Goose Party is to be given in the vestries by the Woburn Workers and Minister's Class Monday evening, Dec. 11. All the children's old favorites, as well as Mother Goose herself, will be present, and there will be other attractions to make it a time of great enjoyment. The part belonging to the Woburn Workers will go to help support a kindergarten in Caesera, Turkey. Admission 25 cents. Children under 14, 15 cents.

"Forward Movement for Christ in Woburn" is now the watchword in our church. We have done our duty by outside causes, now every stroke for our own city. There is deep interest among many. To intensify this interest is the immediate necessity. A week of evangelistic services will be held beginning Sunday, Dec. 3 and ending Dec. 10, Dec. 9 being the only free evening. The church members expect to rally to these services every night. The Pastors of the First Church, Winchester, Rev. D. A. Newton; the Bethesda church, Reading, Rev. F. S. Hunnewell; the Stoneham church, Rev. C. E. Beals; and Linden church, Malden, Rev. J. C. Williams; will cooperate night after night. The public are cordially invited. The music will be led by chorus choir. Why may not this city be stirred as in old times by a grand religious advance?

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, headache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaville, Ind He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease of life." Only 50 cents, at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Every bottle guaranteed.

North Woburn.

The Ladies of the Benevolent Society in North Woburn, ever on the alert to grasp any new idea that will promote sociability among them, and also strengthen their finances, are making arrangements for a Measuring Party. Fearing the prepared invitation will be inadequate to the demand we give it below that all who read may come, and if you fail to procure a bag do not let it deter you from coming as there will be competent persons in attendance to take your measure.

Dear friends and neighbors we invite you in time
To the North Woburn Church, Dec. 7th, '99,
A "measuring party" there to attend,
The hours decided are from seven to ten.
Pleasure measure yourself from crown to toe,
Put the money in each little bag you know,
Charging yourself three cents for each foot,
A penney for each extra inch not o'er look.
Bring this bag for admission and we'll have some fun
For unique entertainment plans are begun.
Ice cream and cake will also be sold
So bring nickles and dimes if you do not bring gold.
If you cannot come the bag you can send
And thus help on the good cause in the end.
The Benevolent Circle extend you this call,
So do not refuse, but come one and all.

Mr. Andrew R. Linscott, Master of the Rumford School, has taught continuously in Woburn since March, 1866. Before becoming a soldier in the Civil War he was a clerk in a variety store at North Woburn, and after his discharge from the Army re-entered it to serve in the same capacity. In March, 1866, there was trouble in the Rumford School and Mr. Linscott was induced by Mr. Nichols of the School Board, who was also one of the proprietors of the store, to take it and see if he couldn't straighten matters out. He at once entered on his duties of teachers, and from that time to this, more than 33 years, he has been one of Woburn's most valuable instructors. It is not likely that many, if any, Massachusetts teachers, now on active duty, can boast of so long a period of continuous service at the head of a public school. He has been Master of the Rumford many years, and is likely to remain there until made Master Emeritas, or retired on a pension. Besides being a good teacher, Mr. Linscott is one of our best citizens.

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galishe. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I bought a quantity of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, which I used myself when troubled with bowel complaint, and had given to my men, and in every case it proved most beneficial." For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

WINCHESTER.

Congressman McCall and wife have returned from a European trip.

The public are better satisfied with the new change in the Mystic Valley timetable.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

The pastor received a very elegant easy chair from his church council a few days ago. They hoped he could now and then take it easy in the easy chair.

Wednesday of last week saw the funeral of Carl V. Bergman, brother to Mrs. Olson, Sturgis street. Services were conducted at the church and the body was interred in the city cemetery. Of late he has been slightly deranged, but before death his sanity was restored to him.

The program for the remainder of the Fair will be as follows:

SATURDAY, DEC. 2, AT 8 P. M.

Mrs. E. V. Kron, Soprano.
Rev. N. E. Kron, Baritone.
Miss Esther Carlson, Accompanist.
Duet. Till fridens hem. — Prins Gustaf
Rev. and Mrs. Kron.
Solo. Draw Near, All Ye People. (From Elijah.) — Mendelssohn
Rev. N. E. Kron.
Recitation. Trollens Garn.
Mrs. E. V. Kron.
Piano Solo. — Selected
Miss Esther Carlson.
Solo. Jerusalem. — Parker
Rev. N. E. Kron.
Solo. Queen of the Night. — Tosti
Mrs. E. V. Kron.
Duet. Crucifix. — Faure
Rev. and Mrs. Kron.

THURSDAY, DEC. 7, AT 8 P. M.

Church Choir.
Male Chorus.
Quintet.
Reader.
Du hjelte uti striden. — Cronhamn
Choir.
Hell dig, du hoga nord. — Crusell
Male Chorus.
Herren star for hjertats dorr. — Verner
Min Jesus ar min herde god. — German Folksong
Choir.
Recitation. Tiggaren.
Miss Fannie Herlitz.
Jag har satt vaktare.
Choir.
Sof i ro. — Mohring
Quintet.
Vart land. (National song of Finland.) — Paciu
Choir.

SATURDAY, Dec. 9.

Award of Prizes and Closing Sale.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—ADOLPH L. MILLETT, Manchester, N. H. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Boston Theatres.

THE PARK.

The professional matinee of "Sag Harbor" which was given last Tuesday proved but another attestation of the wonderful power and charm of this idyllic play. The great audience composed almost wholly of professional actors and actresses sat spellbound throughout the entire action, and laughed or cried in sympathy with the situation as spontaneously and freely as have each of the audiences of untheatrical folk that have attended "Sag Harbor" since the opening of the current great run at the Park Theatre. The next unique matinee of "Sag Harbor" will be the gorgeous Chrysanthemum Matinee. This will be given the week following Thanksgiving Day. The Park Theatre will be festooned with 200,000 of the glorious fall flowers and huge bunches of the brilliant-hued blossoms will be given to each lady in attendance. The fiftieth performance in the great run of "Sag Harbor" will occur on the night of December 4, and this will be made a gala event by Mr. Herne's management. The novel and expensive souvenirs to be presented on this occasion have already been delivered by the manufacturing silversmiths and surprise and delight from the ladies who will receive them may now be safely predicted.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia

Literary Notices.

The December number of THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE has a strong literary flavor and a pervading spirit of Christmas cheer. In A Day with the Author of Richard Carvel the editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple, tells in his peculiarly felicitous way of the home life and surroundings of the famous author, and of how and why Richard Carvel came into being. The carefully prepared article on the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam is deeply interesting to all lovers of the genial old Persian poet. An American in Venezuela writes of the wonderful resources of this country. Reminiscences of the Centennial recall pleasant memories of that historic event. Our National Songs and Their Writers is an article dealing with a distinctive phase of our national life. The Blind Millionaire Merchant is a unique personage in New York mercantile life. Howard C. Hillegas, the author of Oom Paul's People, contributes a remarkable article, entitled The Odd Things of South Africa. Anna Farquhar's Convictions are as strong, timely and incise as ever. Book Babblings cannot but be of interest to book lovers. From The Crow's Nest looks forth on the world and philosophizes entertainly of men and things. The Publisher's Department has the personal touch that makes the reader feel like an old and valued friend, as indeed, in many cases, he is. Hezekiah Butterworth's inimitable style of blending historic fact and delightful fiction is strikingly shown in his Christmas story, No Room in the Inn. Octave Thanet contributes A Vision of the Desert, by Vance Thompson, is distinctive fiction. There are other stories, and good ones, and striking and tender poems. The usual departments are seasonable and full of interest. THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE, in contents and price (ten cents) appeals strongly to all thoughtful readers who wish to keep in touch with the world's progress, and at the same time appreciate high-class fiction by American writers.

The Brother in Black.

BY PROF. FREDERIC B. FULLER.

As "a stranger in a strange land," upon a brief visit here to relatives whom I had not seen for over eleven years, I, upon my first brief promenade through some sections of your city, was agreeably impressed with its beauty and cleanliness, and its cosey and, in some instances, elegant homes. I was also agreeably impressed by the business activity found in its numerous manufacturies and up-to-date stores, together with their enterprising and affable managers, courteous salesmen, and attractive salesladies with which they have surrounded themselves.

I visited the Public Buildings of the Municipality, the U. S. Post Office, the handsome depot of the Boston & Maine R.R. Company, and many stores which in the aggregate employ scores of men. I then wandered on to your popular and large public hall, the Auditorium, and through the courtesy extended to me through the genial Superintendent I enjoyed the pleasure of viewing this pretty theatre. To say that I was surprised at the artistic arrangements displayed, its perfect stage acoustics, its elegant flies, drops, wings and scenery, its spacious auditorium and gallery, would but feebly express my feelings at the time, for I was nonplussed to observe that you possessed a playhouse that would be a credit to many a city larger than your own.

Woburn's excellent Public Library next claimed my attention. This building and its contents are a grand tribute to literature and fine arts. I saw that churches and schools were numerous—no sinner need lose his soul for the want of churches to seek repentance in, and no head need be devoid of brain food for the lack of schools and other educational facilities.

Whilst my mind reverted to those historic times in the early 1600s when the present city was of almost equal, if not greater, importance, from certain points of view than she now is, standing in the shadow of the monument which Woburn's grateful citizens had dedicated to those brave and loyal patriots who were engaged in the War of the Rebellion 1861-1865, I arrived at these conclusions: 1st, Woburn is a busy city. 2d, Her schools are among the best. 3d, Good positions must be numerous for educated persons. 4th, Her Fire Department excels many in some of the larger cities. 5th, Her Police Force, although meagre in numbers, is prompt and vigilant while protecting the lives and property of its taxpayers. Woe! be unto him who visits this city on mischief bent, for the "Minions of the Law" will surely overhaul him. 6th, The City of Woburn has a population of 15,000 more or less, and of this number the Afro-American constitutes quite a portion. 7th, The total vote cast in the recent Gubernatorial Election was a large one and the "Brother in Black" is credited with casting his share. 8th, This brother is annually taxed to the extent of a considerable sum for the common good and advancement of the city's interests. 9th, There are quite a number of children, heirs of the "Brother in Black," in your schools being fitted to fill higher spheres in life than that now occupied by their parents.

Right here the question suggests itself, what prominent part is the "Brother in Black" playing either in politics or business here? I am sorry to answer, none! Why educate your children when seemingly the much oppressed negro cannot find an opening to any clerical or other important position hereabouts? Will the "Brother in Black," or the politicians, explain why it is there is no representative of this peoples in the Fire, Police or U. S. Gov't Departments, and why is there not at least one Black Janitor in your many schools? Why not a clerk in one of the stores? I think my "Brother in Black" lacks backbone and a strong, intelligent and trusted leadership to present his claims and insist upon receiving the rights politically or otherwise to which he is justly entitled. I will suggest to my "Brother in Black" the constant remembrance of an old and familiar adage i.e. "Dollars do the business every time." In other words, the more dollars, the more real estate, the more Government and Railroad Bonds and the more valuable mining securities you possess, the greater will be your claims upon your fellow citizens. Then and not till then will the "Brother in Black" hold his proper and coveted sphere in life.

True, there are a few common laborers employed in some of the shops, and one or two itinerant hucksters ply their vocation with varying results; but the fact remains, the "Brother in Black" holds no even moderately high or respectable position here either in the Nation, Municipality or with business pursuits. He has a church here—the Baptist. A grocery store, which I am afraid does not receive the support of the goodly housewives of the "Brother in Black."

While this is not intended as a religious or sectarian article, the writer being a good Roman Catholic, but knowing that in times of slavery the R. C. church in the South was the very first to open its doors for the spiritual welfare of the poor negro slave, and that the immortal Daniel O'Connell, a Catholic, was the first great man on earth to raise his voice in opposition to human slavery as it then existed in the Southern States, I cannot refrain from making mention of the same. While viewing the great crowd of worshippers retiring from St. Charles church last Sunday morning I could not discern in all that moving "sea of faces" one that was indelibly connected with the race of which I am but a humble specimen. In the cities of Baltimore, Md., and Washington, D. C., there are several colored Catholic churches. In New York City one, St. Benedict's The Moor, which maintains St. Benedict's Home at Rye, N. Y., where more than 700 destitute negro children annually make their homes permanently being supported by the R. C. church. Creed is no barrier to admittance by the Rt. Rev. Father John E. Burke and his large corps of Christian and able assistants. The Southern States, which are the natural home of the negro, and where he is found in larger numbers than elsewhere, abounds in schools, homes, orphan asylums, and other charitable institutions for colored persons maintained solely by the R. C. church.

In view of the cited cases, I am surprised that the "Brother in Black" does not, if ignorant of these facts, take the time to acquaint himself with them as necessary to his financial, physical and spiritual welfare here and hereafter. Methinks that "The Brother in Black" here in Woburn will have to "get a hustle on," or else be compelled to drop out of the procession that is making long strides of progress towards ultimate success.

"Brother in Black," arouse ye from your lethargy and rush onward and upward with the successful throng.

It will not be a surprise to any who are at all familiar with the good qualities of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, to know that people everywhere take pleasure in relating their experience in the use of that splendid medicine and in telling of the benefit they have received from it, of bad colds it has cured, of threatened attacks of pneumonia it has averted and of the children it has saved from attacks of croup and whooping cough. It is a grand good medicine. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

"I" and "Me."

The number of cultured, refined, educated people who slip into error in the use of "I" and "me" is large and appears to be continually growing. Their trouble lies in their inability to separate the first person from the third, where both are referred to, as in the expression, "Tom asked he and I if," etc.

I heard a very clever man say yesterday, "George said that him and me were the only two in the store." A lawyer in Pine street, well known as a man of unusual ability, gets it wrong nearly every time by striving hard to get it right. He is so afraid that "my client and I" is incorrect that he compromises on "my client and myself." He knows my "client and me" will not do.

By separating the first and second persons this stumbling block is instantly removed, and even a child cannot err. "George said that him and me were" might fool some people, but "George said that him was" could not trip any one. Neither could "George said that me was." Now, altogether, "George said that he was; George said that I was; therefore George said that he and I were."—New York Press.

Not Wasted on Her.

This happened to the wife of a well known merchant who is rather conspicuous for his devotion to the church. His spouse, dressing one Sunday morning, got into a waist that more than put Joseph's coat in the shade. She was conscious of the color scheme, but decided to ask her husband's and her father's opinions before wearing the garment to church. They agreed, poor men, that she was delightfully dressed and that the waist could hardly be improved upon.

So they went to church, the wife with secret misgivings, which, as the case turned out, were well enough founded, for they were no sooner seated in Grace Episcopal church than the Rev. Dr. Worthington gave out the text. "We will read," the reverend rector said, "from the gospel of St. Matthew, the sixteenth chapter and eighth verse, 'To what purpose is this waste?'"

The good woman collapsed in her pew and never raised her head during the remaining portion of the service.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Old Dances In Old Times.

In Edward Scott's "Dancing In All Ages" are some curious details about the dances used by our forefathers.

"Joan Sanderson" was a "jolly dance" in Mr. Scott's definition, for before it was ended each lady had kissed all the gentlemen twice, and each man had been equally enterprising. Mary Stuart danced the "Volta," though "not so high and so disposedly" as Elizabeth. In King Charles' time people danced "Trenchmore," the "Cushion Dance," "Omnium Gatherum" and "Holte cum Toite."

"All In a Garden Green," "Gathering of Peascods," "Lumps of Pudding," "Under and Over," "The Bath," "The Slaughter House" and "Have at Thy Coat, Old Woman," are dances not quite so old.

A Good Notice.

Prof. Elmore A. Pierce of Woburn, the well-known elocutionist, is seen at his best in his remarkably strong interpretation of the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau as given in the Congregational Church, Wilmington, Monday evening. The lecture is a profund study of an event of the greatest religious significance. His audience was able, by aid of wonderfully clear stereopticon views, to look into the little Bavarian village and follow the movements of the play from its magnificent opening to the grand closing scene His word pictures were also graphic and interesting, and are the result of deep research and study. Prof. Pierce, who is a native of Reading, repeated his lecture in the Central Congregational Church, Lynn, on Wednesday evening, to a large and appreciative audience.—*Reading Chronicle.*

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: GIFTS :
FROM OUR
BARGAIN TABLES.
25c., 50c., 75c., $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $5.00.

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BOSTON, MASS.

Art Exhibition
— AND —
SALE.
Mr. Benj. Champney
Will open an Exhibition and Sale of his Paintings at
LEONARD'S ART AUCTION ROOMS,
Bromfield St., Boston.
Opening Monday, Dec. 11, 1899.
Sale on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15 & 16.
These paintings are the accumulation of years of study and include Mr. Champney's best recent work.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 22, 1899.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday, the twelfth day of December, A. D., 1899,

in the following places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two,—Armory, entrance Prospect St.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls will be Open at six o'clock in the morning and closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen-at-large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also for one member of the Board of Public Works, for the term of four years, also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes, "Yes or No," in answer to the question: "Shall eight hours constitute a day's work for all laborers, workmen and mechanics now employed, or who may hereafter be employed, by the City of Woburn?"; also to give in their votes "Yes or No," in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1900?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid questions, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST: JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Chapter 344 of the Acts of the Massachusetts Legislature for 1899.

AN ACT

To make eight hours a day's work for city and town employees.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECTION 1. Eight hours shall constitute a day's work for all laborers, workmen and mechanics now employed, or who may hereafter be employed, by or on behalf of any city or town in this Commonwealth.

SECTION 2. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. This act shall not take effect in any city or town until accepted by a majority of the voters voting thereon at an annual election. Such vote shall be taken by ballot. When so accepted this act shall take effect from the date of such acceptance. [*Approved May 6, 1899.*

A true copy. Attest:
JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

7000 Miles To the Arctic Circle By Stereopticon.

Mr. A. W. Whitcher
WILL DELIVER A
LECTURE

On Life and Customs of the Esquimo and Tinneh Indians of Alaska, with views of scenes along the muddy Yukon, Koyukuk, and Hogatsakakat Rivers.

120 personally taken Photographs

of that unknown corner of the Globe.

AUDITORIUM, WOBURN,
FRIDAY, DEC. 8, 1899.

Admission, - - 35 Cents
Gallery, - - - 25 Cents

Tickets on sale at Wilcox's and Brooks's Drugstores.

Doors open at 7.15 P. M. Lecture at 8 P. M.

UNITARIAN
Sale and Supper
At the Vestry of the Church,
Thursday, Dec. 7, 1899.

Fancy Articles
Housekeeping Supplies.
Bags and Baskets.
China and Glass Table.
Remembrance Table.
Japanese Bundle Table.
Handkerchiefs.
Home-made Candies.

Attractive Parlor Entertainment.

Why not purchase your Holiday Gifts here?

General Admission, 10 Cts
Supper, 25 Cts

Door open at 5. Supper at 6 30.

FURS

A. N. COOK & CO.

Have a Fine Collection of Furs, some of the Choicest European Designs, in small and large Shoulder Capes, Jackets, Sacks and Collarettes. Choice Alaska Seal Skins. Russia and Hudson Bay Sables always on hand.

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..FREE..
Public Lectures
— IN THE —
CITY OF WOBURN
TO BE GIVEN BY THE
Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Frankford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Dec. 12. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "Mexico." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Dec. 26. William G. Ward. Subject: "The Novel and the Short Story."
TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Feb. 13. To be announced.

The Course of the season will be held in the

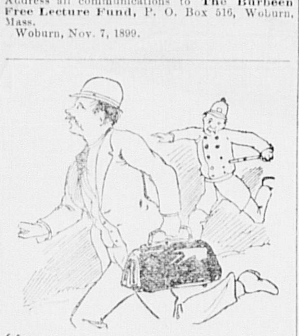
AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, E. MARIA BEAN, WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.**

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.



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that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

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Like a Package of Fruit!
BAKER'S VANILLA

Is made from the finest Mexican Vanilla Beans by our new process, whereby we secure the Vanilla Extract in its native purity and strength. All "Baker's Extracts" are equally pure and strong; they're **Nature's Flavors Bottled Up.** Always in full-measure bottles, no panelled sides. **Use but HALF as much of BAKER'S as of any other flavors. All Grocers.**

FREE Send three shell trade marks cut from the cartons or wrappers of our Extracts and we will forward you a beautiful 4-page Art Calendar for 1900.

Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass.
Trade marks will be received up to Dec. 25.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Curtis Greenwood, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased:

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Sarah E. Greenwood, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to her, the executrix therein named, without giving a surety on her official bond:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the fifth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixteenth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Collector's Sale
— OF —
Real Estate for Non-Payment of Taxes.

WOBURN, MASS., Nov. 15, 1899.

The owners and occupants of the following described parcels of real estate situated in the City of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and the public, are hereby notified that the taxes thereon severally assessed for the year 1897, according to the list committed to me as Collector of Taxes of said City of Woburn, by the Assessors of Taxes for said Woburn, remain unpaid, and that said parcels of real estate will be offered for sale by public auction, at the OFFICE OF THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES, Room No. 3, Municipal Building, Common street, in said Woburn, on **Saturday, December 16, 1899,** at nine o'clock in the forenoon, for the payment of said taxes and interest from October 15, 1897, together with costs and charges thereon, unless the same shall be previously discharged.

The sums set against the descriptions of the several estates show the amounts due thereon respectively for the tax and assessments for the non-payment of which each of said estates is to be sold, not including costs and interest thereon, and costs and charges incident to this sale.

WARD 4.

JAMES B. MURRAY and HUGH D. MURRAY. About 26,348 square feet of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, bounded and described as follows, namely:—Northwesterly by land of Hugh D. Murray; southwesterly by land now, or late, of Barrett; southerly by Montvale Avenue; easterly by land now, or late, of Flagg; northerly by Broad street; being the same premises described in deed of Sumner Flagg, dated November 2, 1886, recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, November 5, 1886.
Tax of 1897, $96 99

HUGH D. MURRAY.—About 6,485 square feet of land, with buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, on Broad street, bounded and dscribed as follows, namely:—Beginning at the southeasterly corner of the premises at land of James B. and Hugh D. Murray; thence the line runs northerly by land last named about 122.5 feet to Broad street; thence westerly by and with said Broad street about 150 feet to land of Buss; thence southerly by land of said Buss to land now, or late, of Barrett; thence easterly by land last named to a corner; thence in a southeasterly direction about 120 feet to Montvale Avenue; thence easterly by and with said Avenue about 126.6 feet to the point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 116 20

ALVAH WISWELL, TRUSTEE OF LONG WOOD HILLS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 6 acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southeasterly corner of premises at land of Mrs. Reuben Weston; thence northerly by said land 64 rods; thence westerly by land of Marshall 10 rods; thence southerly and thence westerly by land of Holden; thence again southerly by land of Heirs of James Brooks; thence easterly and southerly and again easterly by land of Isabella E. Wiswall to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 8 70

ALVAH WISWELL, TRUSTEE OF LONG WOOD HILLS IMPROVEMENT COMPANY.—About 5¼ acres of land, situated in said Woburn, bounded as follows, viz:—Beginning at southwesterly corner of the premises at land of Joseph Marshall; thence north 12° west 10 rods 19 links; thence north 17° west 23 rods 19 links by land of Heirs of John Hart Bancroft to stake at land of Erskine Ames; thence north 72° east 6 rods; thence north 84° east 3 rods; thence south 83° east 4 rods 6 links; thence south 70° east 3 rods 10 links; thence 82° east 2 rods 18 links; thence south 85° east 10 rods; thence north 85° east 8 rods 23 links all by land of Ames to stake at land of Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 31° east 15 rods 10 links; thence south 41° east 6 rods 22 links by land of said Heirs of Barnabus Richardson; thence south 78° west by land of Joseph Marshall 37 rods 1 link to point of beginning.
Tax of 1897, 5 10

JOHN G. MAGUIRE, Collector of Taxes for the City of Woburn.

MISS E. A. DAILEY,
Pianoforte Instructor,
No. 9 Baldwin St.,
Winchester Highlands, Mass.

Terms Reasonable.
Lessons given at my house, or will visit the homes of pupils.
☞ Especial attention given to beginners.

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Quality Comes First,
Then Price Follows.
We act on this thought.
We aim to carry only first-class goods.

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Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,
— DEALER IN —
HARDWARE
FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.
421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.
Prices and terms reasonable.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers
Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
DENTIST
385 Main St. WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3.
LAWRENCE READE,
Sexton of St. Charles Church.
Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

JOHN ARNOTT,
Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Clocks called for and delivered.
☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

"A Bit Shaky."

A man looks at his trembling hands and says: "I feel a bit shaky this morning, and shall need a bracer." His real need is not nerve stimulant, but nerve strength. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery gives strength to the nervous system. It does not brace up, but builds up. It is entirely free from alcohol and from opium, cocaine, and other narcotics usually found in so-called nerve medicines.

Accept no substitute for "Golden Medic[illegible] Discovery." It cures.

David Duggins, Esq., of Jones, Ohio Co., Ky., writes: "When I began taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I think I had nervous or general debility of three years' duration. I took three bottles of the 'Discovery.' During the time I was taking it my sleep became more refreshing and I gained fifteen pounds weight, and also gained strength every day."

Free. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent *free* on receipt of stamps to pay cost of mailing *only*. Send 21 one-cent stamps for book bound in paper, or 31 stamps for cloth binding. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE HEADY BURGLAR

METHODS HE USES TO PUT THE POLICE ON THE WRONG SCENT.

Two Cases Where Coolness and Presence of Mind Were More Effective Than Fleetness of Foot In Evading the Officers of the Law.

"The crooks of Chicago don't believe in the running game in attempting to escape when caught at work," said a Chicago detective who was in Washington last week, "and I'm rather inclined to believe that they've got the sensible end of it. A man who starts to run away from one or more policemen, no matter whether he is swifter of foot than a deer, is bound to be collared nine times out of ten, whether he makes his dash at midday or in the middle of the night. He has to take the big chance of being headed off by other cops, and he has to take chances on the blind alleys that he's liable to run into. The crook, caught red handed, who keeps longest out of the clutches of the police, is the man who uses his head and who doesn't run. To illustrate:

"A few months ago a well known Chicago housebreaker, who has put in numerous hefty stretches at Joliet, decided to crack a crib on Prairie avenue, one of the swagger houses of the town. He found that the whole family occupying the house were going to the theater on a certain night, and he figured on all of the servants remaining below stairs after the family's departure. He made a second story job of it, climbing up a porch, and he got in without a bit of trouble. It was really something easy, and the fellow simply got pockets full of jewelry. The thing was passing off beautifully when a maidservant walked in on him while he was ransacking the dressers in one of the ladies' boudoirs. She let out a scream and went a-kiting down the steps to where the menservants were. The crook sloped for the front door on the second floor and slipped down the same porch stanchion that he had used in climbing up. He was pretty quick, and he was a couple of doors away, on the sidewalk, before a lot of servants burst out of the house and began to yell for the police.

Now, if that crook had started to run there is no manner of doubt that he would have been headed off, and he would have stood more than an even chance of being shot into the bargain—if not by a cop, then by some citizen or other, for since the reign of footpad terror in Chicago a few years ago a majority of the citizens who stay out late o' nights pack guns around with them. Well, this thief didn't do any running stunt at all. There was an undertaker's wagon standing in front of a house about five doors away from the one he had robbed. No one was in the wagon. The crook saw his chance. He stepped aboard the wagon in a leisurely manner, gave a cluck to the horse and started to drive off at a lazy trot just as a couple of officers charged around the corner. He pulled the wagon up to talk to the cops.

"'I guess somebody's been killed down in that house, the way they're yellin,' he said to the cops.

"'Have you seen any one running by here?' the policeman asked him.

"'Well, just as I hopped aboard the wagon there was a duck chased out of that house and screwed down the other way,' replied the thief, and the policemen took up their lope and started for the robbed house. The thief drove down Prairie avenue with all the leisure in life. He abandoned the wagon after going a mile, and took a down town car. I nailed him a couple of months later when he was drunk, on suspicion of having a hand in a certain job, and he was boastful enough to own up to it and to tell me how he'd got away on the occasion I've told you [illegible]bout.

"[illegible] more recently there was an- [illegible]own Chicago second story [illegible] of going through [illegible]ominent boule- [illegible] in on him, [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible]wift one and backn[illegible] [illegible] swiftly out of [illegible] steps, a number of [illegible] meantime appearing at [illegible] door and howling. Down in [illegible] block a big gang of all night men we[illegible] engaged in putting in new sewer pipes. The crook didn't take up any sprint, but he just made for the scene of the sewer pipe operations at a good walking clip. He was got up pretty roughly, and he jumped into the first ditch he came to, after having caught up a pick that was lying on the brink, and started in to work.

"There was a Swede in the pit there with him, but the Swede had the proper Scandinavian stolidity, and he didn't pay any attention to his new digging companion. The crook plied his pick there for an hour, while cops plowed around all over the street looking for the robber. When the excitement had all died down, he dropped his pick and stole silently away. There was rum in this one's head, too, when one of my sleuth pals got him, and he told chestily of the neat way he had given the cops the slip. So many of the Chicago crooks are adopting similar tactics nowadays that it is rare for a Chicago policeman to get a run for his money, in the half literal sense."—Washington Star.

A Man With a Visible Heart.

One of the most remarkable of all human phenomena of which we find records in the history of physical science was a young man whose heart and lungs were not only visible, but could be handled by a second person.

This young man was the son of the family of Montgomery and lived in the reign of Charles I. While traveling abroad he met with a very serious accident, falling upon some instrument which pierced his side and left a large open wound. Even when the wound had healed the cavity remained.

The great Harvey, who discovered this remarkable youth, relates in one of his journals the strange story.

"When I paid my respects to this noble youth and conveyed to him the king's request that I should be allowed to examine him," wrote Harvey, "he made no concealment, but exposed the left side of his breast, when I saw a cavity into which I could introduce my finger and thumb. Astonished with the novelty, again and again I explored the wound, and first, marveling at the extraordinary nature of the cure, set about the examination of the heart. Taking it in the fingers of one hand, and placing the fingers of the other upon the pulse of the wrist, I satisfied myself that it was indeed the heart which I grasped. I then brought him before the king that he might behold and touch so extraordinary a thing, and that he might perceive, as I did, that unless we touched the outer skin, or when he saw our fingers in the cavity, this young nobleman knew not that we had touched his heart."

It was in this way that Harvey proved his theory of the insensibility of the heart to be correct.—Pearson's Weekly.

Short History of the Ballet.

Like all dancing, the root of the ballet is to be found in prehistoric times, but Italy was the home where its growth became coincident with the development of the opera. With the Medici it was imported into France, and flourished as a court entertainment under Catherine de' Medici. As the ballet increased in popularity it was gradually associated with the libretto of a great poet and the music of a great musician, and it used to be put on the stage by some noble patron of the arts. Princes of the royal blood frequently took part in the performance—Louis XIII, to wit, and Henri IV, who had a special dancing room built in the arsenal. Even Le Roi Soleil did not dream it beneath his dignity to impersonate various characters in the ballet until he was prevented by his growing corpulence.

Gaetan Vestris, who styled himself in Provencal dialect "le dieu de la danse," brought the ballet to its perfection, and when age disabled him his son Auguste was a worthy successor. Mlle. Camary danced with the father, while Madeleine Guimard, the protectress of David the painter, was a contemporary of the son. This century was a quarter gone before the golden age of the ballet in London. Great things, however, were done at Her Majesty's theater in early Victorian days. "Giselle" was the united work of Heine, Theophile Gautier and Adolphe Adam, and the premiere danseuse was Carlotta Grisi. She was succeeded by Fanny Elssler and Taglioni, who was immortalized by Thackeray, and was alive not many years ago.—Saturday Review.

Schools Under the First Empire.

The pupils of the primary schools felt a quasi dependence on the emperor. Those of the lyceums were the very children of patronage, for the cheapness of their education, combined with their semimilitary uniforms and habits, impressed on them and their families the immanence of the empire at every turn. They entered by government examinations. All their letters passed through the head master's hands. They were put under a threefold system of espionage culminating in the grand master. The 150 scholarships and bourses in each were paid by the state. The punishments were, like those of soldiers, arrest and imprisonment. With the acquisition of military habits the young lyceen could look forward to military promotion, for 250 of the most select were sent every year to the military schools, where they lived at the emperor's expense, expecting professional advancement by the emperor's patronage.

Others of less merit were detached for the civil service, and in that also their careers were at the imperial mercy. They were daily and hourly reminded of Napoleon's greatness, for 2,400 foreigners from the vassal states of the empire were scattered among these institutions, where they were turned into Frenchmen and docile subjects at the emperor's expense, while being virtually held as hostages for the good behavior of their parents.—Professor Sloane in Century.

War Talk.

I confess to an innate love of war; that martial matters fascinate me; that I favor a spirited foreign policy, and am jealous in defense of the majesty and honor of the nation. It is no timidity that prompts these reminiscences and reflections. Yet I believe that in this age of the world and with our experience we should remember what war really is and how unexpectedly it often comes. The cloud rises and passes. People say "the war scare" is over. Yet they continue to talk war recklessly at intervals. Months go by, and perhaps years. Then suddenly the cloud covers the heavens, and the tempest bursts. Every intemperate word, every rash or unnecessary defiance, has gone to swell and surcharge the cloud. It is the people, after all, who make war in every country—or make it possible. And they make it not so much by a declaration of the congress or the king as by their careless or unmeasured utterances in times of peace. War is sometimes inevitable, but every citizen has a responsibility, not simply individual, but national, to avoid bringing it on by fiery speech when the issue of force may honorably be prevented by manly self restraint.—George Parsons Lathrop in North American Review.

Queer Story of a Grave.

A curious barren mound is to be seen in Montgomery churchyard. Whatever the cause, there is plainly to be seen a strip of sterility in the form of a cross among a mass of verdure. With the mound a melancholy legend is connected. It is called "Robert's Grave," and the story is that beneath this barren hillock lie the remains of an innocent man who was hanged on mistaken evidence. It is said that while the man stood on the gallows with the rope round his neck he solemnly declared, as a proof of his innocence, that grass should never grow on his grave. And even so it was and is. Any one who attempts to frustrate the fulfillment of this prophecy by sowing grass on this spot pays the penalty with his life. Instances are given of individuals who have been rash enough to do so and have met their doom soon afterward.—Cardiff Western Mail.

OLD TIME DINNERS.

The Way the Well to Do In the South Lived Before the War.

An old fashioned gentleman growing eloquent on the subject of southern hospitality and the viands that were set before friends and neighbors when invited to a feast, a reporter said:

"Will you state your recollections of what was served on such occasions if I write it down for you?"

"Of course I will," was the reply. "I can see such a table in my mind's eye right now. First, there was soup, of course. If it was cold weather, we had oyster soup, or perhaps fish. If it was in the midst of the vegetable season, we had rich, high colored beef soup, with plenty of tomatoes, okra, grated corn and such like, well proportioned and well seasoned with pepper and a little onion.

"When the soup plates were taken off, and after the tureen was set aside, then a fine home raised ham took its place in front of the hostess. I can discern the delicious flavor right now in my recollection. Sometimes the skin was peeled off and the outside plentifully sprinkled or dusted with black pepper, and that delicious meat was good as long as a piece was left on the bone. For my part, I liked it best with the skin left on, because the meat was cured so perfectly that even the skin was toothsome and preserved the juices until the meat was consumed.

"At the other end of the table, in front of the host, you would see a fine roast turkey—if the season was winter or early spring—garnished with parsley and slices of cold boiled eggs. The dressing was rich, made of bread crumbs if you had them, otherwise a pan was filled with thick, rich batter, plenty of eggs, plenty of butter, daintily seasoned, and cooked until the stuffing was of the right consistency, and then the fowl was packed full, and little cakes of the dressing, baked along in the pan, to garnish the sides of the great turkey dish. If the time was midsummer, the turkey was replaced by huge dishes full of fried chicken and baked chicken, sometimes with the fowl 'smothered.' The chicken menu was varied if the time was ripe for kid meat or fat mutton, as it happened. Late in the fall a shoulder of fat pig or a whole young pig was seen, roasted to a turn.

"All along down the table you would find bowls of apple sauce, green or dried; stewed peaches, sweet and choice; rice, every grain standing alone; pickles of all kinds, potatoes, butter, honey, light bread, nice beaten biscuit and such desserts. Mince pies, apple and peach pies, the crusts crisp and flaky; apple dumplings, rich with sugar, spice and butter; cakes that were cakes sure enough, sponge jelly and pound cake that took an hour to make and three to cook, fruit cake that was better six months after it was made than at first, jellies, preserves, boiled custards and syllabub that it makes my mouth now water to recall them in such bountiful profusion. Gracious plenty was in the kitchen as well as the house, and no chef in a millionaire's kitchen is as much gratified as the old time cook, whose head kerchief or turban was as white as her fresh apron was spotless whenever her mistress called her name and introduced her to the ladies who lingered at the table after the men folks had gone to the piazza or the parlor fire for an after dinner smoke."—Atlanta Journal.

An Absentminded Man.

A local railroad official is an extremely absentminded man. He frequently forgets to go to lunch, and it is usually necessary to remind him that it is time for dinner. His wife, knowing his little peculiarities, is his other self and looks carefully after his affairs at home. She sees to it that he does not go down town with one yellow and one black shoe and keeps his cuffs carefully separated. The strange thing about it is that he never under any circumstances forgets a business affair of any sort or confuses identities or anything of that kind in connection with the railroad, but he will return his sister-in-law's bow with a distant stare or an absentminded touch of the hat.

One day last summer he ran up to the lakes to spend a few hours with his wife and family. She had arranged for a game of golf, of which he is passionately fond, and he spent the afternoon playing foursome, winning with his partner against his wife and another man. That night he got on the train at the little station, his wife and the children having gone down with him. He bade them a fond farewell and then, after he had settled his effects in the sleeper, wrote a telegram, which he addressed to his wife at St. Louis, to this effect: "Will be home 8:30 Friday. Won golf game today."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Idea of the English.

The following illustrates Louis Philippe's idea of England and the English. He one day asked Hugo if he had ever been in England, and on receiving a negative reply continued:

"Well, when you do go—for you will go—you will see how strange it is. It resembles France in nothing. Over there are order, arrangement, symmetry, cleanliness, well mowed lawns and profound silence on the streets. The passersby are as serious and as mute as specters. When, being French and alive, you speak in the street, these specters look back at you and murmur with an inexpressible mixture of gravity and disdain, 'French people!' When I was in London, I was walking arm in arm with my wife and sister.

"We were conversing in a not too loud tone of voice, for we are well bred persons, you know, yet all the passersby, bourgeois and men of the people, turned to gaze at us, and we could hear them growling behind us, 'French people! French people!'"—"Memoirs of Victor Hugo."

The Moon's Atmosphere.

The recent conclusions of the French scientists, MM. Loewy and Puiseux, as to the possible presence of some gaseous envelope on the moon's surface are of very general interest. After giving reasons for concluding that the formidable volcanic eruptions of which the moon has been the theater belong to a recent time in the history of our satellite, they point out that these eruptions must have set at liberty great quantities of gas or vapors, while the diffusion of cinders on the lunar surface to great distances infers a gaseous envelope of a certain density.

Has the time, they ask, which has elapsed since the great eruptions sufficed to bring about the total disappearance of this gaseous envelope? Considering that the already solidified lunar surface could only have absorbed the gases slowly and with difficulty, they conclude that from their examination of the lunar surface there are serious grounds for believing that there exists at the present time a residue of atmosphere of which the detection, surrounded as it is with great difficulties, may yet be realized.

He Stood the Test.

One of the hardest tests given applicants who go before the civil service commission boards of examiners is in the form of printed matter, which is to be copied without a single change. It is said to be surprising to find how many intelligent people find it impossible to properly stand this test. They can frequently correct errors in language which they cannot copy verbatim.

There was lately an applicant who showed his aptitude for this work. He was given a printed page and told to copy it.

"Want it just like this?" he asked.

"Without a change," the examiner replied.

The man labored. The printed matter was on a white sheet and was spotless, with the exception of a fly speck on one of its corners. The sheet the student had was minus a blemish in that particular spot, but when it was turned in there was a well imitated fly speck. There was not a flaw in the work, and he received a rating of 100 on that portion of his examination and today is one of the best and most trusted employees in the service of the commission, where he was detailed shortly after taking his examination.—Washington Star.

A Difficult Lay.

A New England woman is the owner of a hen which appears to choose her surroundings with a discriminating eye.

Soon after her present owner acquired the hen she discovered the creature's fondness for stepping into the house whenever she could effect an entrance and laying an egg on the down coverlet which ornamented the bed in the "best chamber."

One day the hen managed to get in unobserved during a season of sweeping, and her presence was only discovered as she made her way hastily out of the side door, cackling with triumph, some time later.

As the best room coverlet had been out of the way during the sweeping, the mistress of the house looked about for the egg which she felt sure had been laid somewhere. She found it, after half an hour's search, on the plush mantel covering in the parlor, where the hen must have sat in state between a china shepherdess and a glass vase.

Nothing on the mantelshelf had been disturbed, although just how the hen had managed the delicate business will never be known.—Youth's Companion.

Merely a Question of Spelling.

He was the engineer of an ocean liner and prided himself on his knowledge of electricity. On one of his brief stays at home he accompanied his wife to a party. The subject of electricity coming up, he indignantly combated the idea that it was possible for two people to produce an electrical current through the body of a third by simple physical contact. His wife and a friend said they would prove it and, leading him to a window, told him to pull up his sleeves and place both hands flat on the glass. They then, on either side, took a firm grip on his wrists. At the end of a few moments his wife said:

"Don't you feel a pain, Willy?"

"No!" he replied and returned a like negative to a second and a third inquiry.

At his third response most of the company began to laugh, and it suddenly flashed into his mind that the pronunciation of pain and pane was the same.—New York Tribune.

Wouldn't Sell His Name.

Soon after General Robert E. Lee went to Lexington, Va., the presidency of an insurance company was offered to him at a salary of $10,000 a year. He was at that time receiving only $3,000 as president of the Washington and Lee university. "We do not want you to discharge any duties, general," said the agent. "We simply wish the use of your name. That will abundantly compensate us."

"Excuse me, sir," was the prompt and decided rejoinder. "I cannot consent to receive pay for services I do not render."

Nearly every mail brought him similar proposals, and just a short while before his death a large and wealthy corporation in New York city offered him $50,000 per annum to become its president. But he refused all such offers and quietly pursued his chosen path of duty.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Accommodated.

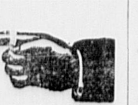
The manager of the clothing department opened his envelope on pay day and scowled.

"Look here, Miggs," he said to the cashier, "this is the fourth time in succession you have paid me with three $20 bills, and I'm getting tired of hustling around to get them changed. Suppose you work your big bills off on some other fellows for awhile, begad!"

"Mr. Miggs," spake up a calm, unemotional, businesslike voice from somebody who was sitting inside the railing with a newspaper in his hand, "for the next four weeks you will please save Mr. Whackham some annoyance by keeping one $20 bill per week out of his envelope."—Chicago Tribune.

A sinecure is a position in which one man puts you for the purpose of drawing the salary while another man does the work.—Chicago News.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

THE "GRAY FOX."

General Charles King's Reminiscences of Major General Crook.

Young officers fresh from West Point looked at him in wonderment. Instead of a somewhat unapproachable dignitary, in precise uniform and epaulets and embroidered sash and belt, they were welcomed by a cordial handclasp from a tall, bushy bearded man, with twinkling gray blue eyes, in an old slouch felt hat, flannel shirt, rough canvas shooting coat and trousers and common soldier's boots.

Generally his beard was tied up with string or red tape, the only use he had for that usual military indispensable. He sat at campfire or in the simply furnished parlor of his army home listening to the chat about him, rarely speaking and assiduously playing solitaire with a pack of cards produced from an inner pocket. He could play a capital hand at whist, but fought shy of a game with careless or forgetful players. He heard everything that was said and saw everything going on about him, but seldom gave a sign.

From the so called pleasures of society, dinners, dances and receptions he shrank in dismay. He ate only the simplest food. He never smoked. He hated wine. He wouldn't touch spirits. He marveled that any man should. "It spoils his shooting," said he. And our general was a capital shot. He could foot it through an old fashioned quadrille or Virginia reel, but nothing else, and would always get away on social occasions into the first obscure corner he could find, and then out would come the old pack of cards.

He rarely read anything but nature's books, although he had a mathematical gift and not only stood well in scientific studies at the Point, as did Grant, but he helped along his unmathematical roommate, Sheridan. Writing was something Crook abhorred. He could hardly decipher one of his own pages, and his letters and dispatches, like those of old "Rough and Ready," General Zachary Taylor, were generally penned by some brilliant staff officer.

Children he loved and treated with a shy tenderness that was sweet to see, but he had none of his own. His wife was a Maryland girl who won his heart during the war days while her brother and other enterprising "rebs" made way with his body, capturing him by a daring night raid into Cumberland.

Like Grant, he was simplicity itself in speech, rarely lifting up his voice, and only once did I ever hear him speak an impatient word or one that faintly resembled an expletive, but that was in the thick of the Sioux campaign of 1876 and when he had much to try him.

We had to eat our horses that year to keep alive. We had no tents, and hardly a change of underwear could be found in the whole column. We were wet, bedraggled and dirty when we reached the Yellowstone, but the general was as badly off as the humblest trooper and minded it less. There we met the spruce command of General Terry, and Terry himself, in handsome uniform, the picture of the gentleman and soldier, came over to our bivouac to call on Crook. I was drying my buckskins at a fire as he approached and stepped forward to salute him.

"Where shall I find General Crook?" said he.

For a moment I could not answer. Then an old trooper grinned and nodded toward the river, and there, squatted on a rock, well out in the stream, stripped to the waist and scrubbing away at his shirt, was our general, and Terry was too much of a gentleman even to look amused at the sight.

The Indians called him the "Gray Fox." The soldiers had their pet names, but we, his officers, who followed him all over the west, from the Mexican border to the upper Yellowstone, spoke of him always as "the general," our general. That meant, of course, Crook, the simplest soldier I ever knew. In all the years it was my fortune to serve under him in Arizona, Wyoming, Dakota, Montana or at his headquarters in Omaha or Chicago, I never saw him in the uniform of his rank until he lay dead in his coffin, his guard of honor grouped about him.—Youth's Companion.

The Wooing of the Woodcock.

The wooing of the woodcock is one of those sights to witness which a lover of nature in all its moods will make a journey of miles. The scene is enacted at twilight, and the setting is of willow or alder bushes whose branches are just beginning to show the tender green of early spring. Suddenly from the damp ground a bird form shoots upward like some swamp spirit until it is outlined against the gray of the evening sky. Then it circles above the branches, and the song of the wooing begins. Hidden in the darkness of the thick lower growth is the object to which this love song is directed. The bird above circles perhaps a score of times, then drops back to the damp thicket, making a sound which can be likened only to the dropping of water into a woodland pool.

Again the bird soars and circles, singing still the love song. This is repeated time after time until the last gleam of light has faded and night's darkness comes down.—Chicago Tribune.

He Found It.

"Did you ever know your husband to find anything where you told him to look for it?" said Mrs. Dimpleton to Mrs. Witherby.

"Never but once," said Mrs. Witherby. "But I don't consider it was a fair trial."

"Oh, do tell me."

"I told him to look in one of my pockets in my wardrobe for a smelling bottle that was wrapped up in a $100 bill papa had given me for my birthday, and he found it in three minutes."—Life.

General Lee's Modesty.

A month or so after his surrender General Lee went one day to the store near his home in Powhatan county, Va., which served also as the post office. Everybody in the town was instantly eager to see him, and in a few moments the store was crowded. The general was talking with the proprietor about crops and other matters and appeared utterly unconscious of the fact that the gathering of the residents was due solely to his presence. Suddenly he realized that everybody was watching him and modestly said: "But I see I am keeping you from your many customers. Pardon me!" and at once withdrew.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Martin's Way.

Irishmen are inclined to word perversion; but, says a writer in The Nineteenth Century, the following description of slow speech which often degenerated into a stammer shows that occasionally they use the best words possible in explaining a thing:

"It's a quare sort uv way Martin talks," said Pat. "It's as if he tuk the words out uv his mout' an luked at 'em before he gives 'em to yez."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 3.

Text of the Lesson, Neh. xiii, 15-22. Memory Verses, 15-17—Golden Text, Ex. xx, 8—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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It would seem that Nehemiah, after being 12 years at Jerusalem (compare chapters ii, 1, and xiii, 6), returned to Babylon, and during his absence from the holy city much evil was wrought by the enemies of the Lord. The rulers forsook the house of God, Tobiah was permitted to occupy a chamber therein, the Jews intermarried with Ashdod, Ammon and Moab, and the Sabbath day became greatly desecrated (verses 4, 5, 11, 23). Our lesson today has special reference to the last of these.

15, 16. The ordinary work of farm and vineyard and the buying and selling of fish and other victuals and all manner of ware were common events in Jerusalem on God's holy day, notwithstanding that Jehovah had said, "Ye shall keep my Sabbaths and reverence my sanctuary; I am the Lord" (Lev. xix, 30; xxvi, 2), and those who read the law knew that one reason for the long captivity through which they had just passed was their disobedience in the matter of the Sabbath (Lev. xxvi, 43; II Chron. xxxvi, 21). When God gave the Ten Commandments from Mount Sinai from the midst of the fire, the people answered, "All that the Lord hath said will we do and be obedient" (Ex. xxiv, 3, 7), but Moses had not been absent six weeks from them before they are seen worshiping a golden calf (Ex. xxxii, 4, 8). See proof upon proof that the carnal mind is enmity against God, that it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be (Rom. viii, 7). In the lesson record both people of Judah and men of Tyre took part in the Sabbath breaking, and today both Jews and Gentiles seem to vie with each other in committing this same sin. Every year sees an increasing amount of business and amusement on the Sabbath day, and it has actually come to this: There are ministers in so called evangelical pulpits who think it no harm to indulge in recreation on the Sabbath afternoon and teach the people so. The men of Tyre would not have continued to bring their wares to Jerusalem on the Sabbath if the men of Judah, God's professed people, had refused to buy on that day. How much sin the professed people of God are responsible for in this world today God only knows. There is one thing that each individual believer can do, and that is see that one's own life is right before God in this matter of keeping holy God's Sabbath day, for every life made right will help to right others.

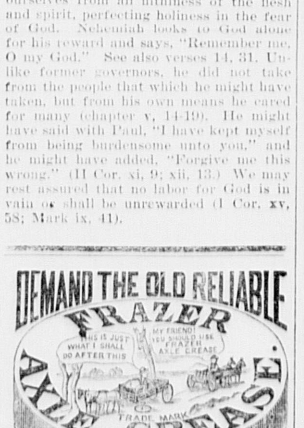
17, 18. "Then I contended with the nobles of Judah." He contended with them about forsaking the house of God (verse 11) and about breaking the Sabbath, reminding them of the evils that had come upon city and people because of former sins. When it came to the matter of strange wives, he not only contended with them, but cursed them and smote them and made them take an oath before God that they would stop this sin (verse 25). When he found Tobiah occupying a chamber in the house of God, he simply cast forth his household stuff and cleansed the chambers, and when he dealt with the son-in-law of Sanballat he chased him from him, and thus he cleansed the people from all strangers (verses 8, 9, 28, 30). He was God's witness, a comfort to Jehovah, and he dealt with sin with a firm hand. Some Nehemiahs are needed today.

19. "I commanded that the gates should be shut and charged that they should not be opened till after the Sabbath." Thus he took definite and very decided action and appointed some of his own servants to see that his orders were carried out. I do not know any better, more full or more simple instructions as to Sabbath keeping than those set forth in Isa. lviii, 13, 14, which give no permission for our own words or ways or pleasure, but require the day to be wholly given up to God, assuring us that if we do this then we shall delight ourselves in the Lord. In Ps. xxxvii, 4, it is written, "Delight thyself in the Lord and He shall give thee the desire of thine heart."

20. "So the merchants and sellers of all kind of ware lodged without Jerusalem once or twice." If the servants of Christ were always as persevering as the servants of the devil, there might be more accomplished for our blessed Lord. If believers were fully yielded to Christ and zealous only for His glory, He might accomplish more through them. When in Calcutta two years ago, I heard of an old lady who once lived there who always saw something good in every one. Some children one day asked her if she ever saw anything good in the devil. She replied, "Well, children, he is very persevering." If we were as persevering for the good as he is for the evil, it would be well.

21. "From that time forth came they no more on the Sabbath." He testified against them and threatened to lay hands on them if they came again, and that stopped them. If a wrong thing comes under our notice that we have the power to stop or at least testify against it, and we do nothing or say nothing, our silence may make us partaker of the evil. The Spirit through John says that if any one comes bringing not the doctrine of Christ and another should give him greeting, that one becomes partaker of the evil doctrine (II John ix, 11). Nehemiah was not a partner in Sabbath breaking.

22. "And I commanded the Levites that they should cleanse themselves and that they should come and keep the gates to sanctify the Sabbath day." Only the clean can help to make clean. Those who bear the vessels of the Lord must be clean. In the ordinance of the red heifer it required a clean person both to gather up the ashes and to use them in sprinkling the unclean. In II Cor. vi, 14, to vii, 1, if we would know what it means to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty and to have God as our Father we are told that we must cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Nehemiah looks to God alone for his reward and says, "Remember me, O my God." See also verses 14, 31. Unlike former governors, he did not take from the people that which he might have taken, but from his own means he cared for many (chapter v, 14-19). He might have said with Paul, "I have kept myself from being burdensome unto you," and he might have added, "Forgive me this wrong." (II Cor. xi, 9; xii, 13.) We may rest assured that no labor for God is in vain or shall be unrewarded (I Cor. xv, 58; Mark ix, 41).



UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass

(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Price

Building a Fire.

To kindle any fire small sticks should be laid across each other, basket fashion, with paper below. See that the drafts and dampers are all open, the upper front check closed, and apply the match before a bit of coal is put upon the wood. When it has begun to burn well, put on one shovelful, allowing the air to pass through unchecked so as to kindle that. In a short time more may be added, then more, and when the coal begins to glow red shut one draft, then another.

Turn out of doors the first person who dares to dream of using kerosene to help start a fire, and severely admonish her who persists in filling the firebox to the top of stove or range. That is the way to burn out or crack the stove and destroy the firebrick. Besides, it chokes the draft, causing less heat to be given out. A hot fire is a clear fire, with the draft coming unchecked through the bottom damper. The persons who boil their tea are the same that fill the range as full as it will hold, and when it fails, as it then must, to give out the needed heat, take off the cover and punch and poke it down from above, thus crowding the coal into a still more compact mass. Such a cook has her range speedily filled with clinkers and wastes much fuel.—Good Housekeeping.

She Was Willing.

Perfect confidence is desirable between couples engaged to be married, but it is not always that the young woman has as fine an opportunity to establish it as did a Norristown belle, to whom a wealthy young bachelor had been paying assiduous attention. After worrying her a good deal about how many young men had been in love with her and how many she had been attached to, he asked her to marry him, adding:

"Now, let there be perfect confidence between us. Keep nothing concealed from me."

"Certainly," replied the giddy girl, "let us have no concealments," and, jumping up, she snatched the wig he wore from his head and danced around the room with it.

In spite of this levity, the couple married and, from all accounts, are living happily, more particularly so, by means of using crude petroleum a nice little crop of soft brown hair is growing all over the husband's head. The man had never heard of crude petroleum as a hair tonic until his wife told him about it, so if she had not enforced his confidence he would still be bald.—Philadelphia Record.

On Whom Was the Joke?

A couple of ladies in Pana desired to play a joke on the husband of one and got things into a pretty mess before they got through. The husbands were absent from home when the ladies gave birth to children, twins being born to one and one to the other. The single baby was transferred to the bed of the twins in order to make the father of the twins think he was the father of triplets.

Then, after the joke had been allowed to cause consternation for a time in the mind of the supposed father of the triplets, the whole thing was exposed, but the mothers were unable to identify their children. One woman took one and the other retained two, but neither is certain she has the right ones. Hysterics and other evidences of excitement are in order, but the complete identity of those children will never be established.

The mother of the twins will know that she has one of her children, but which one? While the mother of the one child will never be certain that she hasn't one of the other woman's babies.—Taylorville (S. C.) Courier.

Made Them Even.

"I have seen many a funny incident in knocking about," said C. J. Griswold of Denver, "but I don't remember any more amusing than one I witnessed at Friar's Point, Coahoma county, Miss., some years ago. I was in that part of the country on some business, and, having nothing in particular to do for the time being, I went up to the little courthouse to witness a jury trial that was going on there. One of the jurors, a rustic looking chap, kept going to sleep in the box, which irritated the presiding judge extremely. The judge sent a court officer to awaken the juror once or twice, but when he went to sleep for the third time the judge evidently thought patience had ceased to be a virtue, for, leaning over the rail, he said to the juror with severity:

"'John Doe, I fine you $50 for persistently sleeping in court.'

"'All right, judge,' replied Doe, 'that makes us even on that game we had last night.'

"Inquiry developed that the night previous had witnessed a poker game at Friar's Point, from which the magistrate had risen a loser of exactly $50 to Doe."—New York Tribune.

What the Spider Said.

"I was spinning a web in the rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she said. 'I can't! I can't!'

"Then her mother came and bade her look at me. Now, every time I spun a nice silky thread and tried to fasten it from one branch to another the wind blew and tore it away.

"This happened many times, but at last I made one that did not break and fastened it close and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled.

"'What a patient spider!' she said.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine and a square of beautiful patchwork on the steps."—Weekly Bouquet.

To Clean Tapestry.

Tapestry and cretonne may be cleaned and revived by this process: Cut up some soap into shreds, allowing four ounces of soap to each quart of water, and boil to a jelly. Have ready two tubs of pretty hot water. Add to this enough boiled soap to make a good lather. Add two handfuls of bran to prevent the colors running. Wash quickly with little rubbing, first in one and then in the other tub, and then rinse out in either salt and water or vinegar and water. Shake well to get rid of the bran and dry at once. Starch in a thin boiled starch, roll tightly in a clean cloth, mangle and then iron with a moderately hot iron.—New York Press.

Plaster and Sound.

Professor Nussbaum of Hanover has discovered that the plastering in the walls seriously affects the acoustic properties of a room. Any admixture of sand with the plaster spoils the reverberation of musical tones. The best results are obtained by using pure gypsum that has been heated to a white heat.

The Thread Tooth.

"Some day I'm going to get up a lecture and advertise it to be delivered before women only," said a dentist. "In that way I'll be sure to draw a big crowd, and when I get a whole grist of femininity within hearing distance I'm going to preach at them for all I'm worth. My text will be 'The Thread Tooth.' Why you women will persist in doing such senseless things when you know the result is going to be more or less harmful is something I can't for the life of me understand, but it is a fact that nine out of ten of you who use the needle, be it much or little, will go on biting as if nothing better than teeth had ever been invented for the purpose of severing thread. I verily believe that if a woman had a dozen pairs of shears within reach she would bite her thread instead of clipping it, which really doesn't take a second longer.

"'But I don't bite hard,' my callers always protest when I expostulate with them. Great Scott, what an argument! Just as if a person had to bite clear through a millstone to break the enamel on a tooth. A thread is a fine, delicate thing, to be sure, but so are some saws and files, and all are sure to cut their way through almost any substance if applied persistently. When I get my lecture ready, I'm going to say all this and a good deal more, and I'm going to wind up with the advice that I'm giving now to every woman who handles a needle: 'Don't bite your thread. Cut it or break it or do any other old thing with it, but don't, if you value your incisors and your cuspids and your bicuspids, saw it off with your teeth.'"—New York Sun.

This Hen Had Sense.

My sister lived on a farm in Woodbury, Conn., and raised a great many fowls. One hen turkey was very unfortunate with her broods, losing them by taking them into the tall grass some distance away. She was an excellent mother, but lacked judgment. She mourned sincerely for them and for comfort would coax the broods of the other turkeys and hens to follow her.

One morning about 4 o'clock my sister was awakened by a pecking at her face. Springing up, she found a hen on the bed. It was the mother of a young brood of chickens. She pondered a moment and then said to her husband, "I believe that old turkey is calling Biddy's chickens away."

Going to the door, the hen in advance, there indeed was the childless fowl clucking to the chickens, which were toddling along after her. The mother hen had given the alarm, but the mystery was how she had gained an entrance to the house.

Upon looking about it was found that a window had been left open in an upper hall, just below which was a shed. It was not very high, but the anxious mother had flown upon the shed and from there to the window, then, going down the stairs, which opened into the kitchen, the door of which was open, had gone across the room into the bedroom and awakened my sister. She rescued the truant brood, gave the old turkey a sound scolding and restored them to their affectionate and natural parent. And hens are accused of being the most stupid of creatures.—Springfield Republican.

The Mule's Delusion.

The pack mule is quite as much an institution as the team mule and is absolutely indispensable in the mountains. Mule packing is a fine art, and with a well trained animal and a skillful packer you can safely transport anything from a piano to a bag of oats. When the packer has finished his job in an artistic manner, the animal may buck or back, kick or rear or roll, but he cannot rid himself of his burden, and he finally gives it up in despair. After two or three experiences he will submit to his destiny and fall into line with the rest of the train every morning to receive his load from the packer. A well trained pack mule is always proud of his load, and if by any means it gets loose he will step quietly out of line and wait until the pack master comes along to tighten it.

The most serious objection to the mule, which you sometimes find in human beings also, is the delusion that he can sing. One who has never heard a mule solo cannot appreciate the extent of his mistake; but, like everything else about a mule, his song is strictly original. It belongs to no other animal. No one can describe and no one can imitate it.—New York Mail and Express.

Made Her Father Governor.

Mr. Young and some friends had been discussing the political outlook in Kentucky at Mr. Young's house in Louisville one night, just on the eve of the Democratic state convention, several years ago. When the party broke up, Mr. Young's daughter, then about 18 years old, now married, who had been an interested listener during the discussion, spoke up:

"Why don't you run for governor, pa?"

"Why, my child, they would never think of me for that office. No one cares enough about me for that."

"But, pa, would you accept the nomination if it were offered you?"

"Why, of course I would; nobody would refuse the honor."

Miss Young said no more at the time, but quietly slipped out of the house and started in the direction of The Courier-Journal office, Colonel Henry Watterson being an intimate friend of the family. It happened that she met the veteran editor in the street.

"Ah, Uncle Henry, will you do me a favor?" the young woman asked impulsively.

"Anything in the world that I can do I will."

"Well, I want pa to be governor of Kentucky, and can you get him the nomination?"

Colonel Watterson turned back to the office and sat down and wrote a spirited editorial, demanding in the interests of the Democratic party that John Brown Young be nominated by the convention soon to meet. The result was in accordance with the noted editor's wishes, Mr. Young's election being a foregone conclusion.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Fence Will Stay.

Two Atchison men decided recently that their property would look better with no dividing fence between and took it down. It was down a week when both women agreed to make their husbands put up the fence again. They had had no trouble, but a talk in the back yard without a fence to lean on was like meat without salt. The fence is up to stay.—Atchison Globe.

His Eyesight Good.

Large Lady—Could you see me across the street, officer?

New Policeman—Shure, ma'am; it's tin toims th' distance Oi could see yez.—Chicago News.

Swiss archaeologists have decided that a certain ruin near Biel which has been held to be one of the many Roman remains is really Celtic, the only one of the kind in the country.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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VOL. L. WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1899. {Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.} NO. 1.

Boston & Maine RAILROAD.
Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday at** 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4 03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10 38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 6.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until [illegible] p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 18, 1899, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 8.15, then 9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 8.30, then 9.30 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8 05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6 50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11 30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
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HARDWARE!
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MECHANICS BUILDING,
115 Main Street, WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

NON OMNIS MORIAR.

In the teeth of the gale that hurls me back,
In the swirl of the ebb that sucks me down,
I—I, tide by tide and tack by tack,
Threading the Night where fanged rocks frown,

Ere the last spar fail, shall have somehow crawl'd
To that Port whence shone no light for me,
Where wrecked, if you will, but unappall'd,
I shall know I am stronger than my Sea!
—Arthur J. Stringer in Bookman.

SAW A DEVILFISH LEAP.

An Experience Which the Spectator Does Not Wish to Renew.

When a youngster I was homeward bound from Santa Anna with a cargo of mahogany, and when off Cape Campeche was one calm afternoon leaning over the taffrail, looking down into the blue profound, on the watch for fish, writes a world wide traveler. A gloomy shade came over the bright water, and up rose a fearsome monster, some 18 feet across and in general outline more like a skate or ray than anything else, all except the head.

There, what appeared to be two curling horns, about three feet apart, rose one on each side of the most horrible pair of eyes imaginable. A shark's eyes as he turns sideways under your vessel's counter and looks up to see if any one is coming, are ghastly, green and cruel; but this thing's eyes were all this and much more. I felt that the book of Revelation was incomplete without him, and his gaze haunts me yet.

Although quite sick and giddy at the sight of such a bogy, I could not move until the awful thing, suddenly waving what seemed like mighty wings, soared up out of the water soundlessly to a height of about six feet, falling again with a thunderous splash that might have been heard for miles. I must have fainted with fright, for the next thing I was conscious of was awakening under the rough doctoring of my shipmates.

Since then I have never seen one leap upward in the daytime. At night, when there is no wind, the sonorous spash is constantly to be heard, although why they make that batlike leap out of their proper element is not easy to understand. It does not seem possible to believe such awe inspiring horrors capable of playing gamboling.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Unreasonable.

"Yes, we're at swords' points," admitted a suburbanite, while discussing a neighbor.

"Fault on both sides, I presume?"

"No, sir, not a bit of it. I've been unfortunate, that's all, and he won't listen to explanations."

"Shot his dog, didn't you?"

"Yes, I did, but it was this way. I heard the whole street in shrieks and rushed to the window. Boys were climbing trees, mothers hustled their babies inside and locked their doors, and down the center of the street came that dog like all possessed. Of course I thought he was mad. So would anybody, and I shot him.

"Come to find out, he'd been rooting into a bumblebees' nest. I'm no expert on mad dogs and told my neighbor so, but he stormed around as though he had bees in his own hair, and I just dropped him.

"What made him madder was that I hit him in the head with an old coal scuttle. I can't see through a tight board fence, can I? I didn't know he was snooking through the alley when I threw the thing away. He was so mad that I didn't recognize his voice. I told him we didn't allow such talk and had him kicked across part of a subdivision before I discovered who he was. Then I apologized, but there's no reason in him."—Detroit Free Press.

He Hated Dem Britishers.

When Admiral Cockburn's marauders ravaged Tilghman's island in 1814, during the war between the United States and Great Britain, they found a different country from the Tilghman's island of today. Then the white population was less than 50. Old George, a Tilghman slave, who afterward belonged to the Harrisons of Long Point, where in his old age he had a comfortable quarter and a boy to wait on him, was one of the victims of Cockburn's marauders and used to tell how "dem ar' Britishers made me run down me own hawg, and not only dat, my young master, dey make me kill 'im and skin 'im, hang um!" And the old negro's heart would burn with indignation at the memory. Old George lived to be a hundred, according to the record of his birth kept by his mother's master, and lived in great comfort in his old age. He died in 1856 on Cedar Point farm, the home then of his last master, the late Theodore P. Harrison of Baltimore.—Baltimore Sun.

Composition on Breathing.

A boy, 14 years old, who was told to write all he could about breathing in a composition, handed in the following:

"Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait until they get outdoors. Girls kill the breath with corsets that squeezes the diagram. Girls can't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed too much. If I was a girl I had rather be a boy so I can run and holler and have a great big diagram."—Detroit Free Press.

The cabbage still grows wild in Greece, where it originated. Radishes are native to China, but have been grown in Europe for centuries.

THE WAY TO PROPOSE.

What the Maiden and the Matron Had to Say About It.

"I never could accept a proposal from a man unless the conditions were just right," said the romantic maiden thoughtfully.

"Of course not," replied the matter of fact matron. "He must be the right man in the first place, and he must propose in the second. Those are the conditions that must be always just right before any sensible girl will think of marriage."

"Oh, I don't mean that," returned the maiden. "He must know how to propose. Do you know, I believe if I were really in love with a man and he didn't propose properly I should reject him."

"When it comes to proposals of marriage," replied the matron, with decision, "any way is the right way."

"Oh, no, it isn't," asserted the maiden. "The surroundings must be appropriate. Everything must be in harmony. If my Prince Charming proposes to me in the house, he must be in a dress suit, and he must be earnest but dignified. There must be a certain ease and elegance of manner, and his words must conform to his actions. If he proposes to me in the woods or on the lawn, he may be in negligee attire, outing costume or something like that, and he may then be more impassioned and vehement in his declarations. But I never could accept a man in negligee costume who proposed in the house."

"Don't you be too sure about it," returned the matron.

"Oh, but I am," said the maiden. "I have figured it all out very carefully. The scene must make a perfect picture. It would just kill the romance if it didn't, and I couldn't possibly accept him. And his words and tone! Both must breathe love and yet be in conformity with all the surroundings."

"I've known lots of girls who thought that," said the matron reflectively.

"And it didn't happen that way?"

"N-o; hardly."

"But in your case?"

The matron sighed.

"I had the same idea," she said at last. "I pictured some quiet nook, the birds twittering, the sun shining brightly and all the world joyous as he poured well rounded sentences throbbing with love into my ear. Or else I saw him sinking on one knee in front of the divan upon which I was sitting and looking me straight in the eyes with a long, lingering look of love, while he said: 'Oh, adorable one, be mine! Say that this is not to be a world of Stygian darkness for me, but that the sunlight of true love shall shine ever brightly as we go through life hand in hand!'"

"Oh, beautiful! Lovely!" cried the maiden. "That's just the way I've pictured it. And when your Prince Charming did come what did he say?"

The matron sighed again.

"He was taking me home under an umbrella in a rainstorm," she explained. "I was wet, and he was wet. My hair was stringy, and there was mud on his trousers, and we were altogether two of the most unprepossessing looking mortals you ever saw. When he was about to leave me at the door, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Say, I'd like to carry that umbrella over you all the time.'

"'What?' I said in some surprise.

"'Oh, to put it in plain words,' he said, 'let's get married. How about it?'"

"How dreadful!" exclaimed the maiden.

"Wasn't it?"

"Such an inappropriate place and time!"

"Yes, indeed."

"And such prosaic words!"

"Most prosaic."

"Oh, I couldn't accept a man under those circumstances."

"If he was the right man, you would, nevertheless."

"Oh, I couldn't do it possibly," protested the maiden. "I'd feel that I'd lost half my life. Why, in a case like that he couldn't even fold you in his arms and all that when you said d'"—

"Wait a minute," interrupted the matron. "Not so fast. You'll know a lot more about men than you do now when you accept one, no matter how, when or where it may be. There are some features of the occasion they never overlook, but don't you build your hopes too high on everything else being in harmony."—New York Sun.

Colonel Atkinson's Wit.

One of the judges of the Wayne circuit court tells of an incident in the bar practice of the late Colonel John Atkinson that illustrates his quickness to hurl a Parthian shaft and the biting sarcasm of his irony.

He was opposed in the case on trial by all the power and resources of James H. Pound, and they were fighting like giants for every point of advantage. Pound had won a majority of the jousts, the colonel was nettled, and was lying low for a chance to deliver a swinging blow.

"It came," says the judge, "when I decided a point against Pound. It had been fiercely argued by both attorneys, and in deciding it as I did I stated my reasons at length, giving authorities. I saw Pound shake his head at one of my conclusions, his lips moved, and I supposed he had made some comment, so when I concluded my decision I asked:

"'What did you say, Mr. Pound?'

"Quick as a shot and in his most cutting tones of intense sarcasm the colonel replied:

"'Mr. Pound did not speak, your honor. He merely shook his head. There is nothing in it.'"—Detroit Tribune.

Did He Grasp Her Meaning?

Miss Vavasour de Paynk—Captain Ridley! Why, I never expected to see you here! I thought you were gone to fight those horrid Boers!

Captain Ridley—Haw! Little pessimist!—Punch.

A Pig For an Emblem.

The emblem of the county of Sussex, England, is a pig—a pig with amazing ears and long legs. The peasants have a way of making little pigs out of clay and selling them for 2 shillings to the ever straying tourists. I have one before me now, standing on his tail, apparently trying to swallow half a box of matches. Across his forehead is written the Sussex motto, "He won't be druv." So, you may have inferred, a pig in the county is not looked upon as a particularly desirable citizen.

A HERO OF THE MINE.

He Risked His Life to Save That of a Fellow Workman.

Heber Franklin, a young man employed at the Clear Creek mine, is as much a hero as any man who ever braved death on the battlefield. Franklin sought not glory, but to save a human life. There was a fire in the mine. The men were called out. Then they were about to shut off the air in order to stop the flames, when it was learned that a lone miner was working deep in the mine beyond the point where the fire started and was then raging with growing strength. Here is the story of the subsequent events:

Foreman Thomas immediately called for volunteers to go with him into the mine to rescue the man. Several attempts were made by different ones, but they were driven back by the flames, and the cry of "Powder!" caused a hasty retreat.

Finally Heber Franklin, a young man whose work keeps him on the outside, said, "I will go." And accompanying Foreman Thomas he pressed on through the fire and found the man working away tamping a hole, entirely unconscious of the danger threatening him. They succeeded in getting out of the mine safely, when the fan was shut off and the dip closed up. The rescue was an act of great bravery on the part of Franklin, as his work kept him on the outside and he was unacquainted with the exact lay of the land inside, and the danger of suffocation from black damp was great. He was the only man of the many standing by whose nerve did not desert him.

It is stated upon good authority that ten minutes more of lost time would have resulted in the death of the miner who was at work and possibly a great loss to the company, as the supply of air could not be cut off while there was any hope of rescue, and this would have tended to feed the flames.—Salt Lake Herald.

WASHINGTON'S LAST YEARS.

His Happy Life With His Wife at Mount Vernon.

At the time of his retirement to Mount Vernon, after the expiration of his term as president, "the tall figure of Washington was only slightly bent and he was still supposed to weigh upward of 200 pounds," writes William Perrine of "The Last Years of Washington's Life" in The Ladies' Home Journal.

"Excepting his gray hair and his false teeth and some trouble in hearing there was little of the usual appearance of age in his muscular person, his gait and his strong, pockmarked face. He was affable and merry with his best friends, but while he had the true hospitality of a southern gentleman in inviting every visitor from a distance to his table or to a bed over night, his politeness was generally formal. Yet if he particularly enjoyed the conversation of a guest he would pay him the compliment of listening to him until after 9 o'clock, or even of lighting him with the candle to a bedroom for the night.

Mrs. Washington at this time was a healthy, pleasant and unostentatious little woman, still showing traces of good looks and with seldom any other thought than of playing respectably her role of mistress of the house of a country gentleman, of caring for the negroes or of amusing herself with her knitting. She had great pride in her recipe for making 'cherry bounce,' and on a midsummer day she cut out 32 pairs of breeches for the men working on the farm. She had said that she and the general felt like children just released from school when he left the presidency, and she told of her satisfaction in settling down again to the 'duties of an old fashioned Virginia housekeeper, steady as a clock, busy as a bee and cheerful as a cricket.'"

The Buccaneers.

The original "boucaniers" were a wild and picturesque gang. To the waist they were generally clothed in a sunburned and weather beaten skin, and they wore pantaloons of a coarse linen, dyed and stiffened with the blood of bulls and pigs and held up by a belt of rawhide, stuck full of deadly knives. Their apparel terminated with pigskin boots and no stockings, and they carried a long barreled firelock, loaded with ounce balls of lead.

They were animated with a common hatred of the Spaniard, which in their eyes justified any attack upon his person or property, and by a wild sort of attachment to each other in their perilous lives, which led to their being known as the "Brethren of the Coast."

When the Spaniards drove them into the career of marauders upon the sea, the word buccaneer took a new meaning, though they were also known as freebooters. This was a mongrel English word, "buiten" being Dutch and "bueten" German for plunder. Of this word the French made "fribuster," with the s silent, and then softened it to "flibustier," which the Spaniards modified into filibustero. So we finally got the word back, with a new meaning and a special application as "filibuster."—"The West Indies," by Amos Kidder Fiske.

Rough on the Minister.

Sir William Long tells a story of an old Scotch lady who could not abide long sermons. She was hobbling out of the kirk one Sunday when a coachman, who was waiting for his people, asked her, "Is the minister dune wi' his sermon?"

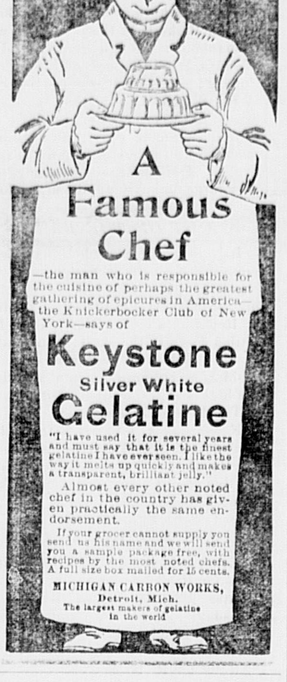
"He was dune lang syne," said the old lady impatiently, "but we wauna stop!"

Russian Extravagance.

The wealthy Russians are said to be extremely profitable to hotel and shop keepers in the lands in which they are traveling. A Swiss authority insists that 200 Russians will spend more in a month than 1,000 English men and women for the same period of time.

When a boy goes to hunt anything, he always begins by making everybody in the room get up to see if they are sitting on the lost article.—Washington Democrat.

Modern books, however rapidly they may deteriorate from other causes, are protected from bookworms by the chemicals used in paper making.



The Bottle at Ship Launches.

Down to Charles II's time it was customary to name and baptize a ship after she was launched, sometimes a week or two after. The old Tudor method used for men-of-war was still in use. Pepys' "Diary" shows that. The ship was safely got afloat, after which some high personage went on board with a special silver "standing cup" or "flaggon" of wine, out of which he drank, naming the ship, and poured a libation on the quarter deck. The cup was then generally given to the dockyard master shipwright as a memento.

When did the present usage of naming and baptizing a ship before she is sent afloat come in? I trace the last explicit mention of the old method to 1664, when the Royal Katherine was launched (see Pepys). The first mention of smashing a bottle of wine on the bows of a British man-of-war that I have found is in a contemporary newspaper cutting of May, 1780, describing the christening of H. M. S. Magnanime at Deptford, but nothing is hinted that it was then a new custom.—Notes and Queries.

A Novel In a Nutshell.

Met him.

Met him again—in love with him.

Met him again—no longer in love with him, but he in love with me, because I am so beautiful.

Met him again—he is still more in love with me, not only because I am beautiful, but because I am also good. Sorry for him.

Again I met him—he is colder than he was. Think he has forgotten my beauty and my goodness. I, however, am inclined to think that I am in love with him after all. How lucky he is, and how angry mamma will be!

Mamma proved to be strangely pleased. Makes me angry, for I know she is not a good judge of a young girl's heart.

Flirted with him outrageously to make mamma mad—didn't succeed.

Engaged to him—glad.

Married to him—sorry.—London Answers.

Up to Date Bobby.

Robert has positively declined to learn to spell. Womanly intuition admonishes Robert's mamma that Robert will doubtless say something very bright if pressed, and she accordingly argues with the boy.

"All great men learned to spell when they were little boys," she says.

"Well, that was before you could hire a stenographer for $3 a week," replies Robert.

Of course Robert's mamma loses no time in telephoning for the newspapers a brief outline of what has happened and bidding them send their best reporters right up.—Detroit Journal.

Surprised the Congregation.

Two little folks went to church alone. It was only around the corner from their home, and their mamma knew they would be safe. During the long sermon they got tired, and the older one, supposing that the school rules held good in church, led his sister up in front of the pulpit and said, "Please may we go home?" Much surprised, the clergymen gazed at them over his spectacles. Then he understood, and said, "Certainly, my children." And the two toddled out while the congregation smiled.—Weekly Bouquet.

The Actor's Card.

"I showed them my card at the door," the actor was complaining, "and they referred me to the manager. And what do you suppose he said? He said he was sorry, but the demand for seats had been so great that he had decided to discontinue the professional free list."

"Well," said his friend the sharper, "did you expect to beat a full house with a single card?"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Literary Note.

The denizens of the forest were organizing a literary club.

"We must make the porcupine president," said Br'er Wolf. "His style is full of good points."

"Permit me," remarked Br'er Rabbit, "to recommend a reptile friend of mine. He can put up a rattling tail."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Festal Hour.

"How happy the Dabney-Joneses look this evening. It must be their wedding anniversary."

"No; they've got their old cook back."—Detroit Free Press.

Did You Ever See a Horse Cry?

Many people believe that horses do not weep, but those who have much to do with these faithful creatures know that on several occasions they will shed tears as well as express sorrow in the most heartbreaking manner. In the west, where the hardiness of the ponies causes the riders to almost overlook the necessity of providing for their needs, it is quite common when the weather is extremely cold to leave an unblanketed pony tied up for two or three hours when the temperature is nearly zero and while its owner is transacting business or getting drunk. In this case the suffering is evidenced by the cries, which are almost like sobs, and unmistakable tears freeze on to the cheeks like icicles.

When a horse falls in the street and gets injured, the shock generally numbs the senses so much that it does not either cry or groan, but under some conditions an injured horse will solicit sympathy in the most distinct manner. I remember a favorite horse of my own which trod on a nail long enough to pierce its foot. The poor thing hobbled up to me on three legs and cried as nearly like a child in trouble as anything I can describe. The sight was a very touching one, as was also the crippled animal's gratitude when the nail was pulled out and the wound dressed.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Cure That Killed.

Notwithstanding the spread of education in Galicia, superstition is still alive among the Polish peasantry. The wife of a well to do country man in Nieporenta, Kaspar Kafka, had a malignant ulcer and was in a very dangerous state. Her husband decided to call in a shepherd renowned for his wonderful healing powers.

The latter, having examined his patient, proceeded to tie her left elbow to her right knee and her left knee to her right elbow, announced that she was possessed with a devil and directed them to anoint the ulcer with a mixture of soft soap and 15 chopped hairs from a horse's tail. If the patient screamed, it was the devil screaming within her, and she was to be left alone, securely bound to the bed, that she might not remove the appliance. He then took his fee and left.

His orders were conscientiously carried out, with the result that after a night of indescribable agony the poor woman died of exhaustion.—Cracow Letter in Chicago Record.

Paraguay's Particular Fleas.

Perhaps the plague in Paraguay is merely an attack of pigue, or sand flea. This insect is called nigua in the native language. In 1870 it killed a whole colony of Englishmen, consisting of 200 families, turning the colony, which was at Itape, into a cemetery. A German colony at Acegua was driven out. The pigue causes buboes and attacks the warmest parts of the body—that is, the cavities and the groin and armpit—just the same spots as the eastern plague. It attacks Englishmen and Germans preferentially and avoids those that use but little soap. Soaps clean the body, and the pigue likes clean persons to eat. It also avoids people who eat more or less poisonous food. A man saturated with alcohols, Boca gin, nicotine and Paseo de Julio cookery is pretty well safe from the sand flea.—Buenos Ayres Herald.

Governors Island.

There is a large expanse of rolling sward on Governors Island kept at all times in the pink of condition. This little island off Battery park is conceded to be the best kept army post on the Atlantic coast. There are two reasons for this. Fort Columbus is the headquarters of the department of the east. It must assume an appearance in keeping with its high standing in the department.

It also has a military prison, and the convicts sent there for terms of months or years are sentenced to hard labor. Under the supervision of sentinels these men keep the walks and promenades scrupulously clean and the sward closely clipped and free from falling leaves and other litter. They also give proper attention to the various buildings and their immediate surroundings.—New York Press.

Applause and Criticism.

It was after the piano recital, and the audience was still applauding. There were two English women, though, who did not clap their hands. But they commented in tones that were audible for some distance around thus:

"The poor man! Will they make him play again?"

"Isn't it awful the way the Americans applaud? It's so vulgar!"

"Yes; it's the most vulgar thing they do."

And the Americans took meekly their lesson in manners.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Change of a Comma.

"Whenever she asks me to do anything," soliloquized Mr. Meeker pensively, "I always go and do it, like a fool."

"Yes," said Mrs. Meeker, who happened along in time to overhear him. "Whenever I ask you to do anything you always go and do it like a fool."—Chicago Tribune.

Newfoundland Fogs.

The famous fogs of Newfoundland are only found as a rule on the east and south coasts and on the "banks," being caused by the meeting of the arctic current with the gulf stream. The interior in summer is described as a most delightful climate, resembling that of the south of France.

For Rheumatism.

Mr. Johnson—I notice, Jasper, that you have the rheumatism as bad as ever. Don't you ever take anything for it?

Jasper—'Deed I does, sah. I takes crutches mostly.—Boston Courier.

A Well Beaten Path.

Teacher—Can any of the class explain to me why the way of the transgressor is hard?

Scholar—I guess it's because it's traveled so much.—Ohio State Journal.

The hours of work in the Calcutta jute mills are from 4:30 a. m. to 9 p. m., or 16½ hours per day, Saturdays included, and all repairs and cleaning of machinery have to be done on Sundays.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 8, 1899.

NEW VOLUME—L.

With this issue the JOURNAL starts out with Volume Fifty of its existence.

It is getting along in years, but in spirit and physical activity it never was younger.

During 1900 it proposes to keep abreast of the times, as it always has done, and to be square up to date in everything.

It proposes to give every patron his money's worth. And it wishes all of them a happy and prosperous 1900.

THE ELECTION.

If good weather prevails there ought to be a heavy vote in this city next Tuesday. Two candidates for Mayor are in the race, both respectable gentlemen, one an occupant of the Chair of the Chief Executive during two recent years; the other, at present, its incumbent. To establish their comparative popularity a full vote will be necessary, and it is therefore hoped that no considerable number of men will stay away from the ballotboxes.

Both candidates are Democrats; both favor license; neither drinks intoxicating liquors to excess (Mr. Feeney is a total abstainer); both have made fairly good Mayors; and the election of either would not ruin the town.

The JOURNAL confesses to a curiosity to find out which of the two the largest number of voters like best. The JOURNAL likewise confesses that, after considerable effort, it finds itself unable to enthuse to any alarming extent over the Mayoralty contest. The JOURNAL is not overly fond of Democrats, anyhow.

There is hardly anything at stake in the election of Mayor. The voting will be largely a matter of personal likes and dislikes; diurnal revolutions of old Mother Earth will be made regularly on schedule time just the same after next Tuesday's election as though no great event had happened in Woburn, Mass., on that day.

It is really a question of which is the stronger man with the people—Davis or Feeney; a mere matter of personal popularity and—work.

Gentle Reader, "you pays your money and takes your choice."

IN THE AIR.

Prohibition for Woburn during the year 1900, the last year of the 19th century, is in the air. The atmosphere is impregnated with the feeling.

We have been agreeably surprised during the last ten days at the number of personal declarations in favor of anti-license, as well as at the source of them. Men, of whom we never should have suspected a leaning towards prohibition in this city, have told us voluntarily that they will certainly vote "No" this year. They are numerous and determined, and they have always heretofore voted for license.

There is really a genuine temperance awakening in this community. In times past the churches have been relied on to carry the "No" vote, but they have been found, by experience, to be broken reeds, and now laymen are going to see what can be done for sobriety and good order among our people.

The license interests are working hard to prevent the success of the "No" ticket; but they are scared, they are on the run, and if the other side push the campaign vigorously prohibition for 1900 is assured.

JAMES R. WOOD.

Speaking in a general way, the nominations for Aldermen-at-Large are good ones. The opinion prevails quite generally, though, that Mr. D. Wilbur Brown, at present a member of the Council, and a worthy one, should have been renominated. However, the "Board of Strategy," that is the Municipal League, in their wisdom, left him off the ticket, and next year Mr. Brown will serve as a high private, which would not have been the case if the Republicans had had control.

In the list of candidates for Aldermen-at-Large no one deserves a heartier support than Mr. James R. Wood, and no one would, if elected, make a more valuable member of the City Council. We do not know how he stands on the Mayoralty question, and it makes no difference to the JOURNAL, nor ought to with anyone who regards the interests of the city as of more importance than party success. We know him to be an honest man and thoroughly level headed. We know also that he takes a deep interest in the welfare of this city. He is a large property owner, and a good citizen, and voters can do no better than to elect him next Tuesday by a handsome majority.

CANDIDATE FOR BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS.

It ought not to be a matter of the least difficulty for men of business ability and education to choose between the two candidates—Preston and Quigley—for the Board of Public Works. Mr. Preston has filled the position two years and the first lisp of adverse criticism of his administration as Water Commissioner is yet to be heard. The affairs of the office have been conducted by him in a sound business-like manner, and in the matter of finances he has brought about marvellous reforms. The cost of running the Water Department has, under his good management, been reduced to a minimum, and if he is reelected, of which there can hardly be a doubt, other material improvements will be inaugurated and carried out.

Commissioner Preston is a man of ability and integrity, and should, by all means, be reelected.

THE MESSAGE.

President McKinley's Message, delivered to the 56th Congress last Tuesday, is a long one, but good. It treats, ably and fairly, all the live political and National questions of the times. Among other things, every live patriot will be glad that he said in it the American Eagle is in the Philippines to stay.

☞ A vote for Herbert S. Riley for the School Board will be putting it where it will do the most good.

CONGRESS.

The 56th Congress met at the Capitol in Washington, D. C., last Monday, Dec. 4. Representative David B. Henderson of Iowa was chosen Speaker.

Brigham H. Roberts, the polygamist Representative-elect from Utah was barred out on rollcall, and he retired from the Chamber under protest. A remonstrance containing 7,000,000 names was presented against giving him a seat in the House.

The two branches, after a short session, adjourned in honor of the death of Vice-President Hobart.

There is no reason to believe that Roberts, the polygamist, will secure a seat in this Congress.

MRS. BLAKE.

This estimable lady, the wife of Dr. Harrison G. Blake, has been nominated by the Republicans and is a candidate for membership on the School Board.

Mrs. Blake is in the bloom of early womanhood; she is a graduate of the Woburn High School and Wellesley College; she is the present Secretary of the Woman's Club; and there is no person in the city better fitted, by education, common sense, and temperament, to fill the position than she is.

That Mrs. Blake will be elected by a very large majority admits of no doubt.

OUT OF THE RACE.

It is generally conceded that Representative Bennett of Saugus no longer stands the ghost of a chance of securing the Speakership of the next House of Representatives. The public have settled down to the conviction that he is an intellectual featherweight, and besides, he is temperamentally unfit for the high and responsible position.

The Boston *Times* says:

For speaker, Charles R. Saunders; don't forget it. Where is his equal in the Republican Party of Massachusetts for this place? His record hasn't got a speck on it.

THE SCHOOL BOARD.

Everybody should rally strong at the polls for Riley, Blake and Cotton, candidates for the School Board, next Tuesday.

Their election is of very great importance.

Rally for R. B. & C.!

GOOD ENOUGH.

Last Tuesday the National House of Representatives voted 302 to 30 against the admission of Brigham H. Roberts, the polygamist Representative elect from Utah, which ought to end his political career, and give a deathblow to polygamy in this country.

8-HOUR LAW.

In Clerk Finn's notice for a city election the voters are asked to cast their ballots, "yes" or "no," on the question of making 8 hours a day's work for public employees.

This request should not be overlooked by the voters.

☞ The present popular rally for no license this year in Woburn; the flocking of new converts to the "No" standard; the manifest determination all along the line to change our policy and redeem the city; is evidently a sincere turning from wrong to right on the part of the people, and not a change actuated by spite or a determination to "get even" with somebody. It seems to be an honest, earnest purpose on the part not only of the "Old Guard" but with those who have in years past favored license, but have become sick and tired of it, to inaugurate a better state of things and save our fair city from business, financial, and social ruin. It is an honest movement for temperance, good government, and material prosperity, which all well meaning people will hail with cheers.

☞ Mr. Charlie A. Jones and his friends should understand, emphatically, that the Republicans did not refuse to renominate him for the School Board. The omission of his name from the ticket was the work of the so called Municipal League. Republican sentiment was largely in favor of his renomination, and if they had had a controlling voice in the convention he would not have been turned down as he was.

☞ At a meeting of the Officers of the Reformed church of Bronxville, N. Y., held last Sunday, an application for its use for a lecture by Peter McQueen on the Philippines was refused. Peter was once pastor of the church, but his stereotyped string of treasonable utterances were not wanted at Bronxville, and so he had to find another place in which to unload his stuff.

☞ The Municipal League express entire confidence in the election of Mr. Davis for Mayor. According to the testimony of a prominent member the League have "counted noses" and by that token are able to state with absolute certainty that their candidate will win the race.

☞ We have been placed under obligations this week to Hon. Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor, for a copy of Part 5, Volume 6, of the Census of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts for 1895. We appreciate the favor and return thanks.

☞ It will be 100 years next Thursday since George Washington, Father of his Country, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his country," died at Mt. Vernon, Virginia. He was born on February 22, 1832, and passed over to the other side on Dec. 14, 1799.

☞ Mr. Horace N. Conn is a good candidate for the Republicans of Ward 4 to support for Alderman. He is well qualified for the office, and is a man of the strictest integrity.

☞ Next week, beginning Dec. 11, a "Country Fair" will be held in Music Hall, Boston, in aid of The Woman's Charity Club Hospital. Many unique attractions will be found thereat.

☞ E. G. Preston can't be beaten at the polls next Tuesday. To defeat him is simply out of the question. Ballots cast for anybody else will be thrown away.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

☞ Officeholders, big and little, at City Hall, are rending their nether garments to elect Mr. Davis. That was to be expected.

☞ Nobody pretends to say that Mr. B. H. Nichols has not made a good Alderman. Then why not reelect him?

☞ Berle, the clerical acrobat, has broken loose again.

☞ Brackett will make a good Alderman-at-Large.

☞ John K. Murdock is good man to vote for for Alderman.

☞ Albert F. Converse would make a prime member of the School Board.

☞ Vote for Arthur U. Dickson.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

E. Prior—Christmas.
B. E. Bond—Citation.
Hi Henry—Minstrels.
Union Street—To Let.
City—Auditors Notice.
City—List of Candidates.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
Swasey & Swasey—Citation.
F. N. Bank—Annual Meeting.
Proctor & Warren—Pet. & Order.
Royal Baking Powder Co.—R. B. P.

— Boston city election next Tuesday too.

— No Innitou Canoe Club minstrels this season.

— Christmas Goods in great variety at Prior's.—2.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— It is time to begin to fatten the Christmas goose.

— Christmas will be here two weeks from next Monday.

— Burbank Relief Corps give an assembly this evening.

— Yesterday morning the coldest of the season—17 above.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— Take a look at the exhibition windows of L. E. Hanson & Co.

— The Democrats have endorsed Mrs. Blake for the School Board.

— Canvas coats and cardigan's all prices at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— We predict a better holiday trade here this year than last. It looks that way.

— Degrees were conferred by Aberjona Colony, U. O. P. F., last Wednesday evening.

— On Jan. 26 Bishop Lawrence will make an official visit to Trinity church in this city.

— The football season was officially closed last week. Now for 10-pins and church suppers.

— The origin of scarlet fever at North Woburn has been traced to the Italian settlement.

— It is said that St. Charles C. T. A. Society will not occupy their present quarters next year.

— The weather last Sunday was remarkably mild for December. It was simply glorious.

— The Harvard hat at $2.00 is a seller remember the price and place Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The alarm from box 42 at 1.25 Monday afternoon was for a small brush fire off Bow street.

— Hi Henry's Big City Minstrels will fill in a spare date at the Auditorium, Monday, Dec. 11.

— Several of the Smith College girls came home to enjoy Thanksgiving dinner with their families and friends.

— Bicycle thieves are putting in their work here in great shape. Reports of losses are received almost every day.

— Mr. W. H. Slater's second son is sick with scarlet fever, but he has it in a mild form, and is getting on very well indeed.

— John W. Johnson, Esq., returned from a month's business trip to Nebraska last week. It was a pleasant and profitable one.

— Mrs. Clara M. Stetson has been entertaining Miss Alice Melvin of Toledo, Ohio. The Kimballs and Stetsons had a pleasant family reunion last week.

— Mount Horeb Lodge of Free Masons was visited last Wednesday evening by Most Worshipful Grand Master Charles E. Hutchinson. He was duly entertained.

— Overalls and shirts our own make and every pair warranted, Richardson's 431 Main st.

— A ballot for Mrs. Blake will be thrown for one of the best candidates on the list for the School Committee.

— Miss Annie Skinner is on the "Lucy Stone" table at the Woman's Suffrage Fair at Lorimer Hall, Boston.

— Best line of holiday goods to be found in Woburn at Prior's, 373 Main st.—2.

— Go to Prior's for your Christmas goods you will find a full line of toys that are sure to please the little ones.-2

— In due season the Christmas goose will be found in all its glory at George Durward's and Joseph Linnell's.

— Although not fully recovered from his late illness Mr. C. M. Strout was doing business at his store last Monday.

— A full line of winter underwear at reasonable prices at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Benjamin Champney, the artist, although over 80 years old, goes to his studio in Boston every morning as regularly as clockwork.

— Call at or address No. 60 Union street and learn all about a very desirable tenement on Main street to let. Read the ad. in this paper.

— There was a slight flurry of snow Tuesday forenoon. The sun shone brightly during its continuence, which was a sign of something or other.

— Have you purchased a bundle of Remnants at Richardson's, 431 Main st. If not now is the time as they are disapearing fast.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— Capt. Edward E. Parker has been busy all the fall furnishing buildings with heating plants, at which he is a dabster. He says work is a little slack just now.

— During the months of Dec., Jan., Feb. and March, the gates of Woodbrook Cemetery will be closed at 6 P. M.—A. R. LINSCOTT, Clerk of Cemetery Commissioners.

— City Solicitor F. P. Curran, and City Collector John G. Maguire, attended the dinner of the Middlesex County Bar Association at Young's Wednesday evening.

— Next Monday evening a "Mother Goose Party" will be given in the vestries of First church by the Woburn Workers and Ministers Class. It will be a fine entertainment.

— The ladies of the Baptist church will have their annual supper Dec. 14. Good things will be provided in abundance and a large attendance is expected. Tickets 25 cts.

— We predict that the Auditorium will be plumfull of people this evening to hear Mr. Whitcher's lecture and see the pictures. We predict also that it will be very interesting.

— A letter from Mr. Waldo E. Buck of Worcester, Mass., compels the conclusion on our part that he and family are still alive and well. Which, of course, we are glad to know.

— The auction sale of pictures, the best work of Benjamin Champney, will take place next week at Leonard's art auction rooms on Bromfield street, Boston. It will be an important sale.

— Hi Henry's Minstrel Band numbers nearly forty soloists and is said to be the finest ever heard with any similar organization. They will give a grand concert at noon at the Common.

— A reception will be given to the new Rector of Trinity church, Rev. Mr. Burlingham, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Trull, 629 Main street, on Thursday evening, Dec. 14.

— The last issue of *The Congregationalist* contained a communication from Rev. Dr. Scudder setting forth the prosperity of the "Forward Christian Movement" in First church, this city.

— Principal Owen of the High School attended the meeting and shared in the dinner of the High School Masters Club at the United States Hotel in Boston last Saturday afternoon.

— Hi Henry's Minstrels who fill in a spare date at the Auditorium on Monday, Dec. 11, travel in their own special train of vestibule cars which will arrive at the B. & M. depot at 9 a. m.

— Contoocook A shirt and drawers $1.25 per garment at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Sleds, dolls, Iron Toys and a general assortment of Christmas goods at low prices at Prior's.—2.

— "A Day in the Woods" was splendidly presented at the Methodist church by the Junior Epworth League last Wednesday evening.

— Mr. Edwin W. Junkins, the B. & M. Station Agent, is one of the best temperance workers in this city. He is earnest, conscientious, and sound headed. Would that there were more workers like him.

— Hi Henry's Big Minstrel Aggregation who fill in a spare date at the Auditorium on Monday, Dec. 11, is now the largest minstrel organization traveling, they number over a half hundred performers.

— Mr. James M. Kimball, Superintendent of an operating section of the Gypsy Moth Commission, is resting on his oars. The men are laid off for the Legislature to make an appropriation for futher operations.

— A committee of temperance people have issued a little sheet called "Woburn Success" in behalf of the cause of no license, or rather, to swell the "No" vote next Tuesday. It bristles all over with "facts and figures."

— The Woman's Suffrage Bazar is held all this week in Lorimer Hall, Boston, day and evening. Miss Marian T. Hosmer and Rev. Ada C. Boles have charge of a "General Utility Table." A fine cafe is open.

— Mrs. E. A. Weston of Pleasant st. has gone to Franklin, this State where she will spend the winter with, relatives and friends. She rented her house here, with the exception of a few rooms reserved for persoual use.

— The North Woburn Street Railroad carried 888,198 passengers during the business year just ended, and cleared $4,288.63. The increase in passenger transportation over the preceeding year was full 10 percent.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L. Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Hi Henry's Minstrels who fill in a spare date at the Auditorium on Monday, Dec. 11, will offer the lowest prices ever offered for such a large and expensive attraction. 25, 35, 50 cts. Seats now on sale at Parker's Drug Store.

— In the absence of Supt. Frank B. French at New Orleans, Mr. Geo. F. Hartshorn, C. E., has been doing his work for Highway and other Departments for two or three weeks. He is a very capable Civil Engineer—Mr. Hartshorn is.

— Arthur C. Wyer has been elected Captain of Company G, 5th Regiment—the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx. He has served in the Company a long time and has always been popular in it. He likes the military, for that kind of blood runs in his veins.

— Prof. Elmore A. Pierce is having 120 splendid pictures made for his course of readings this winter, which will greatly enhance his literary work. It is an undeniable fact that Prof. Pierce stands at the head of the elocutionist class in this State.

— Hi Henry's Big Minstrels who fill in a spare date at the Auditorium, Monday, Dec. 11, is the same company that has appeared in all the large cities in the East to crowded houses and is pronounced by public and press as the largest seen in years.

— Station Agent Junkins has received a prize of $10 for his station lawn flowerbeds from the B. & M. Railroad Co. Of this sum he gave Mr. Fred Olsen, gateman at Church Ave. crossing, $2, and to Mr. William Riley, Assistant, $4, which was generous and manly.

— Miss Kate C. Phelps, President, sends word to the JOURNAL that the "Country Fair," which is to be held in Music Hall, Boston, from Dec. 11 to 16, inclusive, in aid of The Woman's Charity Club Hospital, will certainly be one of the most entertaining things ever seen at the Hub.

— The old saw factory at Montvale is to be used as a brass foundry and manufactory and will employ about 50 men. The canal is being dredged with a view of utilizing it for the business of the foundry, and the buildings are undergoing repair and improvement. It will be quite an industry.

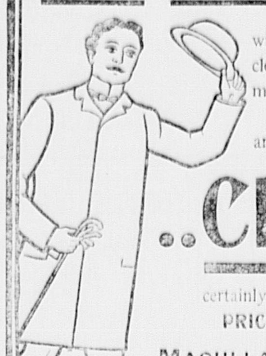
— The series of Evangelical meetings in progress at First church have been well attended every evening this week. They are conducted by home talent and neighboring clergymen. We sincerely hope the meetings will result in a thorough and widespread revival of religion of religion in these parts.

— When Miss Doyle left the 10 45 train here last Saturday evening she forgot to take her purse with $20 in it and a gold watch. She reported her loss to Officer Fountain who notified the railroad men at Lowell where the purse, money and watch were found in the car, and she received them in due season.

— President Edmund C. Cottle of the City Council is confined to his bed by illness. He was taken violently with neuralgia of the heart 10 days ago, a complaint with which he had suffered for some time, and at last accounts his condition had not greatly improved. It is thought however that he will come out of it all right.

— We regret exceedingly that the delay in making up a full list of names to be voted for in this city next Tuesday has compelled us to forego the pleasure of a special mention of, and a good word for, several deserving candidates for popular suffrage. We hope to be pardoned for what may seem like neglect, or indifference, but which was nothing of the kind.

— In looking over the list of killed and wounded of the 26th Regiment in the fights at Iloilo on Nov. 11, we were happy not to find the name of Lieut, Homer B. Grant of Company H, which took part in them. Three of the 26th were killed: Sergt. Henry Hiscock, Co. H; Corporal Richard Corbett, Co. C; James Rooney; and 8 wounded, among them John Nadeau of Co. H. By this it seems that Lieut. Grant has not only had some fighting, but was on the danger line, for two of his Company were hit, and one of them killed. But there will probably be no more fights in Iloilo.



The Coming Man

will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

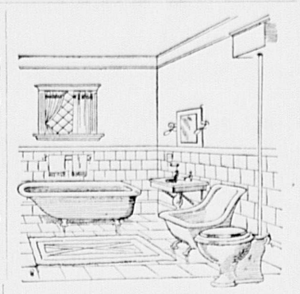
certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.



A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health.
Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.
We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

THE PLAY OF THE YEAR
AUGUSTUS THOMAS'
ARIZONA
The Universal Verdict
"GREATER THAN ALABAMA."
TREMONT THEATRE Beginning Dec. 4

— Mr. Milton Moore, of Moore & Parker, newsdealers, has got through with jury duty at the Superior Court, and is happy. The two panels closed their arduous labors with a grand dinner at a firstclass Boston tavern, at which a few guests of honor were made glad and cheerful. Mr. Moore served a long and laborious term, and is perfectly willing that somebody else should take his place at the next session of the Court.

— Mr. Charles P. Pollard, of Pollard & Grothe, was badly injured by the fall of an elevator in their carriage factory about 8 o'clock Wednesday morning. Dr. Graves, his medical attendant, had made no thorough examination late Wednesday afternoon, so the extent of Mr. Pollard's injuries was not known. The elevator weighed about a half a ton, and had its full weight fell on Mr. Pollard it would have crushed the life out of him.

— Taking time by the forelock, the old and substantial dry goods firm of Copeland & Bowser advertise in the JOURNAL this week "Holiday Goods," and in their notice enumerate a few of the very many beautiful and useful wares which they have bought and put into their store for holiday gifts. An examination of the large and varied stocks will convince anyone that the old firm "keep step to the music" of the holiday season, and that they are up to date in every particular.

— At the solicitation of a political committeeman a vote was taken by the Woburn Woman's Club a few days ago for a candidate to fill the vacancy occasioned by the declination of Mrs. Dow to run. Mrs. Dow received about 15 votes, Miss Jennie Skinner 8, and a few scattering. Now, the nub of it is this: Mrs. Dow had declined to stand as a candidate and the Club were supposed to know it; Miss Skinner has never been naturalized and was therefore ineligible! But ask them about Browning!

— The Unitarian Parish Fair opened auspiciously last evening. The Managers were Mrs. N. S. Watson and Mrs. John T. Trull, and the Chairmen of the various departments were: Entertainment, Mrs D. W Bond; fancy table, Mrs. Julius F. Ramsdell; bag and basket table, Mrs. Nellie S. Shaw; china and glass table, Mrs. Emma H. Wright; handkerchief table, Mrs. Carrie E. Dow; remembrance table, Mrs. Herbert B. Dow; candy table, Miss Mary Woodberry; Japanese bundle table, Mrs. Charles L. Grammer; supper, Mrs. Henry H. Leathe; grab bag, Miss F. Mabel Ferguson.

— On Thanksgiving Day the St. Charles defeated the Woburn's in a hotly contested foot ball game by a score of 10 to 0. Doherty broke through and blocked a punt by Dodge and McSweeney followed him and fell on it and scored the first down. In the second half St. Charles scored by good hard playing, pushing Wm. Byrne through the centre for the down. Meagher failed to kick the goals which were at a hard angle. The summary: St. Charles, R. Byrne l.e., Looby l t., Hoy l.g., McSweeney c., Ball r.g., P. Meagher r.t., M. Meagher r.e., Harkins q.b., Maloney l.h.b., Doherty, r.h.b., Wm. Byrne f.b. Woburns, Buckman r.e., Dodge r.t., Eaton r.g., Carleton c., Ham l.g., Aylward, Crawford l.t., Paine l.e., Maguire q.b., Dimick r.h.b., Cutler l.h.b., Dodge f.b. Touchdowns, McSweeney and Wm. Byrne. Referee, Stetson. Umpire, Hammond. Linesmen, Watts and Hale. Timers, Maloy and Dow. Time 35 and 25 min. halves.

— Soon after the close of a long service with Mr. N. J. Simonds, the shoestock manufacturer, on Oct. 1, 1880, Captain John Gilcreast entered the employ of the Woburn Gaslight Company and has remained with it ever since, a period of more than 19 years. Mr. Aaron Thompson was Superintendent of the Company at that time, and on his death, in 1886, Capt. Gilcreast was chosen to fill his place, which he still continues to hold. Mr. Walter C. Knapp, for many years foreman of the Gas Works, entered the employ of the Company simultaneously with Capt. Gilcreast and, with the exception of a few months, when he undertook to play the role of a husbandman, has ever since remained steadily at his post. Mr. Arthur B. Wyman is bookkeeper and metre measurer of the Company. They are a capable and reliable trio of officers. Capt. Gilcreast and Mr. Wyman are Veterans of the Civil War, in which they did patriotic service, and for which their fellowtownsmen hold them in high esteem, as well as for their personal worth.

— William Muchmore Slater, oldest son of Mr. William H. Slater, the Central Square painter, and Mrs. Lydia A. Slater, died of scarlet fever at his home with his parents, 639 Main st., last Sunday night, and the funeral was held last Monday. He was born in Woburn on January 28, 1875, and had always lived at home. He was a painter by trade and worked with his father and younger brother. It was supposed that he caught the fever while painting the interior of a house in N. Woburn where there was then a case of it, but of so mild a form that its presence was not suspected. In the young man's case it assumed a malignant type and ended, in a few days, in his death. It is a sad blow to Mr. and Mrs. Slater and their remaining son. They were an effectionate and happy family. The father and sons worked and played together like three boys of the same age, and the departure of "Willie," although for a Better Land, will be long and deeply mourned by them. The family have the sincere sympathy of the whole community in their great bereavement.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist. Guaranteed.

Birthday Party.

An exceptionally pleasing birthday party was given to her many friends by Miss Ethel M. Gurney at her home, No. 6 Church avenue, Woburn, Mass., on Monday, Dec. 4. The evening was enjoyably passed and among some of the features of the entertainment was a solo, "The Holy City," rendered by Miss Gurney by request, mandolin and harmonica selections by Mr. Massen, piano solos by Mr. S. T. Kidder, and other suitable amusements.

Among the many gifts was a beautiful silver purse from her business associates, the presentation speech being made by Miss Grace Lamb in her own inimitable way, a solid gold hunting case watch, with diamond setting, from her mother and aunt, and many other tokens of remembrance of this her 21st birthday. Miss Gurney responded with sincere thanks for these remembrances of good fellowship and esteem. The participants were very agreeably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Gurney together with Miss Gurney, and all agree that it was one of the most enjoyable occasions in their remembrance. Refreshments were served, and after a cake walk finale the party adjourned about midnight.

Among those present were Carrie I. Jameson, Elsie Vandewart, Fred S. Sawyer, Nathan G. Smith all of Boston, Fred C. Muskelly of Revere, Sarah A. Dudley and Winnifred M. Smith of Cambridgeport, Arthur G. Boharrell of Lowell, Mr. S. T. Kidder of Melrose, Clara L. Martyn, Carrie Taylor, Grace L. Lamb, Marcia E Gray, Helen Gray, Fred W. Prior, Wm. H. Stevenson, Fred Massen, Wilfred Perry and others.—X.

The First of the Christmas Numbers.

The custom of giving to each issue an individual interest seems to be in vogue with *The Boston Herald*, and to make good its method that paper will, on next Sunday, give its readers the first instalment of its Christmastide budget. There will be Christmas stories and Christmas pictures by *The Herald* staff, as well as several pictures by artists of national reputation. There will be no encroachment upon the space usually allotted to the news and the customary features, so that the readers of *The Herald* may be sure of a treat in next Sunday's issue. Do not delay in placing your order, as *The Herald* is greatly in demand.

How Girls May See Paris Alone.

A bright American girl is going to tell, in *The Ladies' Home Journal* how she and a girl friend went to Paris together, saw its sights, visited all places of interest, lived there and had "the time of our lives," as she explains the experience. In three gossipy articles all the points of interest in and about the French capital will be treated and briefly described, and how to live well at small cost—in fact, just how girls going alone to Paris can best and cheapest enjoy the trip, will be explained. Of course, these experiences are intended to serve as a guide for girls going to the Paris Exposition in 1900.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
—IN—
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Mr. Barnabas Richardson.

The subject of this notice, Mr. BARNABAS RICHARDSON, the son of Barnabas and Rachel Richardson, a lifelong resident of Woburn, died at his home, No. [illegible] Washington street, this city, [illegible] last Monday morning, Dec. 4, 1899. The funeral was held at the house on Wednesday afternoon.

The deceased was born on August 2, 1823, of the 8th generation of the same family whose homes have always been here. He was a farmer by occupation and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of all who knew him.

Mr. Richardson left behind to regret his death a widow and eight children, among the latter the well known firm of Richardson Brothers of Woburn and Boston. Of the 10 children with which Mr. and Mrs. Richardson were blessed only two are dead.

The deceased will be remembered as a worthy man, a kind husband, indulgent parent, accommodating neighbor, and good citizen.

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c. at Gordon Parker's drug store.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "How to Revive Religion." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Sacrament." All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Special Services upstairs. Rev. F. S. Hunnewell of Reading and the pastors will participate. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Inner Man; New Man." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "The Penitent Thief." Third in Series of Scenes from Calvary. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M. "God Will Not Forget."

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—2d Sunday in Advent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30 A. M.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The purpose of the Holy Scriptures." Rom. 15:4.
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 5 P. M., Communion Service.
At 7 P. M. sermon. "God's Refuge is his People's Safety."
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, at 7.30 P. M., Sewing Circle.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—2d Sunday in Advent. Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "Thy Kingdom Come."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7.15 P. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Waiting for the Harvest."
Saturday Dec. 9, Fair in church.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

In this city, Nov. 29, by Rev. James J. Keegan, John W. Scribner and Nellie Boister, both of Woburn.

In Woburn, Nov. 29, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Peter H. Murray and Catherine Sheehan, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 29, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Matthew J. McDonough and Margaret Mary Theresa Bradley, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 29, by Rev. James J. Keegan, Thomas H. Cannon and Catherine Feeney, both of Woburn.

In this city, Nov. 30, by Rev. George H. Tilton, Frank W. Ames and Ida M. Hawkins, both of Woburn.

In Everett, Nov. 29, by Rev. George B. Titus, Charles G. Clark and Margaret A. Keating, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Nov. 30, Charles Harkins, aged 33 years.

In this city, Dec. 1, Marion I., daughter of Michael and Jennie Burke, aged 1 year, 3 months, 18 days.

In this city, Dec. 2, James F., son of John and Katie Glennon, aged 2 years.

In this city, Dec. 3, William M. Slater, aged 24 years, 6 months.

In this city, Dec. 4, Barnabas Richardson, aged 76 years, 3 months, 11 days.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have now on sale our line of Goods for the Holiday Season.

We invite you to inspect the same believing it will be of mutual benefit to all. We mention a few lines only:

Raphel Tuck's Cards, Booklets and Calendars, Novelties in Fine China, Glass and Art Pottery, Sterling Silver Novelties, Games, Perfumery, Sachet Powders, and Fancy Soaps.

Handkerchiefs and Fancy Linen Goods and Novelties in nearly every department.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., 301 Main St.

CITY OF WOBURN.

CITY CLERK'S OFFICE.

Woburn, Mass., Dec. 8, 1899.

I certify that the following is a list of all the candidates duly nominated and to be voted for by the legal voters of the City of Woburn, Middlesex County, Mass., on Tuesday, December 12, 1899, together with the questions to be voted upon on the same date.

Attest:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

FOR MAYOR.

Vote for one.

William F. Davis,....Nomination Paper, Citizens. 11 Arlington Road.

John P. Feeney.....Nomination Paper, Independent Democrat, Democratic. May 1st, 1899, 41 Arlington Road, now 27 Scott street.

Aldermen-at-Large.

Vote for eight.

William E. Blodgett,.........Republican, 14 Mishawum Road, Ward 4.

Edward Q. Brackett,.........Republican, 26 Arlington Road, Ward 1.

John J. Carroll,.............Democratic, 27 Arlington street, Ward 2.

Patrick Daly,........Nomination Paper, Citizens Democratic, Democratic. 47 Bedford street, Ward 7.

Mark C. Felch,..............Democratic, 26 Beach street, Ward 4.

Levi Furbush,..................Democratic, 18 East Nichols street, Ward 6.

Frank W. Greydon,...........Republican, 7 Lowell street, Ward 6.

Arthur G. Loring,..........Democratic, Republican. 84 Garfield avenue, Ward 2.

Edward E. Lynch,...Nomination Paper, Democratic Laborers, Democratic. 219 Main street, Ward 2.

John K. Murdock,..........Republican, 604 Main street, Ward 3.

Benjamin H. Nichols,........Republican, 37 Warren avenue, Ward 1.

James J. O'Connor,..........Democratic, 118 Main srreet, Ward 1.

William A. Prior,.............Republican, 602 Main street, Ward 3.

Edwin W. Stevens,............Democratic, 48 Kilby street, Ward 3.

James R. Wood,...............Republican, 372 Salem street, Ward 5.

Aldermen by Wards.

WARD 1.

For Alderman. Vote for one.

Thomas H. Dolan,...Nomination Paper, Independent Democrat, Democratic. 10 Border Street.

WARD 2.

For Alderman. Vote for one.

Peter J. McHugh,............Democratic, 18 Carter Street.

Frank A. Winn,...............Republican, 6 Highland street.

WARD 3.

For Alderman. Vote for one.

Philip H. Doherty,...Nomination Paper, Democratic Independent, Democratic. 147 Pleasant street.

Herbert E. Lord,..............Republican, 19 Abbott street.

WARD 4.

For Alderman. Vote for one.

Horace N. Conn,..............Republican, 150 Montvale avenue.

WARD 5.

For Alderman. Vote for one.

Albert D. Carter,............Republican, 119 Pine street.

Bernard J. Golden,..Nomination Paper, Independent Democrat. 152 Washington street.

WARD 6.

For Alderman. Vote for one.

Arthur U. Dickson,...........Republican, 16 Clinton street.

WARD 7.

For Alderman. Vote for one.

Adam Bustead,...............Republican, 159 Bedford street.

Michael J. Greaney,..Nomination Paper, Democratic Labor, Democratic. 59 Bedford street.

Board of Public Works.

For four (4) years. Vote for one,

Elwyn G. Preston..............Republican, 40 Warren avenue,

Charles J. Quigley...........Democratic, 18 Morse Street.

School Committee.

For Three (3) years. Vote for three.

Lizzie B. Blake,..............Republican, Democratic. 512 Main Street.

Albert F. Converse...........Democratic, 189 Salem Street.

Frank E. Cotton,.............Republican, 105 Pleasant Street.

Aurelia E. Hanson,..........Democratic, 26 Central Street.

Herbert S. Riley,.............Republican, 91 Prospect Street.

To vote on the following mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of YES or NO, as you desire to vote.

Shall Chapter 344, Acts of 1899, entitled: "An Act to make eight hours a day's work for city and town employees, be accepted?	YES	
	NO	

To vote on the following, mark a Cross (X) in the square at the right of YES or NO, as you desire to vote.

Shall licenses be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors?	YES	
	NO	

Fur Facts

Our Guarantee.

We manufacture our own goods and hold ourselves responsible for any defect in their manufacture.

We sell our furs by their correct names and guarantee them to be strictly as represented.

We invite comparison as to quality, style and price, and if not found satisfactory, we will refund the full amount paid if returned in good condition within three days of the day of purchase.

Kakas Bros.

Our business is steadily increasing, year by year.

Why?

Because we hold our old customers and constantly make new ones.

Our goods, our prices, and our general business methods receive the approval of more and more people, as the years pass.

This is pretty good evidence that our store is a good place to trade—for YOU to trade.

We have had 25 years' experience in handling Furs, and our stock includes everything which should be found in a first-class Fur store.

All is new, fresh, and up-to-date, and prices are always moderate.

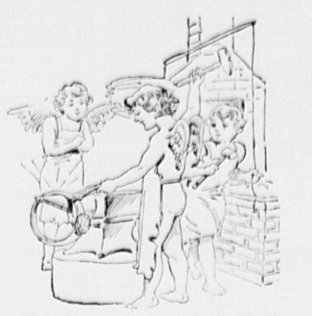
As Christmas approaches we hope to have the privilege of showing YOU our assortment.

KAKAS BROS.,

FURRIERS,

34 and 36 Bedford Street, Boston.

A Broken Ring.



Cupid welds hearts together, and we weld rings. We repair jewelry for a moderate price and guarantee satisfactory work.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

What is Cream of Tartar?

When the juice which is pressed from grapes for wine-making ferments, the acid of the fruit is crystallized and precipitated. This is collected, refined to absolute purity, and ground to a powder. This is cream of tartar.

Fruit acids are among the most wholesome and important constituents of the food of man. They are absolutely requisite to maintain health. In grape cream of tartar there are combined the most useful of leavening agencies and a most healthful food article.

This highly refined acid of the grape, or cream of tartar, is the material from which Royal Baking Powder is made. It is many times more expensive than ingredients used in many baking powders, but being healthful in itself, it adds healthfulness to the food instead of degrading it.

In imitation baking powders poisonous alum is used instead of healthful cream of tartar. Alum powders seriously affect the health.

'AL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

HI HENRY.
PROP. HENRY'S MINSTRELS.

The Event of the Amusement Season.

HI HENRY AND HIS BIG CITY MINSTRELS COMING.

Hi Henry's Big City Minstrels Aggregation of fifty all white performers will fill in a spare date at the Auditorium, Woburn, on Monday, Dec. 11.

This attaction comes strongly endorsed by the best Press of N. Y. City, Brooklyn, Boston and Philadelphia, and all along their route the Press are most laudable in their praise.

They carry the largest and finest Band ever Organized which gives free classic concerts at night before their inside performance begins, and their classic ove tures, operatic selections and high grade selections, would do credit to Sousa or Thomas. They carry a Big double Orchestra, of nineteen, a Vocal Staff of fourteen, and a Star Olio of N. Y. City Vaudeville features. Everywhere the press say this is the finest Minstrel Attraction seen in years. Seats are now on sale at Parker's Drug Store. Special prices 25-35-50 cts.

Boston Theatres.

THE BOWDOIN SQUARE.

A strong dramatic adaptation of A. Conan Doyle's thrilling novel, "The Firm of Girdlestone," under the title of "Dark Deeds," will be presented at Boston's favorite theatre, the Bowdoin Square, by a numerous and very strong company of actors during the week beginning Dec. 11. It will be the first time the play has been given on any stage, and for the purposes of this presentation it will be illustrated by specially painted scenery. The play is divided into 5 Acts, in the first of which the firm of Girdlestone & Co. becomes involved; 2, they speculate; 3, they prepare for a crisis; 4, they rise to the occasion; and 5, the company is devolved. The character of the novel, and work of the playwright, assure a splendid production of "Dark Deeds" at the Bowdoin Square next week.

THE TREMONT.

The greatest dramatic success of the Boston season is "Arizona," Augustus Thomas' latest play, which, fresh from a four months' run in Chicago, has just entered upon what promises to be a remarkably prosperous occupancy of the Tremont Theatre stage. It has a most engrossing plot, powerful and pathetic situations, mirth-provoking episodes, comedy in abundance, and a dialogue that really sparkles with wit and epigram. The characters—army officers and soldiers, ranchmen, cowboys, Mexican vaqueros, Chinamen, and in brief, specimens of all the folk of the region, not forgetting (since Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama" and "In Mizzoura" wrote the play) some delightful specimens of womankind—are all strongly and graphically drawn and differentiated, and each has his or her part in the development of one of the most striking and deeply interesting stories of heroism and self-sacrifice that has been enacted on or off the stage in recent years. The distinguished artist, Frederic Remington, supplied the sketches from which the scenery was painted and the costumes were made, and the stage setting is remarkable for picturesque beauty. Boston theatre-goers have fairly gone wild over the work, and are crowding the Tremont nightly to enjoy the work and applaud the admirable performance of it given by the company that Messrs. La Shelle and Hamlin have got together especially for its production.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Burlington.

The next entertainment to be given in the current course at the church in this town will be by The Sylvan Company of Boston, Miss Carlisle, Whistling Soloist, and Miss Vora Burpee, Dramatic Reader. It will be given on Thursday evening, Dec. 14.

He Fooled The Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest Pile cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Forty per cent. of the heat of an ordinary fire goes up the chimney.

A Useful Publication.

Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, Pastor of First church, this city, has recently prepared a Bible Catechism for youth which is highly commended by the religious press and ministers of the Gospel. We have examined it with care and have no hesitation in saying it is a valuable work.

Out of many commendations of this book the two given below have been chosen as samples. Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott of *The Outlook*, and Rev. Dr. Albert H. Plumb of Boston, are so widely known and their distinctive theological view-points are so well understood that the approval by both of them of a religious text-book for boys and girls is enough to commend it to the thoughtful review of all who are interested in the vital subject of training children for Christ.

REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT of *The Outlook* writes as follows:

"I took up your catechism with a prejudice against it; not because it was yours but because it was a catechism. My general impressions have been against any attempt in our time to frame either a new creed or a new catechism, believing any reconstructive work must be along spiritual rather than intellectual or philosophical lines; but your catechism has overcome my prejudice. It seems to me that you have accomplished what so far as I know never has been before accomplished—catechetical instruction in spiritual truth. You have also systematized the Bible or at least shown that systematic instruction can be derived from it, without adopting the old and erroneous textual method. I am heartily glad the catechism is to be published, and I hope for it a large use in the churches and the homes. May I suggest that a minister would do very well to put this catechism into his Sunday School and then to take the successive chapters as topics for a series of Sabbath sermons, filling in the outlines of his sermons from the outlines which your questions and answers suggest."

REV. DR. ALBERT H. PLUMB of Boston says;

"I have examined with considerable care and great satisfaction the catechism prepared by Rev. Doremus Scudder, D. D., and am deeply impressed with its many excellences. I am profoundly convinced of the great need of such endeavor as he is engaged in promoting among the churches, and turn with strong hopes to the promise of ufefulness it holds out."

The price of the booklet is 10 cents.

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woman's Club was held in Music Hall, Friday afternoon, December 1, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Annie Sawyer Downs of Andover, Mass., gave an entertaining account of a recent visit to the "Evangeline Country."

Starting from Boston she carried her hearers north through Vermont into Canada, stopping for visits at Montreal, Quebec, and other minor places, there on to Grand-Pre, in the Evangeline Country. Mrs. Downs is a ready speaker, with an appreciation of grand scenery, a good sense of the humorous, and a keen observer of human nature.

The next meeting will take place Dec. 15, when Miss Frances J. Dyer will lecture on "Beacon Lights of the Century in England."

L. B. B., Clerk.

First Church Notes.

The evangelistic services have been well attended this week, and full of interest. The series will close Sunday evening, at which time Rev. Mr. Hunnewell of Reading will preach.

Elaborate preparations for the Mother Goose Party next Monday evening have been going on, and every one who omits this entertainment will lose a great deal of fun and enjoyment.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

The Fair has been very well attended so far, and if the present rate of income is kept up and the weather be propitious, about $300 will be realized. Thursday evening a supper was served and a service appropriate for the day conducted. The address, which was delivered in English, was considered by many a masterpiece in the choice and beauty of its language and the sustained elevation of its sentiment. Saturday evening about 200 persons were present. Quite a number of the most representative musicians of Woburn and vicinity were there. Several were of the opinion that it was one of the best musical entertainments ever given in this city.

Sunday evening Dec. 17 at 7 P. M. the pastor of the church will be installed as pastor according to the special form customary in the Lutheran church. Rev A. Carlson of Manchester, N. H., Rev. Eckman of Lowell and Rev. Liung of Waltham will be present. Addresses will be delivered in English and Swedish, and there will be music by a male choir and a mixed choir and a quartet sung by the pastors present.

A Sure Cure for Croup.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Why Not?

MR. HOBBS:—Since the closing of the eating houses on Sunday we have no reports from the holders of Liquor Licences if it improved their business of selling nothing in Woburn on Sundays, except Rum. Now would it not be in order to close by injunction the groceries, meat and provision stores, bake houses, and stop the milkmen for three months every day in the week? The Ice Men would be needed for cold drinks.

After three months had elapsed, if the holders of the liquor licences should decide that it had improved their business, the injunction should be made permanent, and show how cities can live and flourish on nothing but rum. Just think of the expense, and vast amount of work saved by not cooking and time thrown away in eating.

REPUBLICAN VOTER.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

North Woburn.

A "Measuring Party" was held at the Church in North Woburn, Thursday evening, Dec. 7.

Mrs. Servia Baker (Nichols) Thompson of Elm st. North Woburn, will be 85 years old Saturday, Dec. 9. Not many women of her years keep so acute an interest in all that occurs keeping herself as young at heart as her grandchildren. Mrs. Thompson tells of attending school in the Rumford House having as teacher Miss Hannah Thompson, daughter of Eben

Civil Service Notice.

Woburn Post Office, Dec. 5, 1899.

The Clerk and Carrier Examination for the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, to be held Dec. 6, has been postponed till Dec. 20, owing to lack of applicants More applicants are urgently desired.

N. J. McCARTHY, Aux. Mem.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhœa. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25 cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefitted.—THOMAS C. BOWER, Glencoe, O. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

A shoemaker says we wear away quite two inches of shoe leather in a year. A pair of boots that would "last a lifetime" would consequently have to be provided with soles from eight to nine feet thick.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Auditor's Department.

All persons or firms having BILLS AGAINST THE CITY OF WOBURN are requested to present the same on or before Saturday, December 23.

As the various Committees on the approval of bills will meet Tuesday, December 26th, POSITIVELY NO BILLS received later than above date will be included in the December order on the City Treasurer.

ALBERT P. BARRETT, City Auditor.

Since 1822

We have sold GOOD China. isn't that the kind you want?

Abram French Co.

75 Years a China Store. | 89-91-93 Franklin St. Cor. Devonshire.

BOSTON, MASS.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To Timothy Calnan, Guardian of Thomas L., Ellen S., John W., Harry T., and Joseph E. Taity of Woburn, in said County, minors, and to Thomas Moore, surety on the bond given to said Court by said Timothy Calnan, and to all persons interested in said estate.

WHEREAS, John Maloney, surety on said bond, has presented to said Court his petition praying that he may be discharged from all further responsibility as such surety, and that said Timothy Calnan may be ordered to furnish a new bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Timothy Calnan and said Thomas Moore, co-surety, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Alexander Frotheringham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Bernard Pierce and Rose Frotheringham, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BOARD OF RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS.

BOSTON, December 1, 1899.

On the Petition of the Wakefield & Stoneham Street Railway Company for approval of the terms of purchase of the franchises and property of the Reading & Lowell, the Salem & Wakefield, the Woburn & Reading, and the Mystic Valley Street Railway Companies, and for approval of an issue of capital stock for the purpose and to the amount set forth in said terms, the Board will give a hearing to the parties in interest at their office, No. 20 Beacon Street, Boston, on **Tuesday, the nineteenth day of December, instant**, at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

And the petitioner is required to give notice of said hearing by publication hereof twice prior to said date in the WOBURN JOURNAL and the *Wakefield Citizen & Banner*, newspapers printed in the town of Wakefield and City of Woburn respectively.

Per order,

WM. A. CRAFTS, Clerk.

Steadfast Nature.

"I have seen Brother Bruggetts grow from a poor young man to a middle aged millionaire," said the aged minister, "and it has not changed him one bit. When he first entered my church, he established the habit of putting a quarter in the plate every Sunday, and, though he has since grown rich, he puts in his 25 cents."—Indianapolis Journal.

Reflected Greatness.

When, as a boy, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha visited the island of Barbados, his washing was done for him by a negress named Jane Ann Smith, who was over 6 feet in height. She was so puffed up at being patronized by royalty that she claimed precedence at once over all the other washerwomen and retained it for many years.

CITY OF WOBURN

CLERK'S OFFICE, November 22, 1899.

In accordance with the provisions of Statutes of 1898, Chapter 548, notice is hereby given that meetings of male citizens of Woburn qualified to vote will be held on

Tuesday, the twelfth day of December, A. D., 1899,

in the following places, namely:

Ward One,—Dow's Block, 318 Main St.
Ward Two,—Armory, entrance Prospect St.
Ward Three,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Four,—Lyceum Hall, Main St.
Ward Five,—Porter Hose House, Thorn St.
Ward Six,—Vidette Hose House, Main St.
Ward Seven,—Cummings Hose House, Willow St.

The **Polls** will be **Open at six o'clock in the morning** and **closed at four o'clock in the afternoon** and all such citizens will in the several wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their vote for a Mayor, eight Aldermen at-large, and one Alderman from each of the several Wards; also for one member of the Board of Public Works, for the term of four years; also for three members of the School Committee.

All such male citizens will, in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes, "Yes or No," in answer to the question: "Shall Chapter 344 of the Acts of 1899, entitled 'An Act to make eight hours a day's work for City and Town employees,' be accepted?" Also to give in their votes "Yes or No," in answer to the question: "Shall license be granted for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this city, for the year beginning May 1, 1900?"

All female citizens, qualified to vote as the law directs, will in the several Wards in which they are entitled to vote, between said hours, give in their votes on a separate ballot, for three members of the School Committee.

All the votes cast by each voter for the aforesaid officers, and in answer to the aforesaid questions, must be upon one ballot.

By order of the Mayor and City Council.

ATTEST:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

Chapter 344 of the Acts of the Massachusetts Legislature for 1899:

AN ACT

To make eight hours a day's work for city and town employees.

Be it enacted, etc., as follows:

SECTION 1. Eight hours shall constitute a day's work for all laborers, workmen and mechanics now employed, or who may hereafter be employed, by or on behalf of any city or town in this Commonwealth.

SECTION 2. All acts and parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

SECTION 3. This act shall not take effect in any city or town until accepted by a majority of the voters voting thereon at an annual election. Such vote shall be taken by ballot. When so accepted this act shall take effect from the date of such acceptance. [*Approved May 6, 1899.*

A true copy. Attest:

JOHN H. FINN, City Clerk.

"That's a FRUIT Flavor."

So are all Flavors made with

Baker's Pure Fruit Extracts.

The best hotels and most particular housekeepers have used them for **years.**

Baker's Vanilla, Orange, Lemon, etc.

You need but half as much of Baker's as of any other Extract. Result—flavor perfect, money saved. **You can get them from your Grocer if you ask.**

FREE. Send three shell trade marks cut from the cartons or wrappers of our Extracts and we will forward you a beautiful 4-page Art Calendar for 1900.

Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass. Trade marks will be received up to Dec. 25.

Art Exhibition

— AND —

SALE.

Mr. Benj. Champney

Will open an Exhibition and Sale of his Paintings at

LEONARD'S ART AUCTION ROOMS,

Bromfield St., Boston.

Opening Monday, Dec. 11, 1899.

Sale on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15 & 16.

These paintings are the accumulation of years of study and include Mr. Champney's best recent work.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on **Tuesday, January 9, 1900,** at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 8, 1899.

To Let.

Up one flight, on Main street, a very desirable tenement in good order; well adapted for millinery or dressmaking purposes as well as for residence. For view of premises, or any information in regard to the same, call or address

No 60 Union St., Woburn, Mass.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO., 415 Main Street.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO., 409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1899.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way. MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. [illegible]

Remember the date and place, Thursday, Dec. 7, at Hanson & Co's Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

Fall Styles Now in Stock.

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

..FREE.. Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Dec. 12. Miss Annie S. Peck. Subject: "Mexico." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Dec. 26. William G. Ward. Subject: "The Novel and the Short Story."

TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13. To be announced.

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, E. MARIA BEAN, WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,

Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Telephone 133-2.

FURS

A. N. COOK & CO.

Have a Fine Collection of Furs, some of the Choicest European Designs, in small and large Shoulder Capes, Jackets, Sacks and Collarettes. Choice Alaska Seal Skins. Russia and Hudson Bay Sables always on hand.

New Location **161 Tremont St**

— AT —

Linnell's Market

Quality Comes First,
Then Price Follows.
We act on this thought.
We aim to carry only first-class goods.

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,

Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,

357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3,

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,

241 Main St., Woburn

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

JOHN ARNOTT,

Watchmaker and Jeweler

465 Main St., Woburn.

Clocks called for and delivered.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

The fond mother dreams great dreams of baby's future as she holds the sleeping little one in her arms. But the dreams will never come true unless she has given him a strong body and a healthy mind. Children die in hosts, or live to struggle through life feeble of body and dull of mind because the mother was unfit physically and mentally for motherhood. Women who use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription endow their children with strong bodies and bright minds. It is every mother's duty to give her child the advantages of a healthy body and mind. A weak or sickly woman cannot do this. "Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong and sick women well.

Mrs. Orrin Stiles, of Downing, Dunn Co., Wis., writes: "I have been intending to write to you ever since my baby was born in regard to what your 'Favorite Prescription' has done for me. I cannot praise it enough, for I have not been as well for five years as I now am. In July last I had a baby boy, weight 11 pounds, and I was only sick a short time, and since I got up have not had one sick day. I have not had any womb trouble since I got up. I was not only surprised myself but all of my friends here are surprised to see me so well."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure biliousness.

POISONS IN MURDER.

THE USE OF THE SUBTLER DRUGS SELDOM BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

Strychnine and Arsenic Are Clumsy Agents of Death, as Their Traces Remain In the Victim Indefinitely. Poisons In Novels and Plays.

"A recent newspaper article," said a physician, "called attention to two curious facts, or rather, alleged facts, about poison. First, that it is so seldom resorted to by murderers, and, second, that its use is almost invariably followed by detection. One might answer both statements with the question: How do we know? How do we know that the few clumsy cases that come to light represent the sum of that kind of crime?

"It is undeniably true that there are certain drugs which, if administered with skill, would be almost impossible to detect. Their symptoms are practically identical with those of familiar diseases, and a little while after death they decompose, change form and disappear.

"It would be possible, too, to innoculate a victim with the germs of some deadly malady. He would then go to his grave with a real case of consumption or pneumonia or lockjaw, and there would be nothing to arouse the shadow of suspicion. I believe firmly that such crimes are committed and never discovered, but I believe also that they are very rare. The real safeguard of a community lies in the fact that so few murderers possess the requisite skill.

"Educated people seldom commit deliberate murder," continued the doctor, "and the uneducated mind instinctively associates poison with two substances—arsenic and strychnine. They are the deadly drugs most familiar to the public, and fortunately they are easily detected. Murder by arsenic is infinitely clumsy. To begin with, the symptoms are marked and peculiar; being a metallic product, its traces remain in the body an indefinite time.

"Last summer a woman in Barcelona, Spain, confessed that she had poisoned her sister with arsenic 15 years before. The grave was opened and the coffin found to contain nothing but dust and ashes, but a chemical test showed unmistakably the presence of the drug.

"Mrs. Maybrick was accused of killing her husband with arsenic, and the test revealed it plainly not only in the remains, but in certain medicines. The demonstration was so conclusive that she finally arose in court and admitted giving him a 'white powder,' but insisted that she followed his own express directions.

"One of the most ingenious cases of poisoning I ever heard of occurred some years ago in another state. A young physician plotted to kill a wealthy farmer. He knew the latter was taking quinine for a cold and, meeting him one day, asked to see what size capsules he used. While pretending to examine them, he slipped in one containing strychnine. The farmer happened on it nearly a week later and died in convulsions. An autopsy revealed the poison, but the affair was a deep mystery until the doctor committed suicide, leaving a written confession.

"The poisonings that occur in novels and on the stage are usually very amusing to a student of toxicology," said the physician in conclusion. "I remember in 'Sam'l of Posen,' which was produced with such success by M. B. Curtis, the drummer hero was temporarily knocked out by a poisoned cigar. He took two or three whiffs, and over he rolled. I would like very much to know the name of the drug that would produce that sort of effect.

"Nearly all the poisoning in fiction is equally surprising. There is a well known English romance in which the heroine inhales the fragrance of a bunch of roses and instantly falls dead. Needless to say, the poisoned perfume is wholly unknown to science.

"Another story— But I could keep on citing instances all night. History isn't much better. Most of the yarns of the Borgias and Medicis are pure moonshine, especially those about poisoned gloves, poisoned tapers and other applications of drugs or things that are touched or handled.

"The tale of the book which was anointed on the margins with some deadly substance that killed the person who moistened his fingers to turn the leaves has possibly a foundation in truth, but, I confess, I would be puzzled to know how to prepare such a volume. Almost anything that might be used would instantly betray itself by its taste.

"In the middle ages powdered glass is said to have been a favorite material with which to 'doctor' food, and you'll find some interesting data on the subject in the autobiography of Cellini, the goldsmith. It is occasionally used by negroes right here in the south. Of course, powdered glass isn't a true poison. It sometimes kills by setting up internal inflammation. Oftener it has no effect at all."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

SOME AWFUL DEATHS.

FEARFUL FORMS IN WHICH THE GRIM DESTROYER CALLS.

The Venom of a South Australian Spider and the Frightful Agony It Causes—A Grain That Makes Its Victim a Raving Maniac.

What is the most awful shape in which death may come to mortal man? Not by fire, nor by water, nor by gunshot. These are mere pleasures to some of the deaths by which you may die.

The most agonizing of all is caused by an insect half the size of a pea—a small black spider. It lives in Peru and South Australia, but a few specimens have reached Europe and America in shiploads of timber. Not long ago a dock laborer was unlucky enough to come upon one in the Victoria docks while unloading a bark. The tiny death dealer dropped upon the back of his hand and dug its fangs into his flesh. The bite itself was nothing, but as soon as the poison began to work the man fainted with pain. Soon afterward he came to and lived three days before the end came.

This spider's venom scorches up the blood vessels and spreads through all the tissues, causing the most fearful agony a human being can have to bear. The worst of it is that the victim lives at least two days, enduring unthinkable anguish the whole time. This spider is luckily not common. It is known as the "specky," and when a man who knows what the bite means is bitten he generally blows out his brains.

Another fearful death is caused by eating a grain called "bhat." This sometimes gets mixed with rice, which it resembles. The plant grows in the east, and a few grains of it will drive one into a state of violent mania. The victim becomes drowsy at first and afterward hilarious, then he goes stark, staring mad and tears himself literally to pieces with his fingers, biting mouthfuls out of his limbs. It is bad enough to see such a case, but as for experiencing it—

This grain is only found in remote parts of the east, but both white men and natives are killed by it occasionally in the east, for the plant grows in with the rice crops and can scarcely be told apart, but that the dried grain is of a reddish color.

Of course falling into a vat of boiling metal, as unfortunate workmen sometimes do, sounds bad enough, but it is mercifully quick. There is a South American vine called the "knotter," which is far worse. It twines around any living thing that comes within reach, twisting its long tentacles about a man as a devilfish might. These tentacles sear and burn into the flesh like white hot wires, and the victim is dragged into the heart of the foliage and his juices slowly drained, as a spider sucks the blood of a fly.

All say that the pain is worse than they could have believed it possible for a man to feel. The "knotter" is well known to scientists and is, in fact, a sort of huge flytrap plant. Those who have strong instincts of cruelty, coupled with curiosity, sometimes force a dog into the grip of the "knotter" to watch the effects, which are too horrible to describe in detail.

Again, there is nothing very much worse than hydrophobia, when genuine. The patient often lives for days in the acute stage and in his last hours is simply tied up in knots and bent backward and forward like a bow. It is a very rare disease with human beings, for most people bitten by rabid dogs, a small number at most, escape it. In extreme cases the patient actually snarls and bays like any hound, and, next to experiencing it, the worst thing is to watch a case. It is as distressing a spectacle as any man could witness.

There is a snake called the "lancer," which lives in South America, and is very ready with its fangs. It is a small, brown, insignificant beast, but its bite induces a sort of imaginary swelling all over the victim's body. He feels as if every inch of him were being strained to breaking point, and the agony which results is too awful for words. Generally, however, the excess of pain drives the bitten man mad before very long, and in four hours he dies—a senseless imbecile.

But, all said and done, perhaps there is no death much worse than by the common disease of cancer, which gnaws at the patient's vitals through month after month of unceasing agony and slays its victim at last through sheer exhaustion.—London Spectator.

His Little Contribution.

One of the many stories told of the late Dr. Wallace, M. P., is to the effect that when the editor of a local paper in the north asked him "if he would kindly furnish an article on 'a light theological topic'" Wallace responded with one bearing the title "The Relations Between the Presbyterian Church and Modern Thought." When set up the article made 40 columns, and it became a puzzle to editor and printer how to get rid of it. They began by using it in pieces, and whenever the printer said to the editor, "We've got no leader," the reply was, "Eh, mon, just sneck off about a column and a quarter o' Wallace." In this way the contribution was used, first working down from the beginning, then upward from the end.—London Academy.

Touched.

"I suppose you were touched when your wife gave you that $50 easy chair?"

"Of course! How else do you imagine my wife could come by $50?"—Detroit Journal.

In Belgium at 6 o'clock, evening, you hear from every cottage the voices of father, mother and children and servants saying their prayers, and it is much the same at noon.

A Dog Story.

Animals have sentiment, and they do reason. Lord Sandwich had two intelligent, companionable little white dogs. He was fond of both. They were much attached to him and devoted to each other. One white pet fell sick, and he watched over the little creature. But no care sufficed to save it, and it died. The loving master said that he himself would bury the dog, and he did so. The living Pomeranian stood by, grieving as sincerely as the bereaved master. But the survivor could never again endure Lord Sandwich, shunned him and was utterly irreconcilable for all time. He thought that the master had killed and buried his canine comrade.—London News.

Love In a Flat.

"You don't care for a big house and lots of servants, do you?" he asked.

"Not at all," she replied promptly.

"Don't you think that love in a flat would be delightful?" he persisted.

"Yes," she answered. "Love in a flat, but not life with one."

He postponed his proposal.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Lively Streak of Mouse.

Several persons standing in front of a show window on Fourth street watching a procession of Japanese mice in a cage as they ran in at one door of their sleeping apartment and out at another with lightning rapidity became involved in a dispute as to how many of the animals there were. One said there were only two mice, while others thought there were at least three.

They were very active, curious little animals and, instead of being of the proper mouse color, were black and white, marked in large blotches like Holstein cattle or old fashioned swine. The holes into and out of which they ran were close together, and they chased around so swiftly that it was impossible to count them, for sometimes there was a mouse at each hole and sometimes one outside and the others inside, and sometimes it appeared as if there were just one long mouse in a circle revolving on a pivot, with noses and tails at intervals.

The mad race was kept up for some time, and finally all the mice disappeared as if by magic. One of the spectators went into the store and asked how many mice there were in the cage, stating that he and his companions had not been able to decide, as they moved too quickly to be counted. A clerk said there was only one mouse, and it was impossible to count it except when it was asleep and, seeing a look of incredulity on the countenance of the caller, raised the top of the cage and showed one little black and white mouse nestling on a piece of cotton in a corner.—Portland Oregonian.

He Was Too Smart.

It was at one of the recent receptions. All society was there, and it was a brilliant occasion. One young man who has a reputation for brightness and repartee began throwing bouquets at one of the fair young ladies. "I heard somebody say you were the most charming debutant of the season," he whispered to her.

"Oh, who was it, Mr. Blank?" she asked expectantly.

"I can't tell now," he replied, "but I will tell you some time."

"Oh, please do!" she pleaded.

He was obdurate, and she was persistent, and soon the other girls were attracted to where the couple stood.

"I think it is real mean of you, Mr. Blank, to arouse my curiosity. And what do you think, girls?" she said, turning to the crowd. "He heard something nice about me and won't tell who said it."

"Yes, I did hear that she was the most charming debutant of the season," spoke up Mr. Blank.

"Who told you, please?" spoke up the girl in a last effort to get the name of her admirer.

"Your mother," answered the young man. And now they never speak as they pass.—Memphis Scimitar.

The Most Ancient Machine Tool.

There can be very little doubt that the potter's wheel, or potter's lathe, as it is also termed, represents today the most ancient form of machine tool known. Among the many sculptured records of the trades and occupations which so vividly represent the customs and habits of the ancient Egyptians the potter and his wheel have been found frequently depicted, and it is curious to note that through the almost countless generations since that time this crude type of lathe has undergone no material modification.

The primitive form was evidently a small, round table set on a pivot and free to revolve, being turned by hand at intervals, and to this device there were added in the course of time such simple conveniences as a table to support it and a foot or a hand power turning arrangement, displaced in recent years in possibly a few isolated cases by actual engine power driving. In general use, however, the potter's wheel of the present time bears all the characteristics of the one which, 4,000 years or more ago, served to turn out pottery attesting unsurpassable taste and skill.—Cassier's Magazine.

Cost of a Loaf of Bread.

The average "pound loaf" of fresh bread sold by bakers, says a college professor, weighed on an average about one pound one ounce. A pound loaf of bread can be made from about three-quarters of a pound of flour, about 25 per cent of water being added to the flour during the process of breadmaking. With some flours 5 to 10 per cent more water can be absorbed, making a greater weight of bread from a given weight of flour. This additional weight is water and not nutrients.

At 2 cents a pound for flour it is estimated by the professor that a pound loaf of bread can be made, not counting fuel and labor, for about 2 cents, a half cent being allowed for shortening and yeast. The loss of dry matter in breadmaking is usually considered as amounting to about 2 per cent of the flour used. In exceptional cases, as in prolonged fermentation, under favorable conditions the losses may amount to 8 per cent or more.

A Diplomatic Drummer.

Assistant Secretary of State Thomas W. Cridler, in the discharge of his diplomatic duties, crossed the ocean probably more times than any other official in that branch of the national government. On one voyage he made the acquaintance of a traveling salesman, whose companionability was marred by curiosity.

"Traveling on business, like myself, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"What line of goods?"

"Papers."

"Wall, writing or printing?"

"Papers for cabinets."

"Humph, I thought cabinet makers used only wood, steel and brass!"

"Most of them do," and the diplomat began to speak of other things.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Popular Southern Girl.

Two men of southern manner of speech were talking of a mutual friend named Henry.

"Did Henry eveh get ma'ied to that young lady in Memphis?" asked one.

The other shook his head and replied: "No, seh. When Henry got down theah, he found he had to take his numbeh and stand in line so as to be able to see the young lady, so he came away."—Chicago Record.

The Pursuit of Pleasure.

We smile at the ignorance of the savage who cuts down the tree in order to reach its fruits. But the fact is that a blunder of this description is made by every person who is over-eager and impatient in the pursuit of pleasure.

Virtue.

The elements of virtue are at the bottom of every heart, and, though they may be trampled underfoot and crushed into the mud, they still exist, and, when rescued and restored, nobility and manhood will grow out of them.

Coats That Last a Century.

To wear your grandfather's coat would not seem much of an honor, but to John Chinaman it is the greatest felicity. Not only is the common looking, shapeless blue blouse of his ancestor prized because it is his ancestor's, but because of its intrinsic value. The clothing usually worn by the Chinese is of the purest silk and costs anywhere from $100 to $250 a suit.

As a nation the Chinese object to wearing clothing of any other kind, and centuries of experiment have taught them how best to make up the costly caterpillar thread into the most durable form. On this account the Chinese dress, though of purer material, has none of the sheen usually associated with silk, a peculiarity which has resulted in the erroneous ideas as to their composition. All the garments are made in China and are only exported for the personal use of Celestials in foreign countries.

Owing to their cost, however, they are only purchased at long intervals, each garment being of so durable a character that they are handed down to the third and even the fourth generation. Wear appears to rather improve them than otherwise, with the result that the coat of the father or grandfather often has more intrinsic value than the newer and less worn articles.—Omaha World-Herald.

The Walls Ran Down.

The Irishman who went up in the hotel lift without knowing what it was did not recover easily from the surprise. He relates the story in this way:

"I wint to the hotel, and, says I, 'Is Misther Smith in?'

"'Yes,' said the man with the sojer cap. 'Will yez step in?'

"So I steps into the closet, and all of a suddint he pulls the rope, and—its the truth I'ze telling yez—the walls of the building began running down to the cellar.

"'Och, murther!' says I. 'What'll become of Bridget and the children which was left below there?'

"Says the sojer cap man: 'Be aisy, sorr. They'll be all right when yez come down.'

"'Come down, is it?' says I. 'And it is no closet at all, but a haythenish balloon, that yez got me in!'

"And wid that the walls stood stock still, and he opened the door, and there I was wid the roof just over my head! And, begorra, that's what saved me from going up to the hevins intirely!"—Irish Independent.

Dahlias For Food.

It is an interesting fact that when the dahlia was introduced into Europe it was not as a flower that it was valued, but as a vegetable. The plant is said to be really akin to the potato, and it was thought that it would prove an important addition to our food resources. The single variety seems to have been imported first, the Marchioness of Bute having introduced it about 100 years ago. It came to us from Madrid, the Spaniards having, it is believed, found it first in Mexico, and it was introduced into France as well as England.

A few daring adventurers appear to have made trial of it as an edible root, but it is never an easy matter to popularize a new article of food, and the tuber of the dahlia did not take on. If it had done so, the probability is that we should never have troubled much about its cultivation as a flower. We never do grow things for fruit and flower, too, and if we had sacks of dahlia bulbs in Covent Garden we should have had no dahlia show at the Crystal Palace.—London Correspondence.

His Opinion of Shakespeare.

There is a story going about concerning a famous man of letters who visited Washington recently. He appeared at but one dinner party. There he sat next the young daughter of a noted naval officer. Her vocabulary is of a kind peculiar to very young girls, but she rattled away at the famous man without a moment's respite. It was during a pause in the general conversation that she said to him:

"I'm awfully stuck on Shakespeare. Don't you think he's terribly interesting?"

Everybody listened to hear the great man's brilliant reply, for as a Shakespearean scholar he has few peers.

"Yes," he said solemnly, "I do think he is interesting. I think he is more than that. I think Shakespeare is just simply too cute for anything."—Washington Post.

Costly Lessons.

"What's that there young man's business?" asked Mr. Parvenu.

"He's a tutor, I believe," replied his wife.

"What does he teach?"

"One of them old sciences, I s'pose," answered Mrs. Parvenu. "I ain't just sure what it is, but last night Maybelle told me he was giving her some lessons in osculation."

"Well, I s'pose she's got to be educated," returned the old man. "I only hope he won't charge no fancy price for his lessons."—Chicago Post.

True.

Lecturer—And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed "as one vast plain?"

Voice (in the audience)—The one that works in a powder mill.—Life.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Breut Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

SOCIETY KLEPTOMANIACS.

They Purloin Articles of Virtu From the Homes of Officials.

One of the leading jewelers of the capital was somewhat taken aback one day, says a Washington paper, by receiving from the wife of a high official an order for half a dozen gold nails with a jewel in the head of each and a dozen small gold chains. He inquired the uses to which the nails were to be put, when his patron said:

"You see, I have a number of very valuable objects of art, which, although they are very expensive, are very small and easily handled. As the wife of an official of the government, I am obliged to open my house during the season to the constituents of my husband and the Washington curiosity seeking public in general. On my reception day, therefore, my house is crowded with all sorts of people, and last winter I suffered the loss of several of my most valuable treasures.

"I have long been trying to devise some plan by which I can keep my objects of art outside of my cabinets and yet not have them stolen, for that is the only word I can use in regard to the loss of my treasures. I have concluded that I must either nail down some of the bric-a-brac or chain it securely to the table, and hence I am going to try this remedy. That is why I want these nails and chains."

This woman's predicament is not an unusual one in Washington official circles. The kleptomaniacs who commit the most aggravated depredations are for the most part well known leaders in society.

One winter social circles in Washington were greatly bewildered and shocked by the doings of one of the best known women in official circles. A number of hostesses began to miss valuable doilies from their dinner tables after they had given luncheons or dinners, and finally several of them got together and compared notes, and suspicion fell upon one of the women who had been the guest at luncheons given by those gathered at the conference.

Finally the wife of a prominent diplomat determined to stop the raid upon the doilies, and at the next luncheon she seated the suspected kleptomaniac next to her. When the doilies were brought on, she watched her guest and discovered that the latter laid her doily on the table and, carelessly dropping her handkerchief over it, picked up both.

The hostess, in a most charming manner, turned to her guest and said: "Pardon me, my dear Mrs. ——, but I am afraid you have my most exquisite doily in your handkerchief. It is so fine I am afraid it will be crushed and therefore call your attention to your inadvertence in taking it up with your handkerchief."

The guest was not in the least abashed, and with a laugh she shook out her handkerchief, and the doily fell back on the table, whereupon she exclaimed: "Why, dear me, so I have! How very careless of me!"

There were significant glances all around the table, but no more doilies were lost during that season.

THE OPEN MOUTH.

Said to Be a Survival of Babyhood Tendencies.

Hiram M. Stanley advances a new explanation of the tendency to open the mouth in surprise and astonishment. Darwin ascribed this tendency to the intuitive desire for quietness and effectiveness of breathing and to mere relaxation of the muscles. Mr. Stanley finds a deeper organic reason—namely, that the open mouth is the attention sign, and is a primitive and constant reaction with the young of many animals for the reception of food—for example, with birds.

Any sound or other stimulus immediately causes the young bird to extend its mouth. With young infants the same influence has often the same effect. The mouth of the infant under such stimulation usually assumes the sucking form, and its smile when the finger is pointed at it may be either nascent or degraded sucking.

Mr. Stanley maintains that the common and highly useful tendency of the very young to open the mouth to all stimuli, visual, aural, etc., continues as a survival in after life, being especially brought out with stimuli of high intensity and unusual quality and thus becomes a mark of surprise and astonishment. It is a habit very common among boys and girls to open the mouth under any attention. The rise of smiling and laughter as connected with wit and humor—at the basis of which lies surprise—thus declares itself as a kind of attention expression.

Assuming that the primary expression of the mouth is a feeding expression and that this probably has been modified and evolved in connection with a variety of attention phenomena, Mr. Stanley suggests that it would be worth while to make a detailed study of expression in infants and young animals with this point in view.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Lemons For the Hands.

One of the best possible manicure acids is lemon juice, diluted with a little warm water. It not only removes stains from the nails, but loosens the cuticle far better than scissors will. Lemons are also excellent for whitening hands which have become tanned by exposure to the sun in boating or other outdoor exercise.—Home Notes.

Greatness, after all, in spite of its name, appears to be not so much a certain size as a certain quality in human lives. It may be present in lives whose range is very small.

Thrown Out of Court.

"In the good old days of Kentucky," says The Bar, "there was a court composed of three magistrates to try certain cases appealed from a single justice of the peace. The three magistrates were backwoodsmen. A case was being tried one day that was very important, and several hours of listening to the reading of depositions and the arguments of counsel, pro and con and pro and con again, had so nearly entangled the court in a labyrinth of perplexing questions of law and fact that they doubted their ability to blaze their way out. So they whispered to the leading lawyer at the bar, who was sitting by as a spectator, and asked him what he thought ought to be done with the case.

"'I think it ought to be thrown out of court,' was the prompt and emphatic reply.

"That settled it.

"'Mr. Clerk,' said the chief magistrate, 'pass up them papers.'

"The papers, which made quite a large bundle, were handed the chief magistrate.

"'Now, Mr. Sheriff,' said he deliberately, 'open that window.'

"The sheriff opened the window and the case was thrown out of court.

"The feud that followed lasted for 15 years."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XI, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 10.

Text of the Lesson, Mal. i, 6-11 and iii, 8-12—Memory Verses, 8-10—Golden Text, II Cor. ix, 7—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Copyright, 1899, by D. M. Stearns.]

In this last word to His people through the prophets, before He Himself should come, He tells them plainly what He saw in them that He did not like and urges them to return to Him that He may forgive and bless them. His first word is, "I have loved you" (verse 2), and this is always the burden of His plea. He chose them as a special people to Himself not because they were many or good, but simply because He loved them (Deut. vii, 7, 8). With an everlasting love He loved them, and with loving kindness He drew them, and when they wandered from Him He said that if they would only return to Him He would heal their backsliding and love them freely (Jer. xxxi, 3; Hos. xiv, 4).

6, 7. "O priests, that despise my name." He said to the priests, who were His messengers to the people (ii, 7), that they counted His service a weariness. They brought Him the torn and the lame and the sick and thus despised His name (verse 13). They showed Him no honor either as Father or Master. It has been said that God is not called Father in the Old Testament, but see, in addition to our lesson, Deut. xxxii, 6; Isa. lxiii, 16; Jer. xxxi, 9.

8. "Offer it now unto thy governor." It is actually true that people offer to God what they would not offer to their fellows. They offer Him the result of a misspent life, a worn out body, a half hearted service or that which they can give and never feel it, as some say. In the church or Bible class offering, which is supposed to indicate in some measure our gratitude to God, what does God think of the pennies that are sometimes found there by the hundred, while the donors profess to be so grateful for their privileges? I think I must have several pounds weight of mutilated coin which has accumulated from the Bible class offerings. If all the thousands in these classes were as grateful as the comparatively few who give me the thousands of dollars to pass on in His name, how much more might be accomplished.

9, 10. "I have no pleasure in you, saith the Lord of Hosts, neither will I accept an offering at your hand." The words seem to indicate that they only served God or professed to do so because there was some personal gain in it, as when satan said, "Doth Job fear God for naught?" (Job i, 9.) The revised version seems to say that God would prefer to have the doors of His house shut rather than have them offer Him vain offerings.

11. Notwithstanding all formality and hypocrisy the kingdom shall come, and both Jews and Gentiles shall delight to honor His name. In all the world His name shall be great, "Far above all principality and power and might and dominion and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." (Eph. i, 21.) All kings shall fall down before Him, all nations shall serve Him (Ps. lxxii, 11), and all nations shall send their representatives to Jerusalem from year to year to worship the King, the Lord of Hosts (Zech. xiv, 16, 17). In all times of darkness a look at the kingdom and its glory is very cheering.

iii, 8, 9. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me." He gave them all they had, lands and vineyards and homes for which they labored not and which they did not deserve, and He asked them to give Him one-seventh of their time and one-tenth of all the increase which He gave them, not that they might enrich Him in any way, but that He might bless them the more, and they misjudged Him and were ungrateful and unbelieving and despised Him and robbed Him.

10, 11. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts." Let us not fail to believe that He means here just what He says, as He always does unless it is manifestly a figure, and that He is asking His people to return to Him His just portion, that He may bless them more abundantly. If a neighbor with a nice vegetable garden should send you some choice things from his garden in a quite attractive basket and your covetousness should exceed your gratitude and lead you to keep the basket, too, what should you think of yourself? If we fail to give the Lord at least a tenth of that which He gives us or enables us to earn, we are worse than the one who would keep the basket. Jacob gave the Lord a tenth, and some people would not like to be counted meaner than Jacob. Abram gave tithes to Melchisedek. Christians are the seed of Abraham, and the Lord Jesus is our great King Priest, to whom we owe all (Gal. iii, 29; Heb. vii, 1, 2). There is that scattereth and yet increaseth; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches (Prov. xi, 24; xiii, 7). God so loved that He gave His only begotten Son. The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me. If His love does not constrain me to give cheerfully to Him, what do I know of it or Him? I was led to see my privilege in this matter while pastor of a church in Boston from 1880 to 1886. I had no stated salary, but accepted as my portion that which was left after all current expenses were paid. Living on the tithes of others and giving all my time to the Lord and having nothing superfluous in my income, I tried to persuade myself that the Lord did not require a tithe from me, but one day in the early spring of 1884 Num. xviii, 26, took hold of me, and from that day to this I have by His grace been obedient in this matter and have known something of the blessedness thereof and earnestly desire it for all.

12. "All nations shall call you blessed, for ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of Hosts." This is yet to be true of Israel when the Lord of Hosts shall dwell in their midst forevermore, and the name of Jerusalem shall be Jehovah-shammah—the Lord is there (Ezek. xliii, 7; xlviii, 35). But national promises are ofttimes true for individuals (Job xxxiv, 29), and every believer who becomes obedient in this matter will know increased blessedness and have the consciousness of being a delight to the Lord as well as of delighting in the Lord as never before. "The Lord taketh pleasure in His people. He will beautify the meek with salvation." (Ps. cxlix, 4.) Instead of being content to be saved by Him and have the assurance of a place in heaven as our great ambition, let us yield so fully to Him and live so wholly for Him that we shall be to the praise of His glory all the way home.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE

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I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

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A WHISTLING WHALE

THE HEAD OF A HARPOON MADE THE SPOUTER A FREAK.

A Badly Scared Boat's Crew and an Exciting Battle With the Monster, Who Crushed a Small Boat Between His Ponderous Jaws.

"The only time I ever was really frightened was when I was fast to a whistling whale on the Japan grounds in 1842." Old Captain Rogers of New London was talking. "It was my second voyage whaling, and I had shipped as boat steerer on the Nautilus. We had been out from home some 18 months and had met with fairly good luck, when one morning 'There she blows!' came down from one of the lookouts aloft. It was just after six bells, and the second mate's watch was below. The mate, whose boat I steered, was in charge of the deck.

"'Where away?' he shouted.

"'About three miles off the weather beam.'

"The whale, after it had sounded, broke water half a mile nearer the ship, spouted once and turned flukes.

"'That whale acts to me as if he was gallied,' said the old man as he came down on deck. 'He's got separated from a school.'

"'Shall we lower?' asked the mate.

"'Yes, but spread your chances and work cautious, for you'll find him shy.'

"All three boats were lowered, and for some 20 minutes we pulled hard, taking courses a little different. Then all three crews stopped and waited for the whale to come up again. The three boats were then about half a mile apart, ours a little the farthest from the ship.

"Suddenly the whale broke water a short distance from the second mate's boat and began to spout. And he spouted with a most unearthly whistle, I tell you, it scared us. The men sat motionless in their seats until the whale went circling about. It didn't seem to know we were near till he suddenly started for the second mate's boat open mouthed.

"As he came on with a rush the crew to a man leaped overboard. He took the empty boat in his jaws and crushed it like an eggshell. Then, catching sight of our boat, he came at us, but our crew had partly recovered their wits and sprang to the oars with a will.

"To escape by speed was no go, but just as the whale overtook us the mate gave the boat a sudden sheer to port by a quick stroke of the steering oar, and the monster shot by, just grazing the starboard oars.

"As he passed I let drive one iron at him, and it planted firmly, but before I could grasp the second he turned flukes and went down like lightning. The sting of the harpoon had taken all the fight out of him.

"I tell you he went down deep, and his speed was surprising. We had to pour water on the chocks to keep them from blazing. One drag after another was bent on to stop him. But, no. Only a single flake of line was left in the tub when the strain ended and the line began to slacken.

"'He's risin!' exclaimed the mate. 'Haul in slack, and when he breaks water I'll let daylight through him!'

"When about half of the line was in, the whale came about a dozen boat lengths ahead. And he was spouting again with the same unearthly whistle. It put terror into all but the mate, who was forward with his lance, bent on 'greasing it.' I had taken his place at the steering oar.

"We started to pull up to the whale, but away he went, towing the boat after him so fast that the water rose like walls on both sides.

"For half an hour more he kept this up, then suddenly stopped and lay almost still on the water. Slowly and cautiously we pulled up to him. When we came within striking distance, the mate thrust at his vitals with the lance, and pretty soon he rolled over dead.

"On cutting into that whale the next day we found the cause of the whistling. It was the head of a harpoon imbedded transversely across one of the animal's spout holes in such a manner that the escaping air produced a shrill sound. The iron bore the initials of the ship James Loper of Nantucket, and we afterward learned that she had struck and lost a large sperm whale by the breaking of a harpoon some 18 months previous.

"Two New Bedford ships and a bark from New London, which reached home before us, reported having severally chased but failed to get fast to a lone whale, which whistled like a steam engine when it spouted.

"His roaming about alone is accounted for by presuming that his whistling frightened and scattered every school that he approached. He was a noble fellow and stowed down 97 barrels of sperm oil."

"But what became of the second mate's crew, who were left struggling in the water when their boat was demolished?" I asked.

"Oh, the other boat picked them up and took them back to the ship," replied the old captain as he lighted his pipe and settled back for a smoke.—Youth's Companion.

The Inquisitive Tongue.

The curiosity of the tongue does not cause the human being so much trouble as the curiosity of the eye. But the tongue, within its limits, is the most curious of all.

Let the dentist make a change in the mouth, let him remove a tooth or replace with his admirable artifice one that has long been absent, let him change the form of a tooth by rounding off a corner or building up a cavity and see what the tongue will do. It will search out that place, taking careful and minute account of the change. Then it will linger near the place. If it is called to other duties, it comes back as soon as they are discharged and feels the changed place all over again, as if it had not explored and rummaged there already.

It makes no difference that these repeated investigations presently cause annoyance to its supposed master, the man. The tongue in nothing more than in this matter proves that it is an unruly member and will not be controlled.

It seems to have an original will and consciousness of its own, and nothing will serve it except the fullest satisfaction of its curiosity. It will wear itself out, perhaps, but it will find out all about the strange change.—Boston Transcript.

He Never Washed.

First Tramp—Nobody can say that you have a submarine face.

Second Tramp—What do you mean?

First Tramp—It's never under water.—New York World.

His Experience.

Watts—What was the worst storm you ever encountered?

N. Peck—I think it blew at the rate of about 300 words a minute.—Indianapolis Journal.

DIAMOND DOLLARS OF 1804

Only Four of the Original Coinage of 19,570 In Existence.

"Every now and then one reads about the discovery of another of the famous 'diamond dollars' of 1804," said a gentleman of this city who owns one of the finest private collections of coins and medals in the south. "The dollars of that date are popularly supposed to be worth from $1,500 to $2,000 apiece, and if a few originals could be produced I dare say they would bring that figure easily enough. But it happens, unluckily, that there are only four on earth, and they are locked up in the vaults of the treasury building at Washington and couldn't be bought at any price. They are what are known as the 'test pieces,' which are always laid aside whenever a new coin is struck, and the rest of the issue is at this moment quietly reposing under several miles of deep blue sea. The true story is rather interesting. In 1804 the mint at Philadelphia is known to have turned out 19,570 silver dollars. That was the entire issue, barring the test pieces I have just spoken of, and it was never put into circulation. The whole lot, just as it came from the stamping presses, was dumped into an iron chest and put on board a merchantman bound for China. It was directed to the captain of a United States frigate then in oriental waters, and was intended to be used in paying certain expenses connected with the service. The merchantman ran into a Chinese typhoon and went to the bottom, where to the best of my information she still remains, iron chest and all, and that is the reason your Uncle Sam is the only collector in the world who has a complete set of American dollars. Every other collection, including my own, is short one issue, and the gap will never be filled until the sea gives up its own."

"Do you mean to tell us, then," said a listener to the foregoing, "that all the 'diamond dollars' now in private cabinets are counterfeits?" "By no means," replied the collector. "I own an 1804 dollar myself, and there are at least three others, to my knowledge, in the south. They were issued by the government and are perfectly good and legal coins, but they are not originals. They are what are known technically as 'restrikes.' In the early days, when the mints had a few coins left over from one year to another, they would change the date by striking them with a special die, an operation that can always be detected by an expert. For some reason or other, nobody knows just why, a few dollars of the 1800 issue were restruck in 1804 and put in circulation. It is probable that the total number was not over 40 or 50, and a good many have been lost. The ones in existence are worth $150 apiece, and you may rest assured that all the 'diamond dollars' not mere imitations belong to this little lot of restrikes.

"Of course, some of them have been sold to green collectors as originals, and I was myself the innocent cause of such a transaction only a few years ago. A friend of mine, who lives in an adjoining state, and who owns a great many rare and beautiful coins, telegraphed me one day asking whether $500 was too much for a genuine 1804 dollar. I took it for granted that he knew the facts about [illegible] and after puzzling over the message for a considerable time concluded that [illegible] joke of some kind and that I was simply too stupid to see the point. So I wired back advising him to buy a bushel at that figure, and he promptly closed the deal. It turned out afterward that the coin was a restrike, and my friend has never quite forgiven me. What deceived him was the fact that the piece was known positively to have been locked up in an old chest at Savannah since 1812. That did away with the counterfeit theory, and the only thing he was doubtful about was the price."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AN ENGLISH "TREAT."

The Difference Between the British and American Methods.

I was constantly struck, says Colonel T. W. Higginson in The Atlantic, with the genuine spirit of hospitality among Englishmen toward Americans, as such, even those with whose pursuits they might have almost nothing in common and for whom they had not the slightest reason to put themselves out. I liked this none the less for its having its definite limitations as to pecuniary obligations, and the like, including everything in the nature of "treating," all this being in my opinion a weak point in our more gushing or more self-conscious habit.

I remember to have once been taken by a gentleman, on whom I had but the slightest claim, to the country house of another, on whom I had no claim whatever. The latter was not at all literary, and had not even the usual vague English interest in American affairs. Yet he gave up his whole afternoon to drive me to Kenilworth, which he had seen a thousand times. But that for which I liked him best, and which afforded me a wholly new experience, was that as we entered the outer doorway, he, going first, looked back over his shoulder and said simply, "They make you pay threepence for admission here," and then added, speaking to the attendant, "here is my threepence."

After all the time and trouble he had given to his stranger guest he left him to pay his own threepence, a thing which most Americans would not have dreamed of doing. It would have been the American notion of good breeding to save a guest from expense, as it was the English impulse to save him from the sense of obligation. I confess that I prefer the latter method.

Don't be fooled twice in the same way.—Atchison Globe.

When Jay Gould Wrestled.

John Burroughs, the writer, was in his boyhood days a schoolmate of Jay Gould. To Theodore Dreiser, who tells the story in The New Voice, Mr. Burroughs gave this anecdote of Gould:

He was shrewd, but not a bad fellow at all. I remember that once we had a wrestling match. As we were about even in strength, we agreed to abide by certain rules, taking what we called "holts" in the beginning and not breaking them until one or the other was thrown. I kept to this when we began wrestling, but when Jay realized that he was in danger of losing he broke "holts" and threw me. When I said he had broken his agreement, he only laughed and said, "I threw you, didn't I?" That irritated me, and I kept arguing the original point, but he only laughed the more and covered my taunts with the same answer. He had won, and it pleased him, though I often wondered how he could take any satisfaction in it.

An excited man gives himself away. It is notorious that human nature is most easily read when it is turned upside down.—Detroit Journal.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.
Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 1 .31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4 0, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 M. RETURN, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 2.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6. 4, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.
SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.0 , 7.45, 8.35, 9.05, P. M. Return, 9.00, 11.00, . M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.
FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4. 2, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. Sunday at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. Return at 5.43 6.25, 7 04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. Sunday at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.
FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Return at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.
For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday *9.30, 5.26, P. M.
For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.
For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.
For Water, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.
For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.
For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.
For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.
FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7. 2, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 1 51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9. 0, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 1 .05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.1 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.0 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10 8, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.4 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6 5, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30 win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 11.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.4 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 18, 1899, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 8.30, then 9.30 p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.3 , 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.

Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.

EDWARD E. PARKER,
Heating Engineer
AND CONTRACTOR.
Pipe fitting of all kinds.
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St., Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
Residence and Night Telephone 17-4.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

CENTRAL HOUSE
Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
438 MAIN STREET, - - WOBURN.
G. F. JONES, Proprietor
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INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass. Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASS-WARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

A SORE THROAT
May be the result of a slight irretation. It not prevented by a 10c. package of
STOP THAT HACK.
PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.
The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.
F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.
MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
115 Main Street. WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass.

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

THE HOME ABOVE THE LITTLE CORNER STORE.

The year is done; the books, with flattering voice,
Tell me I'm rich, yet I cannot rejoice!
This massive marble pile, this countless gold,
Seem worthless dirt for which my life is sold.
How gladly would I give it all to bring
Once more into my life its flowery spring—
To feel the thrill of happiness again
That I so well remember! It was when
Louise was with me, and could wealth but buy
The past all mine I'd yield without one sigh,
To have, enjoy in hopeful love once more,
Our home above the little corner store.

How poor we were! But what is poverty
To youthful hearts that love devotedly?
How hard we worked and planned and schemed
To realize the things our hope had dreamed!
In every thought and action each had share;
Life was to us a partnership affair,
For each invested one true loving heart
And bore of loss and gain an equal part;
Not equal, no, for every loss and pain
Each craved to give the other joy and gain;
The croaking bird of self ne'er hovered o'er
The home above the little corner store.

When trade was dull and creditors severe,
I'd walk back to the stairs and wait to hear
Her sing of faith and hope; and, when she'd sung,
I thought it was an angel's heavenly tongue
To guide me through each dark financial flood.
'Twas strange how perfectly she understood!
When I'd deplore of ever gaining ground,
How gently would she draw my arm around
Her waist and laughingly make me confess
This life had been for us a grand success!
Then how much brighter grew than e'er before
The home above the little corner store!

Ofttimes those blissful days come back to me
When loneliness plods on too wearily,
And memory brings Louise in spirit here
To change this tomb into that home so dear.
I hear her speak of duties of the day,
Of cheerless hours while I was away;
The flowers in her hair, her neat attire,
How proud I was that I should them inspire;
She'd often take my hand between her two
And say, "I'm happy if I just please you;"
I kissed her when we parted at the door,
At home above the little corner store.

Like music borne away on summer's breeze
From out this lower life passed my Louise;
But in my heart still lives her beauteous love
To comfort while along earth's course I move.
Successful, famous now I'm called, but, oh,
My desolation none can ever know!
Last night I sat before my fire and dreamed
I was not old and rich—all changed I seemed;
I heard her laughter, then a rustling near,
And on my cheek—I started! 'Twas a tear
That whispered as it ran, "No, nevermore,
The home above the little corner store!"

—Paul Lossing McKenrick in Success.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

"Dirty niggers," General Grub mumbled, mopping the perspiration from his snub nosed countenance, for, although the tent flap was raised to let in whatever air was stirring, it was very hot, and the general, like the rest of us, preferred, no matter how unjustly, to vent his wrath on some one he disliked. Outside the tent the light night wind rustled through the tropical undergrowth about the camp, and from the black cook's quarters the tinny tinkle of a banjo danced into the darkness in curious contrast to the regular beat of sentries' feet.

Lieutenant Lane broke the silence by rising from his stool at the farther end of the room and walking with short, precise steps to where the general sat, that he might hand him the dispatches he had been copying. He was an estimable young man—thin, bald about the temples, an oldish young face, with arched eyebrows and sunburned Roman nose, giving him the air of a harassed mosquito. His dispatches were written with the scrupulous care of a mind given to detail, the one erasure, crossed by a neat line of X's, adding to the precision of the whole. When the aid-de-camp rose, Cassandra, General Grub's parrot and inseparable companion, who for the last half hour had been hanging head downward from the ridgepole, straightened herself, cocked a vicious eye at him and silently slid to the ground. She hated him and waddled to the attack as soon as his back was turned, every tail feather expressing her joyous wickedness.

A moment later Lieutenant Lane jumped. "Ouch!" he said deliberately.

"Fortunes of war," squawked the bird, "fortunes of war. Gur-rrr-rrr-rrr-rrr-rrr."

"It—it's that green parrot," Lane explained, as General Grub looked up quickly.

"Found the calves of your legs, eh?" he asked, laughing.

The thin aid-de-camp visibly stiffened and slowly turned a beetlike red; he was not a man of impulse even when he blushed. "Keep 'um out of the way, keep 'um out of the way," the general continued, half impatiently. It always irritated him to hurt any one's feelings.

"As if any one could keep his legs out of that green parrot's way," Lane grumbled to himself on his way back to the desk at the farther end of the room, where every pen, pencil, rubber and scrap of paper lay in its accustomed place, the bits of string he had conscientiously saved with great waste of time and patience piled neatly together in a Japanese basket. Lane was a precisionist; order and routine were the breath of life to him, and he was happiest when he could do the same thing at the same hour of the same day the year round.

For another 20 minutes silence reigned. Then General Grub raised his voice, and the aid-de-camp, who could never remember that a dog does not bite every time he barks, jumped nervously.

"Orderly."

In answer to General Grub's call a soldier stood at attention, his well knit, taut figure blotting out the square of darkness left by the raised tent flap.

"Tell Lieutenant Fielding to report for orders at once." The man saluted and disappeared.

A moment later Fielding entered. He was a tall, slimly built fellow, with deep set eyes and a resolute chin. You felt on looking at him that he was a man whose steady hand on the bridle would give a nervous horse confidence under trying circumstances. Dressed in a loose coat, riding trousers and high boots, his lean face, naturally dark, burned to a copper bronze by exposure, he might easily have passed, in the dim light of the tent, for a foreigner.

"Sit down, sit down," General Grub said, pointing with the toe of his boot to a camp stool near him. Then he scratched his bullet shaped head, covered with bristly, iron gray hair, and dealt out the young man's orders. There were dispatches to be carried through the lines, and he had been selected for the duty.

"Hope you've said your prayers; you ain't likely to come out of this scrape with a whole skin," General Grub said. Then after a moment's hesitation he stuttered, "Hot, ain't it?" He looked up with a pleased, childlike smile, that a cherub might have envied, stuck a cigar into his mouth, and, bunching the dispatches together, put them into a soiled linen envelope, tied it with a bit of pink tape extracted from his pocket, sealed it and handed it to Fielding. Pink tape and battle were much more in General Grub's line than red tape and drawing rooms. When this was finished, he rose, the sword so much too large for him in the time of peace, so much too small in time of war, clanking at his side.

"Good night, sir," Fielding said.

"Good night, sir; good night, and these niggers be hanged."

"As you like, sir," Fielding answered, smiling, and when his superior officer's hand, with its grubby finger nails bitten to the quick, grasped his and gave it a jerky shake he felt a sudden, overwhelming enthusiasm for the task set him. It seemed glorious to ride through the enemies' line with every chance of being butchered by them at their own convenience. The night on which he began his return journey to General Grub's encampment was propitious, for a cold, drizzly fog had set in. For six long hours Fielding picked his way through the wet underbrush, his mare slipping on the boggy ground, while dripping branches that he could not see struck him in the face with the sting of a lash. At the monotonous gait necessary the hours seemed like eternities spreading out into the pall-like, expectant silence about him. He would have given everything he possessed to fill the woods with a shout or spur his horse into a breakneck gallop—anything seemed more bearable than the endless creeping forward, with nothing but the interminable drip, drip of the rain on the leaves to break the stillness. At the crossroads he mounted and rode on a little more rapidly for a few moments. Then his horse stopped short, with a frightened whiffle. Fielding, erect, his hand on the trigger, peered into the baffling darkness. In the silence the watch in his pocket ticked out the time with nervous rapidity, the minutes seeming to tumble over each other in their haste to get away. Seeing nothing, he was on the point of urging his mare forward when his ears, sharpened by the strain of the past hours, caught the muffled sound made by feet on spongy ground, and as he looked again the shadow at the side of the road moved and crept stealthily toward him. He raised his revolver, but, before he could fire, his horse, shying violently, bolted.

"Parada!" shouted a number of voices, while unnumbered "paradas" beat a wavering retreat into the forest.

Fielding turned quickly in the saddle, to be blinded for a moment by the glare of a dark lantern turned upon him. When he had grown acustomed to the white light, he took in the Rembrandtlike scene in the road behind him. A group of half a dozen men, in slouch hats and long capes, stood huddled together at one side, while the stream of yellow light from the lantern held aloft by one of them fell upon the leader, standing a few feet in advance, and threw his head and shoulders into bold relief. Fielding took deliberate aim and fired, as a bullet carried away his hat. In answer the lantern fell to the ground with a metallic clang and darkness sprang toward him over the road.

The men behind him were still firing at random when his mare stumbled almost on to her knees. Before she could more than recover herself Fielding's pistol was knocked from his hand, his arms were pinned to his side, while he was nearly lifted from the saddle by the bearlike hug of a man who had ridden suddenly upon him from the side of the road. A short, sharp struggle began, both men fighting to win, the newcomer, who was the fresher and more heavily built, getting the better of the American. By a sudden wrench Fielding freed his left hand and struck out, with closed fist, at what in the darkness he took to be his opponent's head. The fellow cursed him roundly, gripped tighter for a moment, then his hands loosened, and Fielding knew from the dull thud made by a heavy body falling to the earth that he was free of his troublesome companion. His mare started into a breakneck gallop for home, the riderless horse following from sheer fright, the rapid beat of its hoofs a ghostly echo of those of his mare's.

The worst of his scrape over, Fielding had time to become conscious of a dull ache in his shoulder and leg and on putting his hand into his boot found it full of blood.

"Hello!" he said. "I'm hit. You must run all the faster, Betty," he added, patting the mare's neck.

* * * * * * *

"Love," said the junior surgeon, "is a mighty queer thing. It's inspiring, but it isn't happy." He plunged into his tub of cold water and came out shaking like a Newfoundland. The one candle, flickering in the draft, sent his shadow—that of a pink and white young giant, whose countenance was cheery and pleasant—dancing upon the tent walls. When he was dressed, he blew out the light, pulled up the tent flap and looked out at the silent camp. Life was not all beer and skittles, he thought, but a mass of cross purposes, when the girl for whom one cared cared for another fellow, and the empty feeling at the pit of his stomach, which every one has felt on occasions of great disappointment or after a long fast, getting the better of his sense of humor, he sighed as only young people who believe in the enduring quality of their afflictions can sigh.

The darkness about him was changing to the cool, silvery light of the dawn. Somewhere in the distance a cock burst into a shrill crow, like all early risers proud of being the first one up, and in the forest the drowsy tweedle of little birds grew with the growing light.

The junior surgeon had been born, one might say, with a silver knife, fork and spoon in his mouth and, as the only nephew of four rich maiden aunts, had been systematically spoiled from his youth up, but with little effect, for viewed in the light of a spoiled darling he was a complete failure. But it had made an optimist of him. His career in the university and in the hospital in Vienna, where he had been a general favorite, merely confirmed him in this view. On our declaration of war with Spain he had returned to the United States posthaste to offer his services to the government and had had the good fortune to be sent to the front almost immediately. There is, after all, something in good luck, though perhaps more in good manners. Hard worked as he was in General Grub's division, he still found time to be miserable over the fact that Kathlyn Schuyler had refused to marry him for the excellent reason that she was going to marry some one else. She had confided this fact to him under the innocent impression that anything which made her so tremendously happy must be good news to him, and the poor junior surgeon was made to feel for the first time the bitterness of the old adage that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. He sighed again as he stuck his hand into the pocket where he kept one of the girl's short, characteristic notes, wondering who the lucky fellow was, for no name had been given him.

The rhythmical beat of faraway horse's hoofs broke in upon his thoughts abruptly. While he listened, his heart hammering against his ribs, for the sound coming out of the stillness of the early morning was as thrilling as a midnight extra cried through deserted streets, the soft piping of birds in the forest turned into an expectant silence, and it seemed to the junior surgeon that he alone in all the big, dim world around him was waiting for the solitary horseman.

Pushing the tent flap hastily aside, he ran with long strides past the canvas colony to the clearing beyond. The sentry, alert with the fear of the something unknown which was drawing nearer, saluted him as he put the question which was in his own mind:

"What is it?"

"Something queer, sir. Listen to the birds."

"Was the general expecting news?"

"Nothing's expected, sir; it ain't nothing that we're expecting. Nothing but a ha'nt rides so deadly quick."

"A ha'nt!"

"One of them as has been killed—ugh!" The soldier drew in his breath with a frightened, sucking sound as a bay mare, covered with sweat, cantered into view. She stopped short on seeing the camp, then with a half pleased whinny at being among friends again allowed the sentry to catch her bridle. Her rider hung an inert mass from the saddle, and the junior surgeon wondered as he lifted him down what had kept him from falling under the horse's hoofs.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed suddenly as the man's face came into view, and the sentry added, as though it were a solemn response: "Lieutenant Fielding, sir! The pity of it!"

When everything necessary had been done for Fielding, the junior surgeon picked up the coat he had to cut away from the wound in his arm and in so doing spilt the contents of one of the inner pockets on to the floor. Some papers, bound together by an elastic, which snapped with the jar of the fall, were scattered to right and left, and on stooping to pick them up he gave a start of surprise at the sight of a small photograph, lying face upward under his hand. "Kathlyn!" he exclaimed in bewilderment. "How the devil?" He stared at it a moment, then absently turned it over and read the writing on the back.

"Only come back, my dearest," it ran, "and I will marry you on nothing a year or do anything else you want me to. I know now whether I love you, and, oh, Dick, I do! Don't let them kill you. I would ever so much rather you ran away at the first shot—so long as you ran back to me."

The junior surgeon turned toward the man on the cot. "So it was Fielding!" he said gently. The tears in his eyes suddenly blotted out the scene about him, but not the vivid remembrance of a slim, tallish young girl, whose face and figure, fresh and erect as daffodils, held out the alluring hope of fuller beauty later on—the hope which makes spring so adorable.

An hour later the junior surgeon was ushered into General Grub's tent, where that testy little fighter sat eating his breakfast of soft boiled eggs, toast and coffee, while Cassandra wabbled about the table in search of crumbs. To see the general eat eggs was a monstrous spectacle, for it is a disheartening fact that good table manners and greatness rarely dwell together. They had known each other many years—were, in fact, friends of long standing—since it had been on the auspicious occasion of the junior surgeon's first pair of breeches that General Grub had offered his hand and heart to Miss Lucretia, the junior surgeon's youngest aunt. For purely personal reasons Miss Lucretia had refused to marry, but she had not the power to keep that pigheaded officer from considering her ever after as the only woman in the world.

"How the deuce did you find Fielding?" he asked when the junior surgeon had spoken. The young fellow told his tale with a simple brevity natural to him, yet at the end the listening general was conscious that Fielding deserved every honor that could be conferred upon him.

"Bad wounds?" he asked testily.

"Yes," said the junior surgeon.

"Goin to die?"

"Die?" squawked Cassandra. "Die?" She burst into an affected giggle and added, "It's the fortunes of war—the fortunes of war!"

The junior surgeon turned upon her savagely. "Blank that bird!"—Short

Does Your Baking Powder Contain Alum ?

Prof. Geo. F. Barker, M.D., University of Penn.: "All the constituents of alum remain (from alum baking powders) in the bread, and the alum itself is reproduced to all intents and purposes when the bread is dissolved by the gastric juice in the process of digestion. I regard the use of alum as highly injurious."

Dr. Alonzo Clark: "A substance (alum) which can derange the stomach should not be tolerated in baking powder."

Prof. W. G. Tucker, New York State Chemist: "I believe it (alum) to be decidedly injurious when used as a constituent of food articles."

Prof. S. W. Johnson, Yale College: "I regard their (alum and soluble alumina salts) introduction into baking powders as most dangerous to health."

In view of such testimony as this, every care must be exercised by the housewife to exclude the over and over condemned cheap, alum baking powders from the food.

Baking powders made from cream of tartar, which is highly refined grape acid, are promotive of health, and more efficient. No other kind should be used in leavening food. Royal Baking Powder is the highest example of a pure cream of tartar powder.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

Emulated Hannibal.

When Admiral George Dewey and his younger sister were small children together in Montpelier, Vt., they read an account of Hannibal crossing the Alps. According to Max Bennett Thrasher, who relates the incident in Self Culture, the boy was strongly impressed with the story, as, in fact, he seems to have been with almost anything pertaining to war.

Just back of the statehouse is a high and very steep hill, at that time probably bare of houses, since even now only a very few have been able to perch upon its slopes. Fitting himself and his sister out with such impedimenta as he thought suitable one winter day and naming the high hill the Alps, young Dewey started to cross them, he being Hannibal and his sister the army. It was cold, and the ground was covered with deep snow, but the endurance of the army did not give out until she had become so chilled that she was sick in bed for a week afterward as a result.

Between Admiral Dewey and his sister existed a sympathy of the most intimate nature. In one of his letters to her after the battle of Manila he said: "Just a line to thank you for your kind letter and also for your prayers for my safety. Perhaps they did help. Who knows?"

A Newspaper of Colonial Days.

We have just read a copy of one of the oldest newspapers in America. It is the Boston Gazette of May 12, 1770, "containing the freshest advices, foreign and domestic." A full account of the Boston massacre is printed in the four three column pages. Its tone is in harmony with the rebellious spirit of the times against the unjust taxations of a despotic monarch. Bitter as the people seemed, however, they were not yet ready to throw off the yoke. They only wanted the right of self government.

By a perusal of its editorial page it is seen that men fought with the pen even at that early date. One article is directed against a man who signed himself "Bostonian" in The Chronicle, another paper.

In the same paper is published a resolution boycotting English goods, which had been passed by the townspeople. The names of persons who refused to abide by the agreement are published and people warned against trading with them.

A very graphic account of the Boston massacre is given, surrounded by broad black borders.—Portland Telegram.

A Matter of Color.

Wanderer (returned after several years)—Well, well, I'm mighty glad to see you. How are you, and how are all the good people?

Stayathome—Oh, we're all right and getting along as well as could be expected.

Wanderer—And how is the Widow Green?

Stayathome—She isn't so Green as she was.

Wanderer—What's the matter? She isn't gray, I hope?

Stayathome—No; she's Brown.

Wanderer—Brown?

Stayathome—Yes; married Samuel J. about five years ago, and she's been the Widow Brown for the last two years.

Wanderer—You don't say?

Stayathome—Yes.

Wanderer—Well, by gosh, if she's willing to change color again, I'll ask her as sure as my name's Black.

A "Growlery."

"Please don't go in there. That's the growlery, and it's occupied." It was a young West Philadelphia matron who made the remark as she was showing a friend through her new home.

"The growlery!" repeated the other. "What's that? Not where you rush the growler, I hope?"

This was said in a jocular spirit, and the visitor was rather staggered by the reply.

"That's it exactly; where we rush the growler, although perhaps not in the way you fancy. You see, my husband is an occasional sufferer from indigestion, which doesn't improve his temper, and there are also times when my own temper—I tell you this in confidence—is not of the best. Well, when we moved out here and had more rooms in the house than we actually needed I hit upon the plan of setting aside one as a place of solitary retirement, where we could go and be alone when either of us felt our temper getting the best of us. I have called it the growlery because we can lock ourselves in there and growl to our hearts' content until we have quite recovered. We both avail ourselves of it, and I think it's a very good idea. George is in there now, and I wouldn't disturb him for the world."—Philadelphia Record.

Frances Willard's Empty Purse.

It was characteristic of the late Frances Willard that she never had any money. Miss Gordon attended to her finances, and it was found on the whole best to leave Miss Willard's purse empty, because if she started out in the morning with a full pocketbook she came back penniless in the evening. One night she told in her inimitable way of having gone to Chicago and reached Rest Cottage again on the capital of a postage stamp. At the station she turned her pockets out, but not a bit of change was to be found. She had forgotten all about it. "What am I to do about it?" she asked the agent perplexedly. "Anna is out, I think, and I haven't a cent of money."

"I'll give you a ticket, Miss Willard," said the clerk.

"When I got into the bus I remembered again," she said, "and told the driver, 'I think I'll have to walk, for I haven't any money.' 'Oh, that's all right, Miss Willard,' said the driver. And so all day, greatly to her amusement, she went on getting in debt to the railroads, cabmen and restaurants. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

He Did; a Cut.

In a rural community in one of the middle states dwelt a man who made a vow in 1856 that he would wear his hair and beard untrimmed until John C. Fremont should be elected president of the United States.

He kept that vow for 40 years, at the end of which time he had nearly a half bushel of hair on his head and face. Then, coming to the conclusion, toward which his mind had been gradually working for a long time, that General Fremont's death in the interval had practically absolved him from his vow, he decided to have his hair cut and his beard shaved off clean. On his next visit to the county seat he went to a barber shop and was soon relieved of the hirsute burden he had carried for four decades.

"How much?" he asked.

"Have to charge you half a dollar for that job," said the barber, looking at the mass that lay on the floor.

"Half a dollar!" he gasped. "Don't I get anything for the hair?"—Youth's Companion.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 15, 1899.

REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

The Republicans won a handsome victory at the polls in this city last Tuesday. They made nearly a clean sweep of the offices, and are feeling jubilant over the result. They elected 7 of the 8 Aldermen-at-Large, and 3 of the Ward Aldermen, giving them 10 of the 15 members of the City Council. The Republicans also elected their entire School Board ticket, and likewise Mr. Preston, their candidate for the Board of Public Works.

The result of the Mayoralty contest had no political or personal significance. It was simply a trial of the relative strength of respectability and lawlisness in this city. The public or private character of the two candidates was not taken into account to any appreciable extent; they were little more than "lay figures;" they were used merely as registers to record the voice of the people on the great question above named, that is, respectability or its opposite. It was the men and elements behind Davis and Feeney that called out the large vote and decided the question, and not the candidates them selves. Democrats voted for Davis, and Republicans voted for Feeney, so that the election of Davis cannot be claimed as a Republican victory no more than Feeney's election could have been claimed as a Democratic victory. Principles decided the election instead of the candidates.

In other respects the triumph was altogether Republican, and one of which the Party have a right to feel proud.

HURRAH FOR BOSTON!

To the unbounded surprise of almost everybody Mr. Hart, the Republican candidate for Mayor of Boston, was elected by over 2,000 majority last Tuesday. The Democracy were dumfounded when the returns were read, for they had felt absolutely sure of the election of Mr. Collins, their candidate.

It was the greatest victory the Republicans of Boston have won in many a day.

IT IS COMING.

The vote for the license of intoxicating liquors in this city grows "small by degrees and beautifully less" year by year. It was carried by only 94 votes last Tuesday, a loss of 31 from 1898. "No License" is coming!

☞ As if in divine approval of the re-election of Mayor Davis, at the very moment of closing the polls last Tuesday afternoon a magnificent rainbow, with its almost equally resplendent reflection, suddenly burst forth and gloriously spanned the eastern section of the heavenly canopy, which, with the golden glow of a most beautiful sunset bathed our fair city in a light that was almost startling in its brilliancy and power. It was a happy omen for Mayor Davis and his next administration, and was doubtless so regarded by him, for if he is not entitled to special favors from the hand of Providence, by token of his intellectual and physical merits, then his self-appreciation is sadly awry.

☞ The parties in this city, original and strong advocates of the election of Mr. Davis, who sold their political birthright for a mess of pottage last Tuesday, and basely betrayed him, must be anything but happy just now, if they possess consciences.

☞ The Printers Guild was recognized in Tuesday's election by the choice of Mr. Frank A. Winn for Alderman in Ward 2.

☞ Shake, Alderman-elect Wood! The JOURNAL congratulates you and the city, most cordially, on your election to the City Council of 1900.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Richardson Bros.—Goods.
Hammond & Son—Holidays.
Hammond & Son—Christmas.
George S. Littlefield—Mort. Sale.

— "The Boar's Head in hand bring I,
With Garlandes gay and Rosemary."

— Christmas Goods in great variety at Prior's.—2.

— It was a good day for hackmen and livery stables.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Last Sunday was anything but good meeting weather.

— The tramp printer is numerous and poor this year.

— There is no letup of complaints against our highways.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— Men's fancy trimmed nightshirts 50c-75c-$1.00 at Hammond's.

— So far as we can learn the scarlet fever excitement has subsided.

— The outlaying farm lands have suffered greatly by the drouth.

— The Christmas goose honcks high just now, but will soon fly lower.

— Hope Circle held a very pleasant assembly last Wednesday evening.

— The annual Police Ball is to be given on Friday evening, Dec. 29.

— Suspenders in fancy boxes for gifts 50c to $2.00 at Hammond's.

— Christmas neckwear 25c-50c-$1. Immense assortment at Hammond's.

— Waterman Brown has added a gold lion to his collection of animals.

— Mr. Gilman F. Jones made a visit to New Hampshire last Monday.

— Christmas neck wear in endless variety at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— The puddles of water were skimmed over with ice yesterday morning.

— A good many employees of the leather factories are out of work just now.

— Best line of holiday goods to be found in Woburn at Prior's, 373 Main st.—2.

— Holiday gifts that are useful and pretty at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Men's smoking jackets or house coats $5-$8-$10 at Hammond's, an acceptable gift.

— The grand Fair lately held by St. Charles Parish made clear of all expenses $6,000.

— The Police Association are preparing for a great time at their annual ball on Dec. 29.

— "Christmas shopping" is now under way. The stores in this city show evidence of it.

— Gordon Parker has the wherewithal to meet the wants of the people for holiday gift goods.

— Sleds, dolls, Iron Toys and a general assortment of Christmas goods at low prices at Prior's.—2.

— Several people wooed sleep in vain in this city last Monday night. It was an anxious time for them.

— Linen handkerchiefs in pretty boxes 3 and 6 in a box 50c to $3.00 a box, no better gift, at Hammond's.

— An entertainment will be given by Crystal Fount Lodge of Odd Fellows on next Monday evening, Dec. 18.

— A grand fancy dress ball will be given, under the management of Friday Night Club, on Friday evening, Dec. 29.

— The rain did one good thing, it laid the dust, which was something terrible before the downpour reached here.

— Next Tuesday, the 19th, the days will reach their shortest, and on the 24th will begin to increase in length again.

— The city Flag waved at half-mast yesterday in honor of the 100th anniversary of the death of George Washington.

— The most brilliant and glorious sunset we ever saw was that of Tuesday evening after the rain. Italy was not in it.

— Gage & Co., deliver from their popular store, on order, the finest clothing for men and boys that is made in the country.

— Brooks, the druggist, shows a fine lot of holiday presents at his well kept store. It will pay one to drop in and look at them.

— The Scandinavian Fair, which closed in a blaze of glory Saturday night, was a pronounced and very gratifying success.

— Mr. Bernard Peterson, one of the Boston *Transcript's* bright young men, has moved from 34 Green st., this city, to Charlestown.

— The Gibson Pictures will be on exhibition at the Unitarian vestries this evening, under the management of Miss Katherine Ramsdell.

— If you are selecting a present for your friends be sure to look over our large stock of Christmas goods. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Worthley, the scientific optician, will revisit Woburn for business on Thursday, Dec. 28. His office is at Hanson & Co's jewelry store.

— Mr. Moses Bancroft spent a portion of last Sunday in reading a sermon delivered at Reading on the death of Washington a hundred years ago.

— Our thanks are due to City Clerk Finn, Colonel Charles K. Conn and Mr. George S. Hudson, for material aid in gathering up the election returns.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— The Frothingham place in Burlington is to be sold next week on foreclosure of mortgage. It is said that Mr. Fred Cottle of this city has his eye on it.

— Mr. Charles P. Pollard, who was so badly hurt by the fall of an elevator in the carriage factory of Pollard & Grothe last week, is getting on in good shape.

— It would be better and more comfortable if election were held at longer intervals. There is not much fun in an election, especially a municipal one.

— Ellis & Buswell have contracted to build a bridge over the B. & M. Railroad at Billerica for a electric road. It will take considerable time, work, and money.

— One week from today will be Forefather's Day. It seems to have fallen from its once high estate, but is still observed purfunctorily in spots all over New England.

— Brooks, the druggist, makes a nice showing of holiday goods. They look as though he might have a bangup trade this season. His stock is large and varied and prices low.

— Mr. Winthrop Hammond, Principal Clothier, has been under the weather somewhat of late, but is now on his taps again, or in a fair way of getting there. He works too hard.

— As a shrewd, persistant and successful campaigner few, if any, can hold a candle to Dr. J. H. Conway. He can make more converts in a day than most men can in a month.

— Mr. Jonathan C. Ela, City Sealer of Weights and Measures, although a Democrat of the deepest dye, is said to carry a large majority of the voters of Ward 6 in his waistcoat pocket.

— While attending a Christian Endeavor meeting over on the West Side last Friday evening Charles Fowle left his overcoat in the carriage from which it was stolen by some godless thief.

— From a kind note which we received yesterday from our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. G. F. Hosmer, it is fair to conclude that he knows an editorially good thing when he sees it.

— Among those who patronized the JOURNAL last week with a legal advertisement was a son of President James A. Garfield, who is a member of the law firm of Proctor & Warren of Boston.

— Mr. E. F. Hayward went down over the Eastern Division of the B. & M. Railroad yesterday to pay off crews of Ellis & Buswell's men who are doing a large work in preparing the roadbed for double tracks down there.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England — including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Fancy silk and crocheted suspenders at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Go to Prior's for your Christmas goods you will find a full line of toys that are sure to please the little ones.-2

— Friday Night Club will give a Fancy Ball on the evening of Dec. 29. The intention is to make it a high grade social event, and it is true that whatever the F. N. C. undertake in that line always succeeds.

— Copeland & Bowser have a large display of beautiful holiday goods. They have elegantly decorated vases, rich sets of rare wares, books, portfolios, and other useful and appropriate Christmas goods.

— Ladies' and gentlemen's fine gold and silver watches, elegant finger rings set in rare stones, brooches, cameos, gold pins, rich heavy chains, and other beautiful holiday wares can be seen at Hanson & Co's.

— Several letters were received from the boys of the 43d Regiment last Monday. Among them were several from Capt. L. E. Hanson of Co. B. They were written on shipboard and mailed at Gibraltar.

— The series of revival meetings at First church have closed. They were very well attended and pervaded with a revival spirit. Pastor Scudder leaves no stone unturned to promote the spiritual welfare of First church.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Mrs. Jennings has filled her show windows and laden her shelves, cases and counters with many kinds of attractive holiday gift goods, which make a nice appearance and challenge an examination by people going along the street.

— The "Mother Goose Party" given in the vestries of First church last Monday evening was a fine affair. Considering the many things in the amusement line going on that evening, the attendance was good. Everyone enjoyed the Party very much indeed.

— It was 15 above on Sunday morning, and 43 on Monday morning. The weather on Monday was strangely unseasonable and debilitating, such as is seldom experienced on Dec. 11, and the less of it the better. Weather corresponding to the month is best always.

— Ellis & Buswell, contractors, have been notified of the acceptance of their bid by the B. & M. Railroad Co. for building a bridge over the Mousam River at West Kennebunk, Maine. It is on the Eastern Division of the Boston & Maine. They will begin work at once.

— The next dancing party by the Rifle Team of Company G (Woburn Phalanx), 5th Regiment, will be given in Armory Hall on Wednesday evening, Dec. 20. It is the 2nd in the series. The Managers are very much pleased with the public favor which the parties are receiving.

— Miss Fanny G. Allison is training in the High School for a teacher, a position obtained for her by School Committeeman Feeney and Principal Owen. She is a graduate of the High School and Tufts College, and is called one of the best scholars in this city. She excels in the Dead Languages.

— It is pleasant to stroll up and down the sidewalks of an evening and observe the preparations being made for Merry Christmas by the dealers in holiday goods. The stores are all ablaze, the windows beautifully decorated, and happy smiles illuminate the faces of the proprietors and clerks. Christmas is coming.

— Up to noon last Tuesday the weather was just right for election day. But towards 2 o'clock p. m. a smart rain set in which may have affected the size of the vote in this city somewhat, but not much, for by that time nearly all the ballots had been cast. It was hard on the hack drivers and horses though.

— Not many weeks will elapse ere the Count Rumford monument will adorn the lawn of the Public Library. The base, plinth and cap are ready to receive the bronze replica of the Bavarian original, or will be in good season. The granite work was done by a New Hampshire firm of stonecutters according to dimensions and plans furnished by Mr. Marshall Tidd, the donor, and is fine. We suppose that ceremonies of considerable pomp will attend the unveiling of the monument, in which Mr. Tidd will doubtless take a prominent part.

— Silk umbrellas all prices, they make a nice present, can be obtained at Richardson's, 431 Main street. Silk initial H'dk'fs at Richardson's. Also a large variety of mufflers.

— The U. S. Civil Service examination for clerk and carrier for the Woburn postoffice, which was to have been held on Dec. 6, was postponed to Dec. 20, 1899, at Room 142 Postoffice Building, Boston. Applications must be made not later 9 a. m., Monday, Dec. 18, to Miss Nellie J. McCarthy at the Woburn P. O.

— A Whist Party will be given at Post 161, G. A. R. Hall, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 20, under the management of the following committee: Mr. George R. Ferguson (Chairman), Mrs. D. W. Bond, Miss Edith C. Ramsdell, Miss Josephine H. Ellis, Mr. Percy Linscott. The community are cordially invited. Tickets, 50 cts.

— In point of weather last Tuesday was a day long to be remembered. It had all the marks of summer, with a temperature close up to 70 at some hours, a good deal of humidity, productive of lassitude and enervation, and withal highly disagreeable. For the 12th of Dec. it is doubtful if the like of it has been experienced in the last 40 years.

— Post 161, G. A. R., Monday evening elected the following officers: Commander, Edwin F. Wyer: Junior Vice-Commander, Daniel Waters; Surgeon, Parker L. Eaton; Quartermaster, Henry C. Hall; Chaplain, Fort Staples; Officer of the Day, Alonzo L. Richardson; Officer of the Guard, George C. Bruce; Delegates, Edmund C. Poland, Fort Staples; Alternates, Jaseph W. Fields, George C. Bruce.

— First calendar for 1900 received by the JOURNAL is a pretty one from Chadwick Brothers, dealers in china and glassware at Gardiner, Maine. It is adorned with a historical and exceedingly neat picture, and for it we return thanks. The second to put in an appearance is from the Pope Manufacturing Co. at Hartford, Conn., and is called the Columbia (bicycle) Calendar. It is a handy one.

— Hi Henry's Minstrel Company gave a fine show here last Monday night to a big house. The street concerts by a Band of 32 members was equal to the best that is heard anywhere and attracted a large crowd by the excellent music. As an entertainment purveyor Hi Henry stands at the head of class No. 1, and his minstrels always play to good houses in Woburn for the reason that they are known by our people to be the best.

— From the peace, quiet, and feeling of satisfaction, of which nearly every countenance gave ample proof, that reigned Wednesday morning, no one would have mistrusted that a fierce, almost deadly, political battle had been fought the day before on our streets and at the polling booths. It is so easy for men to drop from a state of intense excitement into their normal condition! And really, what did all the "fuss and feathers" amount to? We all waded in chin deep merely to gratify the ambition of a few of our fellow citizens.

— Dr. Benjamin Lewis has transferred his dental office and residence from Lyceum Hall building to the new L. W. Fowle block on Main street opposite the Common and has got well settled in the same. It is a fine location and one of the best buildings in the city for business and residence purposes. Dr. Lewis has fitted up and furnished his dental rooms in the best of style, filling it with all modern improvements and working tools, and the same is an ideal office. We are informed that Dr. Lewis is doing a good business.

— The illustrated lecture given by Mr. Arthur W. Whitcher at the Auditorium last Friday evening on what he saw, heard and experienced in the Klondike country last year and this, with especial reference to the life, habits, pursuits, etc., of the Esquimos, their homes, utensils, and other things, called forth sincere and unstinted praise from the large audience. The pictures were numerous, splendidly executed, and went farther toward conveying a correct idea concerning that singular people than any words could possibly do. They were colored, which added greatly to their attractiveness and value as a medium of instruction. The only fault we heard found with the lecture was, that there ought to have been more of it. It is said that Mr. Whitcher proposes to give this lecture in other cities and towns, and if so, he will have no trouble in procuring any number desired of the very best recommendations from last Friday evening's audience. The Auditorium was well filled with attractive and highly entertained listeners.

— The Trustees of Warren Academy are having the cement coating removed from its brick walls which, when done, will work a decided improvement in the looks of the building. Once relieved of that homely coating, the old Academy will be a well appearing structure, and a credit to Warren ave. Some people think that the Industrial School, of which Mr. W. S. Carter is the successful Principal, is maintained by the city. This is an error. The School does not cost the city a cent. This statement is made on the authority of Hon. E. E. Thompson, who is intimately connected with the Warren Academy Fund, officially and otherwise, from whom any information desired concerning the matter may be obtained. The School is supported from the Warren Academy treasury, and not by the city.

— One of the best pieces of brush and paint work ever executed by Albert Thompson, the artist—mind, we do not say the very best, but one of the best—is "The Ordination of Thomas Carter, Woburn, Mass., November 22, O. S., 1842," which now occupies a post of honor in our Public Library. The painting was described in these columns soon after it was completed by Thompson, and therefore farther comment on its rare merits is unnecessary. Mr. Winthrop Hammond, of Hammond & Son, with his customary enterprise, with an eye to the pleasure and profit of this community, as well as in the interests of history, has had the picture reproduced in half-tone for a 1900 Calendar, which was not only a happy thought, but a generous act on his part. The Calendar, which is a good one, is thus made a valuable and handsome souvenir, which will be safely preserved by the recipients of them. We venture to say that no finer Calendar for 1900 will be issued hereabouts.

— The Burbeen Free Lecture Course has been wonderfully well patronized so far this season. It grows strongly into public favor year by year, proving the wisdom of its noble hearted founder. It is a strong educator, and the best feature about it is that it is most liberally patronized and highly prized by the poorer class, those who could ill afford to pay hard earned money once a fortnight for the privilege of hearing good lectures and reaping the benefits of them. It is a hopeful sign when such people, old and young, are seen occupying a majority of the seats in the Auditorium on lecture nights. Last Tuesday evening Mrs. Annie S. Peck gave a fine literary production on "Mexico." She has been seen and heard in the Course before and is a prime favorite with Woburn audiences. Her main theme was interesting and entertaining made more so by a great number of stereopticon illustrations. The United States and Mexico are constantly getting nearer together and it is pleasant as well as important that the two Western Hemisphere Republics should know more of each other. Hence the value of Mrs. Peck's lecture. We would add that Mrs. Peck's description of a bull fight was revolting to the last degree, and its influence on the youthful mind must be very injurious.

— The Hammond Clothing House in this city is not only the leading and most completely appointed one here but it is probably the oldest in Middlesex county. It is also one of the most extensive. This is due to energy, industry, pluck and money. Its business has always been kept up to concert pitch, and since Mr. Winthrop Hammond, the Junior partner, took the management of it, some years ago, every modern improvement has been adopted and utilized to give the public better service, year by year, and to increase trade. The establishment is as near perfect as one can be in every particular, and except perhaps in size of stock it is unexcelled by any Boston house. In variety and quality o goods it is metropolitan, and in the prices at which they are sold it successfully rivals any clothing establishment in the Hub. It is often the case that clothing, hats and caps, underwear, etc., etc., can be bought cheaper at Hammond's than in Boston. In this connection we advise our readers to examine carefully Hammond's large holiday advertisement in the JOURNAL this week and note carefully the big bargains therein set forth. The price of every article in Hammond's store is plainly marked, and the goods themselves are all warranted to be exactly as recommended.

— The Social Workers of Montvale Chapel well give an Old Folks concert shortly. Everybody should make preparations to give it a lift.

— Gloves bought for Christmas gifts cheerfully exchanged afterwards if not the right size. Hammond & Son.

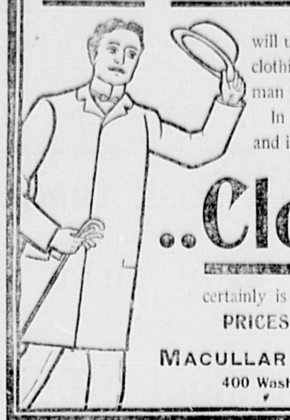
Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

The opinion is general among Boston theatregoers that "Arizona" is the best play that Augustus Thomas has written. This is saying much, as he is the author of "Alabama," "In Mizzoura" and other works for the stage that have won a high degree of popularity; but at all events, the new piece is a great big success, as is nightly proved at the Tremont Theatre where the audiences display the utmost enthusiasm over its stirring scenes laugh their heartiest at its quaint and characteristic humor, and not infrequently shed furtive tears over the pathetic episodes. Four, five, six and even more curtain calls invariably follow the tremendously effective climax of the third act, and no attraction at the Tremont this season has been received with warmer demonstrations of complete approval. Though indigenous to American soil and breathing the very essence of American sentiment, "Arizona" and its character types are exotic to New England, and in the novelty and picturesqueness of these people from the sunny land of the Southwest lies much of their charm to the people of the East. With all their strangeness of garb and manner, of accent and vocabulary, these men and women whom Thomas has "rounded up" in the valleys and mesas of Arizona touch the vibrant chord of sympathy and fraternity. In the hands of the strong and efficient company especially engaged for the production, "Arizona" is one of the most potent of attractions. Its stay at the Tremont is limited to the month of December.

— Boy's night shirts fancy embroidered fronts, sizes 12 1-2 to 14, 50c. at Hammond's.

In India elephants over 12 and up to 45 years of age are deemed the best to purchase and will generally work until they are 80 years old.



The Coming Man

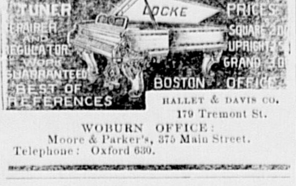
will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere.
PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.



HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

The Fair is now ended. The attendance was pretty fair every evening, but largest the first evening. Though spread out over four evenings the time consumed was only a few hours, as the people went home early. Next week the exact sum netted will be given. In proportion to the numerical strength of the various societies, it is no doubt the most successful Fair of the year. The following served on the various committees: At the sale tables, Mrs. Kron, Mrs. C. J. Johanson, and Mrs. Aug. Johnson; fish pond, Messrs. Liedman and Severin Carlson; door keepers, Messrs. Olof and Aug. Person and Carl M. Johnson; ice cream, coffee, and soda water, Mrs. Akeson, Misses Anna Anderson, Jenny Johnson, Ida and Anna Franson, and Mr. Aug. Johnson; Japanese table, Misses Fanny Herlitz and Ingrid Person; soliciting committee, the pastor and Miss Hanna Svenson. Several others also gave a hand now and then. Very little was left unsold. All are very much pleased with the result.

Next Sunday evening the pastor will be installed. The following clergymen will officiate: Rev. A. Carlson of Manchester, N. H., Rev. Eckman of Lowell, and Rev. Ljung of Waltham. The first named will deliver the main address in Swedish. Rev. Eckman will speak in English. Together with pastor loci they will also render a quartet. Home talent will also participate. The public is most cordially invited. Several new members will be received on the same occasion.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhœa. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25 cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefitted.—THOMAS C. BOWER, Glencoe, O. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Complimentary.

Elmore A. Pierce has received the following very flattering commendation of his work, "Residential Woburn," from Major Edward J. Jones, a well-known lawyer and bail commissioner of Boston, to whom he sent a copy of the book. It is only one of many similar letters which he has received which shows the good impression of the work upon out of town people.

"61 COURT ST., BOSTON, DEC. 12, '99.
MR. ELMORE A. PIERCE, WOBURN, MASS.
Dear Sir: I cheerfully acknowledge receipt of 'Residential Woburn,' a very complete and beautiful illustration of what your city may well be proud. After examining this book I think it quite certain I should like to move to Woburn were I not permanently located in old Boston, my birthplace.
Very truly yours,
EDWARD J. JONES."

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Boston Blend Coffee 25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.
Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

Resolutions of the Class of 1893, Woburn High School.

Inasmuch as it has pleased our Infinite Father to remove from among us our beloved friend and class-mate, WILLIAM M. SLATER, we, the class of '93, desire to tender our sympathy to his family, and express to the public the esteem in which we held him and our keen sense of loss in his death.

CARL S. DOW, Pres.,
WINNIE W. RUSSELL, Sec'y,
ELLEN E. SHAW,
CHARLES T. O'BRIEN,
WILLIAM E. BEGGS.

That Throbbing Headache.

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr. King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matchless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health. Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

A CHRISTMAS HELPER.

CHRISTMAS is a season of mutual helpfulness and good will. Possibly this will help you in solving the oftimes puzzling question: "Where can I buy something Useful and not Expensive?"

WHAT 25 cents will buy.

A HANDSOME NECKTIE
PAIR OF WRISTERS
2 LINEN COLLARS
PAIR OF LINEN CUFFS
PAIR OF WOOL GLOVES
PAIR OF STOCKINGS
PAIR OF CUFF BUTTONS
3 GOLD PLATED COLLAR BUTTONS
SCARF PIN
PAIR SILK ARMLETS IN A BOX
PAIR OF SILK GARTERS
2 WHITE LAWN FULL DRESS TIES IN A BOX
PAIR GOOD SUSPENDERS
BOYS' UNDERSHIRT OR DRAWERS
3 COAT HANGERS
PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS
3 CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS
PAIR OF WOOL MITTENS
WHISK BRUSH
BOX PAPER COLLARS OR CUFFS
BOYS' WINDSOR TIE
BOYS' WINTER CAP
INITIAL LINEN HANDKERCHIEF
MUFFLER
2 JAPONETTE INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS

WHAT 50 cents will buy

MUFFLER
FINE NECKTIE
PAIR SCOTCH GLOVES
PAIR GOLF HOSE
PAIR ALL WOOL HOSE
WHITE SHIRT, Laundered or Unlaundered
PAIR BOYS' KNEE PANTS
PAIR LINK CUFF BUTTONS
PAIR FINE SUSPENDERS IN A BOX
UNDERSHIRT OR DRAWERS
FINE LINEN HANDKERCHIEF
PONGEE SILK HANDKERCHIEF
CASAMERE GLOVES
WOOL MITTENS
PAIR CHILD'S KID MITTENS
PAIR SILK ARMLETS IN A BOX
CAP
BOYS' SHIRT WAIST
SCARF PIN
3 DRESS TIES IN A BOX
PAIR SILK WRISTERS
NIGHT SHIRT, Embroidered or Plain
PAIR OVERALLS
WORKING JUMPER
SET SHIRT STUDS
MEN'S STORM "SO WESTER" HATS
DINNER BAG
3 HANDKERCHIEFS IN A FANCY BOX
PAIR FANCY SUSPENDERS IN BOX
BOYS' SILK EMBROIDERED NIGHT SHIRTS
FOUR "ARROW BRAND" LINEN COLLARS

WHAT $1.00 will buy

CLOSE ROLL FAST COLOR UMBRELLA
BOYS' SWEATER
"GLOBE" SOFT HAT
NOBBY STIFF HAT
WOOL ABDOMINAL BAND
PAIR DOGSKIN GLOVES
A "HATHAWAY" NIGHT SHIRT
PAIR GOOD KNEE PANTS
SILK SUSPENDERS IN A BOX
ELEGANT NECKTIE
UNDERSHIRT OR DRAWERS
STAR SHIRT WAIST
PAIR BUCKSKIN GLOVES
SILK MUFFLER
SILK HANDKERCHIEF
PAIR OF LINK CUFF BUTTONS
LAUNDERED WHITE SHIRT
3 PAIRS FAST BLACK HOSE
SET DRESS SHIRT STUDS
LADIES' "BOSTON" BAG
SILK EMBROIDERED NIGHT SHIRTS
LADIES' FANCY HEMST'C'D PONGEE SILK HDKF.
MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS IN A FANCY BOX

WHAT $2.00 will buy

SILK GLORIA UMBRELLAS, Fancy Handle
PAIR WORKING PANTS
GOOD HAT OR CAP
CARDIGAN JACKET
SWEATER
UNDERSHIRT OR DRAWERS
CANVAS COAT OILSKIN INTERLINED
PAIR OF LINED DOG OR BUCKSKIN GLOVES
SILK MUFFLER
PAIR BEST KNEE PANTS
BOYS' RUBBER COATS
PAIR SILK EMB SUSPENDERS IN A BOX

WHAT $3.00 will buy

FINE CARDIGAN JACKET
SWEATER, BEST QUALITY
BOYS' SUIT OR ULSTER
PAIR GOOD PANTS
"WONDERFUL" CANVAS COAT
A "GUYER" HAT
LADIES' OR MEN'S SILK UMBRELLA
TRUNK
BAG FOR TRAVELERS OR LUNCHES

WHAT $5.00 will buy

BOYS' REEFER WITH ULSTER COLLAR
BOYS' "KNOCKABOUT" SUIT
LADIES' UMBRELLA, with Fancy Handle
MEN'S SILK UMBRELLA, Silver Trimmed Handle
WOOL REEFER LAMBS WOOL LINED
BOYS' "JACK FROST" REEFER
SET UNDERWEAR
PAIR FINE PANTS FOR MEN
TRUNK
FINE TRAVELLING BAG
MEN'S HEAVY RUBBER COAT
MEN'S REEFER WITH ULSTER COLLAR
PLAID SMOKING JACKET OR HOUSE COAT

WE ACCOMMODATE ALL KINDS OF POCKETBOOKS.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn. Established 1851.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have now on sale our line of Goods for the Holiday Season.

We invite you to inspect the same believing it will be of mutual benefit to all. We mention a few lines only:

Raphel Tuck's Cards, Booklets and Calendars, Novelties in Fine China, Glass and Art Pottery, Sterling Silver Novelties, Games, Perfumery, Sachet Powders, and Fancy Soaps.

Handkerchiefs and Fancy Linen Goods and Novelties in nearly every department.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., 361 Main St.

Letter from Capt. Hanson.

Among the letters received here this week from the boys of the 43d Regiment were some by Mr. Willis L. Varney, Mr. Fred H. Rogers, and perhaps others, from Captain Linwood E. Hanson of Company B, of that command. They were written aboard the transport Meade, en route, via Suez Canal, to the Philippines, and mailed at Gibraltar.

Naturally, Captain Hanson could not find very much to write about, having been confined more than two weeks to the transport, which left Fort Ethan Allen, Vt., on Nov. 13, and arrived off Gibraltar on Nov. 27, but his letters were none the less welcome to those who received them.

A long account of the voyage of the 43d across the Atlantic, with matters relating to some changes in Company officers, written by F. E. Confren, was published in the Boston *Globe* last Monday morning and eagerly read by the friends of the boys here. Among the changes the correspondent said that "Second Lieutenant Charles C. Estes had been assigned to Company B, under Captain Linwood E. Hanson."

It is gratifying to hear from our soldiers who are hastening to Manila to be in at the death, or surrender, of Aguinaldo, and who, should that foxy individual escape capture much longer, may take a hand in his final overthrow.

At the time of mailing their letters the Regiment had still a long journey ahead of them, not the least monotonous part of which would be the passage through the Suez Canal. But when they reach the scene of conflict, if there is still a conflict going on, and perhaps before that time, Captain Hanson will probably gratify his numerous friends here with additional accounts of the passage on the Meade, with its incidents, pleasant and otherwise, peppered with personal facts and fancies.

Mr. Varney, who is a business partner of Captain Hanson, was immensely pleased to get the letter from him.

City Election.

The forepart of the day being fine a large vote was polled for Mayor and other officers in this city last Tuesday. The Republicans made nearly a clean sweep by handsome majorities all along the line. Mr. W. A. Prior, one of the ablest and best men on the Republican ticket was, for some unaccountable reason, defeated.

The election of Mr. James R. Wood for Alderman-at-Large, and Mr. F. A. Winn, both excellent men, was exceedingly gratifying to the friends of good government.

The JOURNAL feels greatly disappointed and sadly cast down over the defeat of "No License." It had set its heart on carrying it but was beaten by a small margin. When we found out that Boston brewers had sent $750, and the Lord only knows how much more, out here to carry the city for license we realized our danger, and was almost ready to give up the fight. Still, if the cry "Davis and No License" had been an honest one, the friends of prohibition would have won the day.

An exceedingly gratifying result of the contest was the re-election of Mr. Elwyn G. Preston to the Board of Public Works for 4 years. He is the right man in the right place.

Riley's election to the School Board was another grand triumph. Mrs. Blake, a very judicious nomination, was of course safe from the start. Cotton owes his election to the School Board solely to his having been the Republican candidate. Had the issue been based on other grounds Mr. Converse would probably have been the choice of the people.

On the whole the city election here appears to have been a grand and decisive Republican victory. Viewed in this light the JOURNAL is well pleased. The following are the figures:

MAYOR

Wards—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Ttls
†*W F Davis C.	220	273	247	228	65	214	84	1331
J P Feeney D.	275	236	254	201	140	64	95	1265

Davis' plurality, 66.

LICENSE

Yes	274	252	234	208	141	99	94	1302
No	212	239	244	216	62	165	70	1208

Majority for license, 94.

ALDERMEN AT LARGE

†W Blodgett R.	168	221	202	220	69	186	58	1124
†E Brackett R.	213	244	229	238	62	196	55	1237
†J J Carroll D.	246	237	222	154	93	56	100	1108
P Daly D.	246	213	225	149	75	44	107	1059
M C Felch D.	[illegible]	234	231	161	81	67	95	095
L Furbush D.	198	208	187	122	70	93	83	961
†F Greydon R.	192	224	213	238	65	184	57	1173
†*A Loring D. R.	297	353	302	281	86	187	100	1606
E E Lynch D.	248	218	236	159	86	54	95	1096
†J K Murdock R.	192	244	239	246	70	196	62	1249
†*B Nichols R.	198	237	232	255	68	198	65	1253
J J O'Connor D.	251	214	191	131	76	47	91	1001
W A Prior R.	165	200	209	220	69	185	51	1099
E W Stevens D.	186	181	185	147	64	59	90	912
†J R Wood R.	170	207	201	222	132	189	56	1177

ALDERMEN BY WARDS

Ward 1		Ward 5	
†*T H Dolan D.	333	A D Carter R.	78
Ward 2		†B J Golden D.	121
P J McHugh D.	195	Ward 6	
†F A Winn R.	287	†*A U Dickson R.	224
Ward 3		Ward 7	
†P H Doherty D.	253	Adam Bustead R.	68
H E Lord R.	217	†M J Greaney D.	112
Ward 4			
†H N Conn R.	288		

BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS

Wards—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Ttls
†*E Preston R.	197	243	224	246	71	216	64	1261
C J Quigley D.	250	226	243	162	103	55	100	1139

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

†L Blake D. R.	363	391	377	354	90	269	139	1983
A Converse D.	293	267	256	219	66	90	96	1287
†F E Cotton R.	221	277	254	256	62	245	72	1387
A E Hanson D.	243	223	221	179	147	77	101	1191
†*H S Riley R.	207	264	252	249	66	231	84	1353

*Candidates for reelection. †Elected.

EIGHT HOUR QUESTION.

YES,	355	347	339	273	160	141	125	1740
NO,	88	120	116	120	28	102	49	623

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters;' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they have saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c. guaranteed, at Parker's Drug Store.

"Mother Goose" Party.

A large and enthusiastic audience gathered in the vestries of the First church last Monday evening, on the occasion of the Mother Goose Party, given by the Woburn Workers, assisted by the Minister's Class. There forty-one children, ranging from five to fourteen years of age, in the cast of characters, and the uniform excellence of the impersonations was the subject of much remark.

The entertainment consisted of solos, tableaux, and pantomimes, all with piano accompaniment. Miss Clara May Haskill was the pianist and the sympathetic musical setting which she provided for each number on the program was highly appeciated.

Mother Goose was Miss Helen Cummings, who introduced each of the characters in their turn, by reciting the well-known jingles relating to each one.

As the curtain rose, Mother Goose, gorgeously arrayed in a red quilted satin skirt and cape, and a marvellous high hat, made her opening speech and called for the Old Woman in the Shoe, who promptly appeared, in the person of Stella Eames followed by "so many children she didn't know what to do." But the Old Woman was equal to the occasion at this time, and after giving them "some broth without any bread, she whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed," to the undisguised delight of the younger members of the audience.

The parts of Boy Blue and Miss Muffit were taken by Arthur Cummings and Emily Godfrey. Master Cummings sang his solo with great sweetness, and Emily ran off in the midst of it, just as an immense spider dropped beside her on to her tuffet.

Old Chairs to Mend was rendered with much spirit by Elsie Heartz, who, dressed as an old woman, with weak knees but strong lungs, gave her call for "old chairs" and "old clothes."

Ethel Conn made a pretty tableau as Red-riding-hood, after which Little Bo-peep, in the person of Marguerite Cotton, dressed in pink shepherdess costume and carrying a crook, sang her solo so prettily that she was emphatically recalled.

Next came Old Mother Hubbard in whom her best friends would hardly have recognized Ruth Richardson, disguised in her crisp white cap and ancient costume. She came on, leading her "poor dog," an immense mastiff, to the centre of the stage, where they were greeted with such a storm of applause that he replied for them both, to the best of his ability, and the front seats were wild with enthusiasm.

Darby and Joan were dressed in black, Darby with three cornered hat and Joan with a historic bonnet. The parts were taken by Sidney Beggs and Bertha Bassett and they executed a pretty heel and toe step with grace and precision.

Willie McDonald, as Tommy Tucker, sang for his supper, and sang so well that the audience felt he fully deserved the piece of white bread and butter, which he ate for their entertainment.

After Tommy came Dan Norris, who gave a fine impersonation of Taffy, the Welshman, as he rushed on to the stage wearing a high cockney hat and coat, and carrying the marrow bone.

The Mistress Mary number made a charming picture. As the curtain rose, Mistress Mary was discovered watering her plants. As the music proceeded she turned about and gave a delightful solo, while the six "pretty maids all in a row" swayed to the music and kept the time with tinkling silver bells. Edna Felch made the daintiest of Mistress Marys and sang with remarkable richness and strength for so young a child. The pretty maids dressed to resemble flowers were Emily Godfrey, Emily Lentz, Jeannette Smith, Lillian Hill, Lottie Brauer, and Edith Buel.

Next, "Dr. Foster went to Gloster in a shower of rain," and Arthur Ray strode across the stage carrying a huge umbrella and wearing a tall hat, with bottles of poison projecting from his pockets, amid great laughter on the part of the audience.

Marguerite Smith made an ideal Queen of Hearts. She came on, to stately music, bearing her tray of tarts, with great dignity. Then to the liveliest of jigs, came Lester Hartshorne, the Knave, darting behind her, and to either side of her and finally snatching her tarts, before Her Majesty could turn to see. This called forth a hearty encore. In fact, the audience were so warmed up this time, that each succeeding number was called out a second time.

Eleanor Fowle as Curly Locks seated on a cushion and sewing "a fine seam," made an exquisite picture dressed in pale blue silk and wearing a wreath of forget-me-nots on her hair, while from the piano came the strains of "How can I bear to leave thee." Then followed Lester Blaisdell's impersonation of The Crooked Man, which was exceedingly well rendered. Luther Fowle as Hot Cross Buns, dressed in baker's cap and apron, sang his verses in a clear, strong voice and won well merited applause.

Jack and Jill advanced from either side of the stage, keeping time to gay music, Jill swinging her pail. Jack joined her and together they went up the hill slower and slower till they reached the well where they drew the water. Then, to rapidly accelerating music, they started down the hill till, when their feet could fly no faster, came the crash and "Jack fell down, and Jill came tumbling after," and the big tin pail flew into the audience. The part was taken by Chester Bowers and Esther Bean and their graceful and easy rendering of it won them much favorable comment.

Nothing could have been better than Hubert Fowle as little Jack Horner sitting in his corner. When he pulled out his plum and howled with delight, every small boy in the audience howled in response. Hickety-pickety and the "gentleman who came every day," were received with enthusiasm. Mildred Fox, most fetchingly attired in old-fashioned gown and big hat, bore under her arm a pet hen, which Theodore Fowle and Royal Carter, dressed as dudes of by-gone days, came on at a double-quick step and viewed the lady through their monocles, not forgetting a most ceremonious lifting of their hats. When Joe Thompson came on, dressed as a grey kitty with a most beautiful long tail, to take the part of the Cat and the Fiddle, there was great excitement. He played familiar Mother Goose tunes upon his violin in a which delighted the audience.

The most absurd feature of the programme had been saved until the last. And when Tom the Piper's Son came tearing on to the stage carrying a little pig in his arms, the audience shouted with laughter, which, loud as it was, did not drown the squealing of the pig, whose voice was fully up to the concert pitch. Alvah Buckman, 2d, impersonated the Piper's son to perfection, and when the owner of the pig, in the person of Mr. E. P. Fox, rushed on after the culprit, they had a lively chase which terminated off the stage, apparently to the advantage of the owner, for in a moment they returned, Mr. Fox bearing the pig and leading by the ear Tom, who "went bawling down the street"—and the curtain fell.

At the close of the entertainment Mother Goose led the whole party to the parlor, where the Market was held. There the Old Woman and her children sold candy from their shoe, Jack Horner peddled souvenirs from big pie, and Jack and Jill, amid little pine trees, presided over a well patronized well-sweep from which they sold lemonade.

Mistress Mary and her maids served at the flower table, while the Queen and Knave of Hearts and Hot Cross Buns sold their wares from trays. Every article in the market was sold and the children will realize a good sum for their evening's work.

The committee in charge of the entertainment were Mrs. George F. Bean, Mrs. E. P. Fox, Mrs. J. W. Fox, Mr. C. W. Smith, Mrs. William Beggs.

Those in charge of special features in the market were: Shoe, Mrs. Eames, and Mrs. Holland; Jack Horner, Mrs. Howe and Mrs. Russell; Lemonade, Miss Holland and Miss Burbeck; Flowers, Mrs. F. J. Brown, Mrs. H. E. Smith and Miss Annie Smith.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and docters could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I cen now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praise throughout the Universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Parker's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed,

One More Instance.

That "mutiny" of the native police in the Island of Negros was confined to one small, outlying town, and proves to be of trivial consequence.

But it cost a valuable young life, for an American officer was killed by the mutineers—Lieut. August C. Ledyard, son of the President of the Michigan Central Railroad, and a grandson of the famous Gen. Lewis Cass. Lieut. Ledyard was one of the Yale volunteers in the Spanish war, and later at his own and his father's desire he entered the regular service. A report from Gen. Otis states that the revolt in which Lieut. Ledyard was slain was caused directly by the circulation among the native police of a lot of newspapers and other literature from this country and Europe hostile to our cause in the Philippines.

This would seem to fix with a great deal of definiteness the real responsibility for the death of this brilliant young American. And there are other lives just as precious which may be sacrificed in the same way and by the same sinister influence.—*Boston Journal.*

A Sure Cure for Croup.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

God Needs the Help of Mothers.

"The grave mistake of repressing children," writes Barbetta Brown in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*, "is caused by the mother's failure to be keen enough to see where she may touch a child's life and where she may not; where it is for her to guide, to help, to encourage, and where the child-life is sacred to itself alone. That the child is another individual never occurs to some mothers, nor that he has his own possibilities for growth, not to be tampered with; his own privacies, not to be invaded; his own 'holy of holies,' to be held holy. The Power that is working in the vast life of this universe is working in your son or daughter as part of it; and it has its own purpose in regard to each child-life as surely as for each planet in its orbit. God needs much help from mothers, but God does not intend to be effaced by mothers. Co-operate, then, with the Power working through your children, mothers. Do not make the great mistake of attempting to compete with it."

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Montvale.

On next Tuesday evening the Christian Endeavor Society will give a supper and entertainment at the Chapel. Tickets 15 cents. Mr. Charles Caldwell is Chairman of the Committee.

The sale and entertainment held by the ladies of the Social Workers last week was a decided success. The tables were tastefully arranged and the articles useful and ornamental.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often causing a horrible Burn, Scald Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25c. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Gen. Buller dissents from the opinion that the Boers disregarded the rules of civilized warfare at Modder River, saying: "It is not contrary to civilized warfare to shoot horses, but it is contrary to honorable conduct to abuse a brave enemy." The interesting thing about it all is that the British Generals are much fairer and franker than the British correspondents.

Literary Notices.

The December issue of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a Christmas number. In the opening article, "The Outlook from Bethlehem, the Rev. William OBrien Pardow, S. J., contrasts the observance of the season fifty years ago with its observance today. Rev. J. T. Roche makes a strong appeal for The Foreign Missions and the little children in our own land. John L. Rees, contributes an entertaining description of life in the Klondike as studied from the vantage ground of a newspaper office. Other illustrated papers of marked interest are, In the Shenandoah Valley, War Time Hospitality, A Season of Sharp Contrasts, and People in Print. Among the papers dealing with the issues of the age is one of particular import to Irish and Irish-American readers. It is Shall Noblesse Oblige Prevail in Ireland? A beautiful Christmas phantasy, St. Catherine of Boston, by S. L. Emery, accentuates the lesson of the season. A pathetic story is The Child That Never Grew Up, written with the delicacy of touch and depth of feeling characteristic of all Mrs. Hinkson's work. The Book Reviews and Question Box contribute their share towards completing this Christmas number, and the illustrations are in themselves a story of the joyous season.

The NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for December comes in a dainty holiday cover, and is full of interesting material. The opening pages are devoted to Old Boston, England, the mother city of our New England metropolis, about which cluster such interesting historical associations. The author, Mrs. S. Octavia Holden, describes in a delightful way her own impressions of the spot when she there re-lived the scenes of its early history which she recalls. There is a chapter by Prof. Marshall S. Snow, on Canterbury Cathedral, the first permanent home of Christianity in England, associated with those scenes of ecclesiastical disturbance which foreshadowed the Puritan movement. Both these articles are fully and finely illustrated. Mr. Edmund J. Carpenter describes the Old Province House in Boston, Massachusetts, the palatial home of the Royal Governors, of which some of the walls still remain, to be reached only by an obscure alleyway in the heart of the city. Several valuable old relics of the building are yet in existence, and are pictured in the pages of his article. The story of one of New England's oldest settlements is told in the account of Old Brookfield and West Brookfield, by Hon. D. H. Chamberlain. The illustration which appear include views in both towns and many portraits. Appropriate to the holiday season are Howard Markle Hoke's story, The Secondary Christmas, illustrated and Minna Irving's verses entitled The Legend of the Christmas Wreaths. Some Old New England Flower Gardens, describes several colonial gardens, laid out after a formal plan of arrangement and still existing in a fair state of preservation. The paper is illustrated from photographs and plans by the author. In his little sketch, My Farm in Winter, Mr. John Albee interprets for the reader the charms revealed to a true nature lover in even dreary winter landscapes. Mr. Earnest H. Baldwin tells When New England Was Rebellious and upon the election of Jefferson to the Presidency contemplated a withdrawal from the Union; Mr. Arlow Bates contributes a unique paper on Boston Street Cries; there is a good story entitled A Prince in Disguise, by Henry A. Clapp; while the poetry includes a sonnett on Senator Hoar, by Frank Roe Batchelder and verses by Alice D'Alcho, F. Whitmore and others. The Editor's Table takes up Horace Bushnell as a citizen, descanting upon Dr. Bushnell's varied and remarkable public services.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasaut anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

How futile it is for Aguinaldo's followers to attempt to break American communication was rather vividly shown the other day, when a hundred insurgents attacked, near Balinag, a wagon train escorted by thirty men of the Sixteenth Infantry. Although outnumbered three to one, the American soldiers simply smashed their assailants, killing eighteen and capturing nine. It is safe to say that those Tagalogs who got out of this affair with whole skins will have great respect for American wagon trains hereafter.

Democratic politicians are already beginning to wonder whether they can make much out of the trust issue in the next campaign. The President's treatment of the subject in his message has made it impossible for them to represent the Republican Party as championing the trusts, and that is essential to their scheme.

A hint sometimes is sufficient. We guess it may now be taken for granted that if any coaling station is established in the Galapagos Islands, it will fly the same flag which is streaming in the breeze over Hawaii, Guam and Pago Pago.

A good many Englishmen will feel relieved that Lord Salisbury has got back to his work at the Foreign Office, England greatly needs just now less of Mr. Chamberlain's "shirt-sleeves diplomacy" and more of Lord Salisbury's tact.

The Boers have not been supposed to possess much humor, but their giving the name "Franchise" to the big gun they have brought from Pretoria to batter away at Ladysmith is certainly a grim pleasantry.

A "combine" which, like the American Woolen Trust, starts off with a ten per cent. increase in the pay of twenty thousand hands rather spikes the guns of partisan denunciation.

The British in South Africa thus far have lost from four to five thousand men, all told, and they have yet to set their feet on Dutch soil. All the fighting has been on their own territory.

RAN A RACE WITH DEATH.

Narrow Margin by Which a Man on a Railway Bridge Won.

A high trestle bridge more than a quarter of a mile long, supporting the single track of the Nickel Plate railroad, spans the valley of Grand river, east of Painesville, O. The bridge is little wider than the distance between the rails, and the ties are placed eight or ten inches apart, the space between being open to the river below.

A young man who crossed recently had a thrilling experience on the bridge. He had just passed the center when a fast train rounded the curve behind him. As the engine whistled he quickened his pace. With every step the train was rushing nearer, and there was not a moment to lose.

Once the young man stumbled and seemed about to fall, but quickly regained his balance and hurried on. As he reached the place for which he had started the train was close behind, and he had just time to swing himself over the side of the bridge as the locomotive thundered by. The ends of the ties were slippery with grease from dripping axle boxes, and his foot slipped wide as he left the track. His right hand, stretched blindly out before him, touched a round iron bar, bracing two parts of the bridge, and, with a grip like that of a drowning man, his fingers clasped around it. For a moment he swung in empty air. In another his left hand had found a place beside his right, and his feet touched the welcome edge of a brace below. With bleeding fingers clutching the slender iron bar that vibrated widely from side to side, moments seemed hours.

At last the train passed, and the young man was able to climb slowly to the track above. Unnerved by the trying experience, he lay for a moment stretched across the rails and, then rising to his feet, with blanched face and unsteady limbs, made his way to firm ground.—Cleveland Leader.

THE MILL RUNS ITSELF.

Economical Way of Doing Business on a Connecticut Farm.

Joe McCormick of the International Pulp company tells a delicious story of paper making in Connecticut, which shows that operating a mill is not such a serious matter as these big proprietors would have us believe. Strolling along the countryside in haymaking time, Mr. McCormick happened on a little paper mill which buzzed merrily in a shady dell, with everything clean and sweet around it. A look in the office showed no one there, and the visitor then wandered over the mill, hoping to find some one to whom he could talk business. The machine was humming along, and it seemed impossible that there should be no one in attendance. But even shouting failed to bring forth signs of life, and Mr. McCormick was about to leave when he spied some men in a hayfield some distance away.

"I say," he called out to the nearest one when he got within hearing, "who runs this mill?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Well, who's the owner?"

"Why, I am, to be sure."

"Do you mean to say that the mill runs itself?"

"Cert. We start her up at 6 in the morning, and she runs till 6 in the evening. This mill's been weaned, stranger; she don't need a nurse. While I'm getting in hay she puts half a ton of paper on the roll. Gee up, Boss!"—Paper Trade Journal.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "What Religion has to Say About Sin." Sunday School at 12 M.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Is the universe, including Man, evolved by Atomic force?" All are welcome.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "The Yoke Accepted or Shirked." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. Service of Praise and Preaching at 7 P. M. Subject: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me." Fourth in Series of Scenes from Calvery. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—3d Sunday in Advent. Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "True Repentance."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 7 P. M., Installation of pastor with Sermons in English and Swedish and music by male and mixed choirs. The public is cordially invited.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Thursday, Y. P. S. Refreshments free.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—3d Sunday in Advent.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Service, Friday evening at 7.30.
Music by the Vested Choir.
Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, Rector.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.20 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Text: Luke 3:1-15. Subject: "The Pioneer Preacher."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M. Sermon. "God and Man's Mutual Relations."
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Bible Reading. "Prophesies About Christ's First Coming."
Friday, at 7.45 P. M., Service in the Congregational church at Winchester.
All Scandinavians cordially invited.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

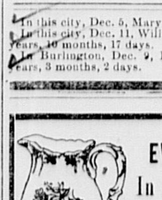
Married.

In this city, Dec. 6, by Rev. N. E. Kron, Lars Hanning Johnson of Woburn, and Augusta Lavina Louletson of Wakefield.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 5, Mary McCabe, aged 77 years.
In this city, Dec. 11, William M. Miller, aged 76 years, 10 months, 17 days.
In Burlington, Dec. 9, Daniel McIntire, aged 8 years, 3 months, 2 days.



EVERY NEED In China & Glass

Supplied at this famous shop. Select NOW for the Holidays.

Abram French Co.

75 Years a China Store. | 89-91-93 Franklin St., Cor. Devonshire.

BOSTON, MASS.

THE PLAY OF THE YEAR

AUGUSTUS THOMAS'

ARIZONA

The Universal Verdict

"GREATER THAN ALABAMA."

TREMONT THEATRE Beginning **Dec. 4**

CITY OF WOBURN.

Auditor's Department.

All persons or firms having BILLS AGAINST THE CITY OF WOBURN are requested to present the same on or before Saturday, December 23.

As the various Committees on the approval of bills will meet Tuesday, December 26th, POSITIVELY NO BILLS received later than above date will be included in the December order on the City Treasurer.

ALBERT P. BARRETT,
City Auditor.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Albert F. Peck to the Winchester Savings Bank, dated July 14th, 1897, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2580, Fol. 592, and for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D., 1900,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing eight thousand six hundred and fifty-nine (8,659) square feet, more or less, bounded northerly by Pleasant street about seventy-one (71) feet; easterly by land now or formerly of Champney, about one hundred and twenty-two and five-tenths (122 5-10) feet; southerly by land now or formerly of the heirs of John Clough, about seventy-one (71) feet; and westerly by Bennett street, about one hundred and twenty-two and five-tenths (122 5-10) feet, being the premises conveyed to the grantor by Ephraim Cutter, Jr., and Benjamin Cutter, by deed dated Feb. 28, 1896, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2444, Fol 178.

$500 cash deposit required; balance in ten days on passing of papers. The sale will be made subject to any outstanding taxes, tax titles or municipal liens, upon the premises.

WINCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.
By David N. Skillings, its Treasurer, Mortgagee.
Winchester, December 12, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Alexander Fotheringham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Bernard Pierce and Rose Fotheringham, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Timothy Calnan, Guardian of Thomas L., Ellen S., John W., Harry T., and Joseph E. Talty of Woburn, in said County, minors, and to Thomas Moore, surety on the bond given to said Court by said Timothy Calnan, and to all persons interested in said estate.

WHEREAS, John Maloney, surety on said bond, has presented to said Court his petition praying that he may be discharged from all further responsibility as such surety, and that said Timothy Calnan may be ordered to furnish a new bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Timothy Calnan and said Thomas Moore, co-surety, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

BOARD OF RAILROAD COMMISSIONERS.

BOSTON, December 1, 1899.

On the Petition of the Wakefield & Stoneham Street Railway Company for approval of the terms of purchase of the franchises and property of the Reading & Lowell, the Salem & Wakefield, the Woburn & Reading, and the Mystic Valley Street Railway Companies, and for approval of an issue of capital stock for the purpose and to the amount set forth in said terms, the Board will give a hearing to the parties in interest at their office, No. 20 Beacon Street, Boston, on **Tuesday, the nineteenth day of December, instant,** at ten o'clock in the forenoon.

And the petitioner is required to give notice of said hearing by publication hereof twice prior to said date in the WOBURN JOURNAL and the *Wakefield Citizen & Banner*, newspapers printed in the town of Wakefield and City of Woburn respectively.

Per order,
WM. A. CRAFTS, Clerk.

A PERFECT BATH ROOM

is essential to perfect comfort and health.

Our estimates on putting in

Plumbing Work

and fittings for large and small houses will be found surpassingly low when quality of work and materials used is considered.

We would be pleased to have an opportunity to submit figures.

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on **Tuesday, January 9, 1900,** at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 8, 1899.

To Let.

Up one flight, on Main street, a very desirable tenement in good order; well adapted for millinery or dressmaking purposes as well as for residence. For view of premises, or any information in regard to the same, call or address

No. 60 Union St., Woburn, Mass.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
415 Main Street.

Our Show Window

Only hints of the Brilliant

Christmas Offerings

in our store. Come in if only to look. You'll remember the place when you want anything in Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

BY

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO., 409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1899.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday, Dec. 7, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

For the Holidays

Order a Suit of Clothes and Winter Overcoat from

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street. - - - - - - Woburn

..FREE..

Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer;* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Dec. 26. William G. Ward. Subject: "The Novel and the Short Story."
TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Feb. 13. To be announced.

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
E. MARIA BEAN,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN,
Central Grocery,
433 Main Street - - WOBURN
Telephone 133-2.

Art Exhibition

— AND —

SALE.

Mr. Benj. Champney

Will open an Exhibition and Sale of his Paintings at

LEONARD'S ART AUCTION ROOMS,
Bromfield St., Boston.

Opening Monday, Dec. 11, 1899.

Sale on Friday and Saturday, Dec. 15 & 16.

These paintings are the accumulation of years of study and include Mr. Champney's best recent work.

— AT —

Linnell's Market

Quality Comes First,
Then Price Follows.
We act on this thought.
We aim to carry only first-class goods.

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE
Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3,

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,
241 Main St., Woburn

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

JOHN ARNOTT,

Watchmaker and Jeweler

465 Main St., Woburn.

Clocks called for and delivered.
☞ Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

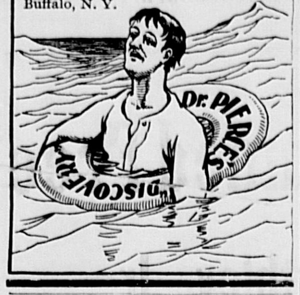
Get Your Printing Done At This Office

THERE'S SAFETY FOR THE SHIPWRECKED IN HEALTH

Who trust to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures ninety-eight per cent. of all who use it. Old forms of disease, obstinate cough, weak lungs, spitting of blood, weakness and emaciation are perfectly and permanently cured by this powerful remedy.

"My wife had hemorrhage of the lungs," writes W. A. Sanders, Esq., of Hern, Mason Co., W. Va. "She had ten hemorrhages, and the people all around here said she would never be well again. But she began to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and she soon began to gain strength and flesh. After taking ten bottles she was *entirely* well. If any one doubts this, they may enclose self-addressed envelope with stamp, and I will answer."

Sick persons are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free of charge*. All correspondence strictly private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



LOVE ON THE FARM.

A potato went on a mash
And sought an onion bed.
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go away," the onion, weeping, cried;
"Your love I cannot be;
The pumpkin be your lawful bride,
You cantaloupe with me."

But onward still the tuber came
And laid down at her feet;
"You cauliflower by any name,
And it will smell as wheat;
And I, too, am an early rose,
And you I've come to see,
So don't turn up your lovely nose,
But spinachat with me!"

"I do not carrot all to wed,
So go, sir, if you please,"
The modest onion meekly said,
"And lettuce, pray, have peas!
Go think that you have never seen
Myself or smelled my sigh,
Too long a maiden I have been
For favors in your eye!"

"Ah, spare a cuss!" the tuber prayed,
"My cherryshed bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
That's currant now with me!"
And as the wily tuber spoke
He caught her by surprise
And, giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.
—St. Louis Republic.

HE WASHED DISHES.

The Hard Job One Boy Had All the Way to Europe.

The girls who have complained in various keys because they had dishes to wash may be glad to hear of a young man who can look at the matter through their eyes, perhaps more so. He had shipped as "boy" on a cattle steamer for Europe because he wanted to save as much as possible on his transportation, and—but the rest of the story sounds better in his own words:

"About 4:30 in the morning I was awakened and told to go to work. I hastily dressed, for the first and last time on board, for during the rest of the voyage I took care not to undress. It seemed scarcely worth while. I arrived on deck and found the steward waiting for me. He showed me into the pantry, introduced me to 'Pants,' as the pantryman was called, and told me that my chief duty during the voyage would be to wash dishes.

"There was already a large pile of dirty dishes waiting to be washed, and I rolled up my sleeves, fixed the hot water and began to work. I had these almost done when another and larger lot was brought in from the dining room. This proved to be the daily programme. I no sooner had one pile washed than others were brought in, and I was never done. I don't think I ever saw so many dishes before in my life, and I hope I never shall again. There were 60 passengers aboard besides the cattlemen, and six meals were served each day. From the dishes that came out to be washed, I think that each passenger must have used at least six plates at a meal."—Detroit Free Press.

Destroying the Point.

Every one knows the man who is notorious for so telling a story as to destroy its point. An English nobleman, Lord P., was noted for his success in thus ruining the prosperity of a story. The author of "Collections and Recollections" exhibits a specimen of his lordship's peculiar art.

Thirty years ago two large houses were built at Albert Gate, London, the size and cost of which seemed likely to prohibit tenants from hiring them. A wag christened them "Malta and Gibraltar because they can never be taken."

Lord P. thought this an excellent joke and ran round the town, saying to every friend he met:

"I say, do you know what they call those houses at Albert Gate? They call them Malta and Gibraltar because they can never let them. Isn't it awfully good?"

Some one told Lord P. the old riddle, "Why was the elephant the last animal to get into the ark?" to which the answer is, "Because he had to pack his trunk."

Lord P. asked the riddle of the next friend he met and gave as the answer, "Because he had to pack his portmanteau."

The Center of Population.

"Census experts estimate," says the Chicago Post, "that the center of population will be found next year to be in Indiana, close to the Illinois line, at a point not far removed from the town of Vincennes. The last census showed the population center to be between Columbus, Ind., and Cincinnati. The increase in the population of Georgia, Texas, the Indian Territory, Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona during the last ten years has been sufficient, it is thought, to offset any increase in the northwest and to possibly pull the center somewhat to the south of the 1890 parallel. The wealth center is thought to be in the neighborhood of Sandusky, O."

Spanish Courtesy.

In the Spanish Bibles and prayer books the name of the Saviour and those of the saints are always printed with the title "senor" (mister) before them, as Mr. John the Baptist, Mr. Saint Paul, Mr. Saint Matthew, etc.—Chicago Record.

SHAVING ACCIDENTS.

THE BARBER DISCUSSES THEM WITH THE MAN IN HIS CHAIR.

Chances to Cut Throats That Are Not Often Taken Advantage Of—Narrow Escapes From Serious Mishaps—A Father's Dream.

"Did it ever strike you," asked the little barber, "how easy it would be for the man that shaves you to kill you?"

The man in the chair sat up quickly and looked carefully at the barber, who was feeling the edge of the razor with one finger. The barber smiled to reassure his customer and said:

"It seems a queer question, I know, but it is a wonder to me that there are not a number of people killed in that way every year. It would be the easiest thing in the world for the barber as he wielded his razor to make one sweep with it and sever the jugular vein, and you would be dead almost on the instant. Suppose, for instance, that the barber should go insane. There would be nothing to prevent his doing such a thing, and you would have no warning nor any opportunity to save yourself.

"There is always a chance of a serious accident happening to the man in the chair. I have seen a number of such accidents and have a horror of even nicking the man I am shaving. In fact, such an occurrence makes me feel out of sorts for the rest of the day. It was only a few days ago that I almost had an accident that gave me a great fright and completely unnerved me. I was shaving a young man, and in passing from one side of the chair to the other a button of my waistcoat caught in his hair. It pulled a trifle, and he moved his head suddenly just as I went to put the blade to his face. I came within an ace of slashing him, and only a quick jump back saved him. The perspiration stood out on me, and I had to call one of the other men to finish shaving my customer.

"But the worst accident I ever saw in a barber shop occurred while I was working in a small town in the west. One of the patrons of the place was a business man whose 8-year-old daughter was lying at the point of death. Her father put in most of his time at her bedside. One afternoon while she was asleep he came in here to get shaved. He was so exhausted through lack of sleep that he fell asleep immediately after he had taken his seat in the chair next to the one behind which I was at work.

"He dreamed that some one had come into the place to tell him that his child had died. With a cry of alarm he started up just as the barber laid the razor against his neck. Into the flesh it sank. He was not yet thoroughly awake, and as he imagined that some one was holding him back from his child he threw out his hand to free himself, and his fingers closed over the blade of the razor. So dazed was he that he could not realize what had happened, but sat there in the chair, with the blood streaming from his throat and fingers.

"The man who had done the cutting was the first to act, although half crazed. He hurried for a doctor while we stanched the flow of blood the best we knew how. Even as the doctor was at work sewing up the wounds a messenger came to say that the little girl had died suddenly in the greatest agony, calling for her father just before she died. He was under the influence of ether at the time and did not know, but afterward, when he heard of the circumstances attending her death, he insisted that he had heard her call as he lay there asleep in the chair and that it was her cry that had caused him to make his sudden movement.

"For years after the accident he continued to shave in the same shop where it had occurred, and it was never mentioned. He carried a reminder of it for the remainder of his life. In addition to the scar on his throat, the fingers of his right hand were all drawn up and useless.

"Sudden movements while in the barber's chair are always apt to be attended with serious results, and I could recall dozens of instances where it has been only the merest chance that has prevented serious if not fatal mishaps. Nine times out of ten where the person getting shaved receives a nick and lays the blame on the barber he should thank the wielder of the razor that it was no worse. The probabilities are that it was quick action by the barber that prevented a bad cut. A slight nick often would have been a case for the doctor or coroner were it not for the watchfulness of the barber. Here yesterday I happened to draw blood from a young fellow's face near his ear, and he made a great fuss about it, until I showed him that it was only the sudden withdrawal of the razor which resulted in the slight nick that prevented him losing a good part of his ear. Then he was grateful and thanked me, besides promising to be more careful in the future.

"But there are other ways the barber has of getting even," continued the little barber after relathering one side of his customer's face. "There is no need of his slashing a man. He can inflict injuries that will make his victim decidedly uncomfortable, and at the same time the latter will not be aware of what is being done." What the barber meant by this last remark his victim did not ask.—New York Sun.

Didn't Laugh With the Rest.

Jones—What were the boys all laughing so heartily over?

Brown—Smith got off one of his jokes.

Jones—Why didn't you laugh with the rest?

Brown—It was on me.—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

When Henry Irving Was Hissed.

"I was hissed every night for a week when I was playing the provinces about 35 years ago," said Henry Irving to a writer in Ainslee's. "I was given an engagement as leading man in a very small theater, and before I made my bow to the audience I learned that the man whose place I had taken was very popular in the vicinity and that the people strongly disproved of the way in which the management had forced him to retire, so that when I made my appearance the audience showed their disapproval of the manager by strongly hissing the successor to their favorite, and they kept it up for a week. It was a very unhappy week for me."

Started a Run.

A very simple statement proved very unfortunate to a savings institution in the rural district recently. An editor, in writing of the institution in his paper, said:

"The president is a very tall man; the cashier is short."

And in less than an hour the excited depositors were asking, "How much—how much?"—Atlanta Constitution.

SOME QUEER DREAMS.

VISIONS THAT RESULTED IN THE CAPTURE OF CRIMINALS.

Marvelous Manifestations That Baffle the Ingenuity of Man to Explain and Which Prove Anew That Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction.

A very remarkable instance of the tracing of a criminal by means of a dream occurred in St. Louis. A woman named Mary Thornton was detained in custody for a month, charged with the murder of her husband. A week or so after her arrest she requested to see one of the prison officials and told him she had dreamed that an individual named George Ray had murdered her spouse, giving the official at the same time full details of the tragedy as witnessed in her vision. The man Ray was not suspected at the time, but the prison authorities were so much impressed by the woman's obvious earnestness that a search was at once made for him.

After some delay he was traced and charged with the crime, the details of the same as seen in the dream being rehearsed to him. Overcome with astonishment, he then and there confessed that he had committed the crime. Curiously enough, the woman had only met the murderer once and believed him to be on the very best of terms with her husband.

Almost as remarkable was the case of a woman named Drew, who dreamed one night that her husband, a retired sailor, had been murdered by a peddler at a Gravesend tavern, where the said husband was in the habit of putting up when visiting the town in question. The first news that awaited her on rising in the morning was that her spouse had been assassinated at the very tavern she had seen in her extraordinary vision, whereupon she burst into hysterical tears and cried out that her dream had come true.

She calmed down somewhat after a few hours and then handed the police officials an exact description of the peddler of the vision, giving a minute account of his dress, which included a blue coat of a very peculiar pattern. Marvelous as the fact may appear, a man wearing such a coat and following the occupation of a peddler was discovered two days later at an inn some six miles from Gravesend, and, on being taxed with the crime, he at once admitted that he was guilty and that robbery had been the motive of the outrage. He was hanged soon afterward, his doom having been brought about by the flimsy evidence of a woman's dream.

Women as dreamers seem more successful than men, but a rather peculiar instance of a crime being traced by a vision and in which the dreamer was a member of the male sex comes from Rennes, in France. A worthy merchant, having quitted his office one Saturday evening, proceeded home to dinner and after enjoying a substantial meal lay down on the couch and fell into a light doze. A very vivid dream then came to him wherein he saw two men of the burglar type engaged in rifling the safe in his office, and so much impressed was he by the vision that he resolved, upon awakening, to at once go to the office and see that everything was under lock and key.

His amazement may be imagined when, on arriving there, he discovered the door forced and a burglary in progress. To summon a couple of gendarmes was the work of an instant, and five minutes later the thieves, who proved to be notorious housebreakers, were on their way to the police depot, where the prosecutor told his extraordinary story. In view of the fact that the safe contained valuables to the extent of some thousands of pounds, the dream in question proved a very fortunate one for the dreamer.

How to explain these marvelous manifestations, which prove once more that truth is stranger than fiction, is a task beyond the ingenuity of man to compass. Perchance the theory of telepathy may have something to do with the mysterious business, but even that theory would appear rather inadequate in such cases as the aforementioned.

A skillful forger who moved in the highest circles of society was once detected by the agency of a dream. The affair occurred in Boston and caused the greatest excitement of the time.

The forger, a young man of eight or nine and twenty, had become acquainted with a rich publisher, at whose house he became a constant guest. One day the publisher's bankers discovered that some one was forging their client's signature to various large checks, and two detectives were at once instructed to look out for the culprit.

Their efforts proved useless, but one evening the publisher's youngest daughter, a little girl of 11, dreamed that she saw a man whom she described as "like Mr. Blank," the visitor to whom reference has been made, sitting in a room in Maine street copying her father's signature. The child's dream was communicated to the police, who, though inclined to ridicule the same at the outset, eventually promised to have the gentleman in question watched, with the result that his lodgings were raided and a complete plant for the making of bank notes found there. It then transpired that he was a man who was wanted for manifold forgeries throughout the Union, and he was sent to prison for a very long term.

The child's dream was all the more extraordinary in view of the fact that she was too young to understand the leading incidents of the business and attributed the copying of her father's signature in the dream to the "gentleman wanting to write nicely, like papa." Strange, very strange, but none the less true, and proving once more that, as Hamlet remarked, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."—Philadelphia Times.

True Dream of Br'er Williams.

"Atter dis," said the old colored farmer, "I ain't gwine tek nobody's advice 'bout whar I orter keep my money. You know, Br'er Williams tol' me dat banks wuz onsafe—dat dey all time failin en swallerin up what yo' puts in 'um?"

"He did?"

"Dat what he done! En he say, 'W'en yo' sells yo' cotton, tek yo' money en dig a hole in de ground en bury it.'"

"En yo' done lak he say?"

"I did, fer sho'! En what yo' reckon? Br'er Williams gone ter bed dat night, en, please God, he see money in his dream, en whilst he wuz in a trance en walkin in his sleep de sperit what wuz a-movin er 'im led right whar dat money wuz, en 'fo' he knowed it he had done digged it up en lef' de state wid it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Automobile Talk.

"He has a great faculty for putting the cart before the horse."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. Say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."—Automobile Magazine.

CLEVER, BUT SOULLESS.

One Woman's New Way In Which to Pay Social Debts.

"I don't know much of the ways of fashionable people," said a young physician not long ago, "for I am not in society, but if many society women are like one I know here in town I think I'm safer to be out of it. It was not this season, but it wasn't so long ago but that plenty of people can remember the circumstances. I had among my patients an elderly woman who lived with the daughter's family. The daughter lived, if not beyond her means, at least up to the very edge, went out a great deal and was entertained a great deal.

"The mother fell sick with a complaint which I knew would prove fatal. I did not inform the family till one day the daughter asked me to tell her frankly what her mother's condition was and just how long she could live. I told her that the old lady could not possibly last more than a fortnight. She begged me not to let anybody know how serious the case was. She didn't want her young daughters distressed, she said.

"Of course I told nobody, and just a week after that I read in the papers that Mrs. Dash, the daughter of my dying patient, had sent out invitations for a large dancing party, to be given on an evening a fortnight away. My patient did not live as long as I had expected. The day after she died I read in the papers that 'owing to the sudden death of her mother Mrs. Dash had been compelled to recall her invitations.'

"She had never intended to give a ball. She could not have afforded it, and she 'bluffed.' I have cold shivers every time I see her."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AN EXCITING LIFE.

Why the Chicago Girl's Brown Hair Turned Golden Hued.

"Gosh, Marier, but that wuz a close shave!" exclaimed Uncle Eben as he dragged his worthy spouse out of the way of a street car that was yet 20 feet away. "This yer Chicago life is 'nough to make a man's h'ar turn gray."

"Turn gray!" snarled his wife. "'Twouldn't be so bad ef thet wuz all it done. It's decent and respectable to have gray ha'r, but when it comes to makin a poor young gal's ha'r turn yaller jist on account of the excitement uv all these cars an railroads on stilts an howlin people then's when I say it's a sin to hev sich big cities. I'm a-goin right out to 'Liza Jane's house, ef I kin ever find it, an stay right in it till we leave Chicago."

"How do you know it makes people's ha'r turn yaller?" asked Uncle Eben. "I ain't never hearn tell of ennything of that kind."

"Well, I see it with my own eyes—leastwise I see it turn brown agin after the poor dears wuz rested all summer in the country. You know them four gals what staid all summer over at Cousin Ellen's? When they fust come, they'd big brown eyes an fa'r complexions an right yaller ha'r. Purty soon every one of 'em's ha'r begin to get streaked in spots, an before the summer wuz gone they all had rich brown ha'r. Then I ast one of 'em what made their ha'r turn brown, an she said it wuz alla's brown, but that the excitin life she'd been livin in Chicago, whar she had to act in a theater every night, made it turn yaller. Poor thing! She looked so much better at the end of the summer that I hate to think of her comin back to this great, wicked city."—Chicago Journal.

Steel Combs.

A man who saw in a sidewalk showcase some steel combs and who wondered what steel combs could be used for found upon inquiry that they were used by furriers in combing furs. There was one of these combs that looked much like a comb of the ordinary kind, coarse toothed for half its length and finer toothed the other half. And then there was one comb that had teeth for half its length, the solid end serving as a handle.

There are other steel combs that are used for a similar purpose, as steel combs made to comb dogs with. The dog comb looks somewhat like the fine toothed comb in its general shape, but it is larger, toothed on one side only and coarser toothed than the so called fine comb. The untoothed side combs of this sort are used on various kinds of dogs, including, for instance, long haired dogs like the French poodle.—New York Sun.

Too Small.

Uncle 'Zek'el Watson was accustomed to seeing good sized squares of cup cake, 'lection cake or gingerbread on the supper table, and when he had his first plate of ice cream in a city restaurant he looked with some disfavor upon the macaroons and small sponge drops which accompanied it.

"How do you like it?" asked his niece, who was doing the honors of the city for her uncle.

"The ice cream is first rate," said Uncle 'Zek'el. "I call it extry good. But when you come to these things," he added, lifting one of the sponge "lady fingers" and surveying it doubtfully, "I presume to say they're all right enough, what there is of 'em, but there isn't enough of 'em; just nothing but gape and swallow!"—Youth's Companion.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

TOO MUCH FOR THE CLERK.

Terrified by the India Rubber Boy and the Man.

A person who has had many years' experience in hospitals was speaking the other day to a number of men interested in medical affairs about human freaks.

"Do you know that the greatest human freaks in the country—in fact, in the world," exclaimed the speaker, "have never been exhibited in a museum or numbered among a circus' attractions? Have you ever heard of the india rubber boy or the negro whose heart was on his right side or the man with a voice like a locomotive whistle? Perhaps you have heard of at least the last great personage. They were really 'great personages' in their own estimation and seemed to be glad that they were freaks."

None of the listeners had ever seen or heard of the freaks.

"Don't think for a moment that the india rubber boy was made of rubber," continued the speaker, "or that he could twist himself into a knot. He looked like a schoolboy. He suffered from some form of epilepsy, and when he had a fit he would bounce up and down. That's why they called him the india rubber boy."

"How high did he bounce?" was asked.

"I think about six feet. Some people said that he sometimes bounced higher, but I doubt it."

"Did he have any control over himself when he had a fit?"

"No. He never knew when or where he would be stricken, and every time he simply bounced until he became exhausted or unconscious.

"The india rubber boy and the man with the voice like a locomotive whistle one time nearly frightened to death a night clerk of a local hospital. A young physician made a tour of the country some years ago exhibiting to medical associations the india rubber boy and the man with the peculiar voice. This physician took delight in having fun at the expense of his friends. He was well acquainted with the night clerk, and he selected him as a victim for one of his pranks. One night, after he had exhibited his freaks before a medical society in this city, the physician called at the hospital to see the night clerk. After talking with the clerk a few minutes he left the freaks seated near a desk at which the clerk was at work and went into an adjoining room to await developments. The physician had some doubt about his plan being successful, as the man with the extraordinary voice would only make a noise like a locomotive whistle when under great excitement. The man, however, did what was expected of him.

"Several times the clerk stopped work to glance at his visitors, but their action did not arouse his suspicions. Soon the india rubber boy's teeth began to chatter, and the lad assumed a crouching attitude. He was preparing to spring. The clerk saw the crouching form in front of his desk and reached for a stick on a nail at one end of his desk. As the clerk grasped the stick the boy bounded upward and came down on his feet, only to shoot upward again. The clerk raised the stick as though he intended to hit the boy with it, and then the man who could make sounds resembling a locomotive whistle became excited and sounded a shrill blast. His voice would have terrified any one. The noise made by the man and the boy bounding up and down in front of the desk was too much for the clerk. He rushed from the room and sounded a call for help. All the male orderlies responded to the call, and for a time there was great excitement in the place. The physician restored order by making an explanation, but the clerk never spoke to him again."—New York Tribune.

Ibsen's Mild Way.

Ibsen, declares M. Sardou, takes up a position on the stage and without saying a word notes down the alterations either in the scenery or the acting that he requires. He then gives his notes to the stage manager and bids him communicate them to the actors. Should there be no change on the morrow he says mildly: "You have evidently lost my directions. Here is a fresh copy," and continues to ply the stage manager with notes every day until he recognizes that his intervention is useless. Then, putting on his hat, he bows and says, "The piece you are rehearsing is not mine," and departing does not even return for the first representation.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson's method, if not so silent, is far more successful. He seats himself in the stalls and after each act delivers a long and minute criticism. So determined, so cool is he that his plays are invariably performed as he has written them, and this, declares M. Sardou earnestly, is as it should be.—Mainly About People.

Under a Ladder.

"Just to show you what superstition a great majority of people have," said the proprietor of a large shoe store on Baltimore street a few days ago, "look at that ladder in front of my place. The base of it is out to the curb, and yet the people will not walk under it. They prefer to go out in the middle of the street and walk around." The remark was perfectly true. Not one man or woman walked under the ladder during the five minutes that the reporter was watching with but one single exception, and that was a blind man, who was feeling his way along with a cane.—Baltimore News.

Tallest Children Born In Summer.

According to Combe, boys born in the months of September, October, November, December, January and February are not so tall as those born in other months. Those born in November are the shortest; those born in July are the tallest.—Public Opinion.

Getting Out of a Corner.

"What a beautiful lounge!"

"Yes. That's a birthday present from my husband. He always gives me a present that costs him as many dollars as I am years old."

"That's nice of him. It reconciles one to growing old. By the way, I have a lounge at home like that, but not nearly as fine, and we paid $38 for it."

"Is that all? This—this didn't cost nearly as much as that."—Chicago Tribune.

A Moderate Man.

"How much is this soap a cake?"

"Take two for 15 cents."

"Two? Do you think I buy soap by the wholesale?"—Fliegende Blatter.

No trait of character is more valuable to a woman than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us.

The curiosity of others enables some men to make a good living.—Chicago News.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XII—FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 17.

Text of the Lesson, Mal. iii, 13, to iv, 6—Memory Verses, 16-18—Golden Text, Gal. vi, 7—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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13-15. "Your words have been stout against me, saith the Lord." They said: "It is vain to serve God. What weariness! It does not pay to give Him a seventh of our time and a tenth of our increase. Those who do wickedly fare the best. God seems to delight in them." Thus they talked and reasoned from what they saw and rebelled against God. If this lesson comes to any who feel tempted to talk or think after this fashion, let them read carefully the experience and testimony of David and Asaph in Ps. xxxvii and lxxiii. Present circumstances do not always indicate who are blessed and who are not. Sight would decide in favor of Job's friends or the rich man of Luke xvi and others who had present prosperity, but there was an afterward which told.

16, 17. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard." There are those whose eyes have been anointed and opened (Rev. iii, 18; Eph. i, 18) and who, like Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham and Moses and others, see afar off and judge of present things in the light of the glorious future which awaits the believer (Heb. xi, 9, 10, 24-27). They believe that they are dear to God, dearly beloved by Him, because of the merits and sacrifice of His dear Son, and they rejoice in His present unchanging love. They speak of Him and His kingdom and encourage each other to faithfulness (Ex. xix, 5; I Pet. ii, 9), and the Lord hears it all, sees even the thoughts about Him in their hearts, and writes it all down in His book.

18. "Then shall ye return and discern between the righteous and the wicked." The present life does not declare, neither does the exit out of the body always declare, who are righteous and who are wicked, but the resurrection and the return with Christ shall declare it. Though death feeds on all alike, the upright shall have dominion in the morning, for the ungodly shall not rise in the first resurrection nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous (Ps. xlix, 14; i, 5).

4-1. "For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven." The coming of Christ in the Old Testament is, I think, invariably His coming in glory with His saints to deliver Israel and take vengeance on her and His enemies (Zech. xiv, 5; Isa. xxxiv, 8; xxxv, 4, 10; II Thess. 1, 7-10). With this stage of His coming is associated the day of the Lord which is such a prominent topic in the Old Testament and also in the New, the day of the Lord's wrath (Zeph. i, 14, 18; ii, 1-3; Math. xxiv, 21, 29), just preceding His millennial kingdom. Behold the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity! After that Israel shall blossom and bud and fill the face of the earth with fruit (Isa. xxvi, 21; xxvii, 6).

2. "But unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings." All the world sees the sun when it rises, and so when He comes in His glory as the Sun every eye shall see Him (Rev. i, 7). But there is a stage of His coming preceding this glorious appearing when the church shall see Him as the Morning Star being caught up into the air to meet Him on His way (Rev. ii, 28; xxii, 16; I Thess. iv, 16-18). He takes His body, the church, to His judgment seat, where each member is rewarded according to his works (Rom. xiv, 10; II Cor. v, 10; Rev. xxii, 12; Luke xiv, 14).

3. "And ye shall tread down the wicked, for they shall be ashes under the soles of your feet in the day that I shall do this, saith the Lord of Hosts." The association of His people with Him in the judgment is also stated in Ps. cxlix, 5-9; Rev. ii, 26-28; I Cor. vi, 2. He says that His saints do that which He does in them and by them. He will reward His saints according to their works, and yet all the works of every saint are His workings in them (Phil. ii, 13; Heb. xiii, 21). He asks us, who have been redeemed by His precious blood, to yield ourselves unto Him, to present our bodies a living sacrifice, to recognize our bodies as His temples, in which He has taken up His abode (Rom. vi, 13; xii, 1, 2; I Cor. vi, 19, 20), and then as we yield He works in us His good pleasure, the things which are pleasing in His sight, and then rewards us for letting Him do this.

4. "Remember ye the law of Moses, My servant, which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel, with the statutes and judgments." It was when He gave them this law that He said, "If ye will obey My voice indeed and keep My covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me above all people" (Ex. xix, 5). They soon found that they were unequal to it, and so an ark was made, and the new tables were put in the ark. Believers learn that Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth (Rom. x, 4).

5. "Behold, I will send you Elijah, the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." John the Baptist said that he was not Elijah, and the Lord Jesus said after John was beheaded that Elijah would come. Gabriel said that John would come in the spirit and power of Elijah, and the Lord said that John would have been Elijah if they had received him (John i, 21; Luke i, 17; Math. xvii, 10-13; Math. xi, 14). Had they received John and Jesus the kingdom would have come; but, having rejected both, the kingdom, which was at hand, was postponed until His second coming (Luke xix, 11-13).

6. "Lest I come and smite the earth with curse." Thus ends the last book of the Old Testament as we have it arranged, and we think of the ending of the first book, "A coffin in Egypt," and contrast the ending of Revelation, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." He who is the end of the law for righteousness to every believer was made a curse for us and died and was buried for us and rose from the dead and ascended to the right hand of God the Father, and we wait for Him to come again as Son of David, Son of Abraham, in whom all the promises shall be fulfilled (Math. i, 1; Rev. xxii, 16, 20). The curse rests upon all who are not in Christ (Gal. iii, 10, 13; John iii, 18), but He calls and reasons with all to come (Isa. i, 18; lv, 1; Math. xi, 27-29; Rev. xxii, 17) and says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out" (John vi, 37).

UPHOLSTERING!

C. L. SMITH,

No. 91 Prospect Street, - Woburn, Mass.

(FORMERLY WITH THOMAS MORRIS.)

I announce that I have established the business of Upholstery and Carpet Laying at the above location, and respectfully solicit a share of public patronage.

☞ Satisfaction guaranteed in Work and Price

FREE If your grocer cannot supply you send us his name and we will send you a sample package free with recipes by the leading cooks of the country. A full size box mailed for 15c.
MICHIGAN CARBON WORKS, Detroit, Mich.
The largest makers of gelatine in the world.

Took Him at His Word.

The faculty of terse and forceful speech is ordinarily an advantage, but occasionally a man gets hoisted by his own epigram. A hustling young New Yorker who was recently established in a branch of the oil business had set out to get the patronage of a certain firm. The head of the concern was reluctant to make a change.

"The oil we have been getting has not been unsatisfactory," said he, "and I fail to see why we should make a change. Are there any extra inducements you can offer? How do you propose to improve on the old quality?"

"In this way," was the prompt answer. "I propose to give the business my personal attention. I intend to put some of my brains into every barrel of oil we send out."

The rejoinder pleased the old gentleman, and he became a customer.

A few months later the hustling young man was obliged to make a journey, and in his absence, through some oversight, the quality of oil was allowed to deteriorate. It was quickly noted, and a letter on file in the office records one of the protests. It reads: "Gentlemen—When we were induced to use your product, we were assured that Mr. Blank put some of his brains into every barrel of oil. We deeply regret to observe that Mr. Blank is threatened with paresis."—Washington Star.

A Thrifty Scot.

A good story is told by an English tourist who staid for a week in apartments in Aberdeen, the "Granite City."

"I had heard," he says, "of the canny folk of Aberdeen, and my experience, short though it was, proved that rumor had rightly estimated the character of the people. The streets are granite, the houses are granite, and the inhabitants are granite, and when they have a granite baby they give it a ball of granite for fear it should break any other toy.

"I had a granite landlady, and one day when I was going fishing her son volunteered to accompany me. I provided the lunch, the rods and the lines; he provided the worms—dug them up in a neighbor's garden with a borrowed spade. I caught 16 trout; he ate the lunch and broke my best rod. When we got home, I made a present of 14 of the fish to my granite landlady and asked her to cook the other two for my tea. She did and charged me threepence for the dripping in which they were fried!"—London Answers.

Men as Created.

The glittering generalities of Thomas Jefferson that all men are created equal and that the right of life, liberty and pursuit of happiness is inalienable, have been the texts for many injurious instructions. They are rhetorical flourishes, meaningless to the gentleman on the scaffold and in Sing Sing, who pursued the fleeting phantom of happiness with the jimmy of the burglar and the dagger of the assassin. Men are not created equal physically, morally or intellectually, nor in aptitude, opportunity nor condition. It is perhaps accurate to say of the 1,500,000,000 inhabitants of the earth no two are created equal. Nature is incapable of uniformity and detests equality as much as she abhors a vacuum. One is made to honor, another to dishonor, as one star differeth from another star in glory.—John J. Ingalls.

The Figure Dickens Cut.

Satirists are not able to perceive their own absurdities. That is a well known failing and as old as the hills. The first great English writer to come over here and create a furore was Charles Dickens, and certainly no man ever lived who had a sharper eye for the grotesque in personal appearance, especially in dress. According to all accounts, his make up was something appalling. My old uncle saw him in New Orleans and used to swear he looked more like a caricature than a human being. He curled his beard, used corsets, sported red waistcoats with lavender pantaloons, carried two watches with gold chains around his neck and wore rings outside his gloves! Just think of it!

A Happy Thought.

The spontaneous and happy wit of the late Isaac H. Bromley, for many years a writer of New York Tribune leaders, is recalled by the example below:

One day in The Tribune office the veteran journalist Charles T. Congdon was talking of the delightful reading he had found in Bayle's Dictionary and remarked that if he were ever in jail he would be quite contented with that book.

"Of course you would," said Bromley. "If you had Bayle, you could get out."

Animal Criminals.

A writer in Forest and Stream says that the criminal tendency is manifested to a greater or less extent by all the lower animals, and he has compiled a list of 18 crimes which are commonly committed by birds, beasts or reptiles. The indictment includes murder, parricide, fratricide, suicide, theft, kidnaping, highway robbery, polygamy and drunkenness.

Age is not to be feared. The older a good and healthy person grows the greater becomes his capacity to enjoy the deeper, sweeter and more noble kinds of happiness which the world affords.

The Sun's Journey Through Space.

By means of the spectroscope we can obtain a probably more accurate determination of the sun's velocity through space. As is well known, the velocity of a star in the line of sight can be found by measuring the displacement of the lines visible in the star's spectrum. Now, the stars near the position of the solar "apex" should be approaching the earth on account of the solar motion, and those at the opposite point of the sky, called the "ant apex," should be receding.

This method has been employed by several astronomers, especially by Vogel at the Potsdam observatory. This able astronomer has found from an examination of 40 stars that the sun's velocity through space is about 7½ miles a second, but an examination of a larger number of stars would be necessary before we could consider this result as thoroughly established.

From an examination of the spectra of 14 nebulæ Professor Keeler of the Lick observatory has found velocities in the line of sight, and from these the French astronomer Tisserand has deduced a velocity of about 9 1-3 miles for the solar motion, a result which does not differ widely from that found by Vogel. We may therefore perhaps conclude that the velocity of the sun's motion through space is between 6 and 12 miles per second.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Hard on the Burglar.

"There is a family in my town," said a Baltimore man, "where the children are all boys. They are very rich, and each of the three sons is in receipt of a liberal allowance, but the manner in which they expend it and certain of their characteristics were as succinctly and tersely described as possible the other day by Bob, the eldest one, in telling the story of a burglary that occurred last summer at their country place. Bob is the oldest, Jack the second and Albert the youngest son. Bob, in telling the story, said:

"'He didn't get very much, as some one of the servants thought he heard something about 3 and in going to investigate probably scared him off, but when we discovered the next morning that a burglar had visited us we naturally took an account of stock. The only rooms in the house he had entered were those of my two brothers and myself, and in each of them he had gone through the clothes we had been wearing the day before. Out of my clothes he got 10 cents, from Jack he got nothing, and in going through Bert's jeans he got in debt.'"—New York Tribune.

An Old Timer.

A crowd of young men were seated in one of the steamboat offices in the city the other afternoon while an old steamboat veteran regaled them with stories about old times on the Mississippi and reminiscences of old time citizens.

"Did you know old Bill Jones?" asked one of the men, after the captain had finished relating how he ran a gantlet of Indians with his boat way back in the forties.

"'Member Bill Jones? Well, I guess I did," replied the captain. "Let's see, he died just after the war. He was a good old fellow too. I knew his father before he was married to Bill's mother."

One of the boys thought the old man was "doping" and by way of tripping him up on his dates asked, "Cap, how long have you been running on the river?"

"Who, me? Why, I started on the Mississippi when it was nuthin but a creek!"—Memphis Scimitar.

Chess and War.

The origin of chess is shrouded in mystery. There is little doubt, however, that its birthplace was in India and that it is an offspring of a game called chaturanga, which is mentioned in oriental literature as in use fully 200 years before the Christian era. From India chess spread into Persia, and thence into Arabia, and ultimately the Arabs took it into Spain and the rest of western Europe.

The game was in all probability invented for the purpose of illustrating the art of war. The Arab legend upon this point is that it was devised for the instruction of a young despot by his father, a learned Brahman, to teach him that a king, notwithstanding his power, was dependent for safety upon his subjects. The Greek historians credit the invention of the game to Palamedes, who, they claim, devised it to beguile the tedium of the siege of Troy during the Trojan war.

Where Quinine Is Good.

Dr. Crosse, in an article in The Lancet on blackwater fever, incidentally calls attention to the fact that it is not wise for those who have an idiosyncrasy against quinine or who suffer from even slight albuminuria to go to malarious climates. He believes that in the more malarious districts at least five grains of quinine should be taken a day to prevent chronic malarial poisoning. This he considers necessary in addition to ordinary precautions in regard to exposure to chills, wet and the sun and as to moderation in eating and drinking.

It is said that cowbells are produced in only four factories in the United States and are made just the same as they were 100 years ago and sound the same.

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THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN,** 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY—To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return,** 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M

For Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9.33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 18, 1899, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m. and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m. to Wakefield only.

All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 8.30, then 9.30 p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8.05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.45 p. m.

All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

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Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets.
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn.
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily

Two blows dismiss department.

Three blows call out entire department.

22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE.

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m.

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.2?, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct, 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a. m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 5.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

-SUNDAYS.-

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

Dr. BENJ. LEWIS,
DENTIST,
LYCEUM HALL BUILDING,
405 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No 437 Main street Woburn

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law.
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

IT IS VERY COMFORTIN.

It is very comfortin
  When your hair is gettin thin
And the crow feet in your eyes have come to stay,
  Just to feel her little hand
  Smoothin back each silver strand,
While you meet her lovin look and hear her say,
  "My dear, it seems as though
  Every year you live you grow
Handsomer than in the olden day;"
  Then you look up at your wife,
  And you think in all your life
You never heard a sweeter word of praise.

  But the teardrops will arise
  To your dim old fadin eyes,
And you kiss the gentle hand still white and small,
  While you try to tell her how
  You loved her then—love her now,
But bless me if the words will come at all;
  For just then there comes to you
  The trials she's gone through
And borne without a murmur for your sake.
  You can only bow your head
  At the lovin things she's said,
While your poor old heart will only ache and ache.

  But she knows what ails you then,
  And she kisses you again,
While you hear her gently whisper, sweet and low,
  "Life has brought more hopes than fears,
  We have known more smiles than tears,
And the years seem ever brighter as they go."
  Yes, 'tis comfortin, you know,
  When your step is gettin slow
And you're slidin down life's hill a-mighty fast,
  Just to feel her little hand
  Smoothin back each silver strand
While she tells you that she'll love you to the last.
—Los Angeles Herald.

A PHILIPPINE SCOOP.

How a Newspaper Man Fared Under Fire and What Became of His Account of the Fight.

By JOSE DE ALAVARES.

Clarence Addington was disconsolate almost to a degree of desperation. In very truth he believed his mental perturbation to be entirely without precedence. Moreover, the fact that his 14 companions, who, together with himself, constituted the correspondents' mess, were to a man in a similar frame of mind tended to vindicate rather than temper his dejectedness. Until yesterday a full month had elapsed since his arrival in the Philippines—a month of hustling and scurrying from one outpost to another on the firing line in the interest of his paper—without developing a single item of genuine interest. But yesterday a battle had been fought, a battle embracing all the elements of a splendid story. Ten hours of steady fighting, wherein every foot of ground, lost or gained, had been stubbornly contested for by both sides; then the final indomitable charge by the American forces and the utter rout of the enemy.

Ah, but it had been magnificent! And the opportunity had promised to amply compensate for the tedious, wearisome ordeal that had preceded it. Far into the ensuing night the enterprising scribes had toiled, reeling off their copy by the light of flickering, close screened candles in anticipation of being allowed the privilege of hurrying the same to Manila for transmission by cable to their various papers.

But such expectations had early been thwarted, the general in command having issued an order prohibiting all persons in the American camp from passing the lines that night. So the eager correspondents had curbed their impatience as best they could and sleeplessly bided the morrow. But morning had only brought additional disappointment, for reports had been received at headquarters setting forth the intelligence that a portion of the enemy's forces had made a detour during the night, overrunning the jungle in the rear of the American army. Notwithstanding this somewhat awkward circumstance, not one of the 15 correspondents had hesitated in his determination to get his story through to Manila, even though forced to carry it on foot. The commanding officer, however, had entertained views of his own on this subject, with the result that a second order had been announced forbidding any attempt to convey news matter to the rear until a safe avenue had been developed for the purpose.

Small wonder, then, the chafing, fretting and fuming that agitated the press contingent of that particular outpost!

"The supreme eminence of all that's ironical!" soliloquized Addington as he stood ruefully surveying the quire and a half of close written copy he had prepared the evening before. "Here's an account that would go a way toward justifying a journalistic existence anywhere but in these iniquitous regions. What's the sense in tagging an army half way round the earth to see a fight you can't report? Better have staid at home and looked for an assignment on a cocking main. Besides, there's the chief. I can hear him rhapsodize when this report comes ambling along a week after the associated dispatches."

Here Addington paused, while the mental picture of his wrathful superior assumed its utmost proportions. Incidentally he allowed his gaze to penetrate beyond the immediate latitude occupied by his moody associates. How different the rest of the camp appeared. Look where he would, all was enthusiasm and expectancy as the soldiers busied themselves preparing for the day's work, whatever it might be. Here was a battalion of infantry assembled in light marching order impatiently awaiting the command to move forward to again dispute the question of supremacy with the foe. Close at hand a battery of field artillery was taking up a position preparatory to shelling a distant point, where a portion of the enemy's forces were reported to have congregated. A half cynical smile flitted over Addington's features as he watched these preparations. How often since his arrival at the front had he allowed himself to be carried away, deluded by precisely such tactics. It was all right enough for the soldier, this perpetual tension and waiting during the long intervals between battles, for when a fight did come off his martial aspirations were in a measure appeased. But how different with the field journalist, who as a noncombatant could not fight and as a correspondent was forbidden to correspond! The thought galled him. In the latter case he was clearly handicapped. But he was a thorough American. And as such was he necessarily a noncombatant?

At a little distance from where he stood four men of the ambulance corps under an army surgeon were gathered about a handcar on the narrow gauge tracks, beside which the troops were encamped. Addington was familiar with the motives of the little party. The four men had volunteered to accompany the surgeon several miles back along the railroad over the scene of yesterday's fighting in quest of certain members of the command who had been numbered among the "missing" in the recent casualties. The character of the expedition appealed to his sense of admiration, for under the circumstances neither brassard nor hospital flag was any safeguard against attack from the insurgents, who were known to infest the locality to be visited.

Suddenly the impulse seized him to join this little excursion. It would at least serve to divert his thoughts from the unpleasant theme that at present dominated his brain. Hastily folding his copy, he placed it in an inner pocket of his blouse and crossed over to the party. As he drew near the final arrangements for the start had been consummated. The men were already taking their places in the singular conveyance.

"Is your squad complete, sir?" courteously inquired the correspondent of the medical officer in charge.

At the question the latter turned and regarded the speaker with manifest surprise. Then he answered, pleasantly enough:

"Well, yes, considering there is room for but four men at the brakes. Hardly the most interesting subject for a cable dispatch, however," he added jocularly.

"But I'm not hunting news this morning," replied Addington seriously. "Fact is, I'd like to accompany your party if you don't object. You might include me as a sort of supernumerary—a relief crew, as it were."

"Oh, you're quite welcome to go with us if you so desire," was the cordial response, "but I must first get you a permit!" And, taking the name of his latest volunteer, the officer hastened away to headquarters. Returning in a few moments with the necessary pass, the surgeon, followed by Addington, stepped aboard the car, and a moment later the party were trundling along over the narrow rails, bound away on their hazardous mission.

For the first mile the route lay through a comparatively open stretch of country, commanded by the pickets stationed on the outskirts of the American camp. But beyond this the track entered a dense brake, the depths of which were impenetrable to the eye, save at intervals, where the exuberant growth had been beaten down by the irresistible advance of the conquering army. It was here that much of the hardest fighting had transpired, and here consequently the work of the ambulance party began. Slowly they worked their way onward, pausing at frequent intervals to beat about through the surrounding thicket in their search for the missing, be they living or dead. In this manner a distance of some three miles had been covered without developing anything of an encouraging nature, when of a sudden the sound of rifle shots was heard emanating from a distant point directly along the road. Faint as the reports fell upon their hearing the men were quick to analyze them, plainly distinguishing the occasional Springfield from the more promiscuous Mauser.

"Our fellows to a certainty," observed one.

"Yes, and putting up a fight against all kinds of odds," declared another.

"Come," said the surgeon briefly. "We must go to them."

Down the track rumbled the handcar, the men straining every nerve at the brakes. Another mile and the scene of the conflict was at hand. Indeed, the car had actually swept through a straggling line of Filipinos crouching in the thatchlike jungle of tree fern and bamboo. Less than half a thousand yards beyond, at the summit of a slight hummock, a heap of stones and earth appeared, and behind this the besieged party was intrenched, held at bay by overwhelming numbers of the enemy. As the handcar burst into view it was greeted simultaneously with a feeble cheer from the beleaguered occupants of the rifle pit ahead and a volley of shots from the insurgents behind. In the same instant one of the men relaxed his grasp on the brake and sank desperately wounded to the bottom of the car.

Without a moment's hesitation Addington sprang to the stricken man's place and, laying hold on the handle bar, strove with the others to maintain the speed they had developed. As the car approached the base of the fortified hummock two men arose from the rifle pit and, bearing a wounded comrade between them, hastened to meet their deliverers. They were the sole survivors of an original party of ten who had become separated from their command during the battle on the previous day. At sight of this feeble remnant of the gallant little garrison the Filipinos set up a fierce, exultant shout and, breaking from their cover, dashed forward to prevent their escape. But the handcar had already been brought to a stop, and it was evident that the wounded and exhausted Americans would be rescued by their comrades ere they could be overtaken. Seeing this, the furious horde paused in its onward rush and discharged a volley at the fugitives, succeeding in bringing one of them down with a wound in the thigh. As he fell, however, Addington leaped to the ground, followed an instant later by the surgeon and three attendants. Rushing to the spot, the former seized the fallen man's rifle and while the surgeon and his assistants caught up the wounded assisted the third soldier in covering the retreat to the car. At the first result of their fire the Filipinos had again pressed forward, but upon meeting with such unexpected opposition they straightway paused to deliver another volley. By this time, however, the wounded had been placed on the car, and the men were again at the brakes, all but Addington. He had reached the side of the car and in the face of the enemy when the second crash of musketry came and with it a blinding flash of light before his eyes as though the whole universe had suddenly burst forth in flames, then darkness—utter, inconceivable darkness—and oblivion.

It might have been ages later when Addington revived, for all he could recollect of that forenoon's diversion with the ambulance squad. And certainly there was nothing in his immediate surroundings to suggest either a handcar or a horde of howling, charging Filipinos. He was lying on a cot in a dimly lighted room, with a lot of other cots stretched along on either side of him. All this he perceived out of the corners of his eyes, for his head steadfastly refused to obey any inclination on his part to move it. Raising his hand, he proceeded to explore that particular region. Then he ceased to wonder at the indisposition of the refractory member, considering the manner in which it was swathed in bandages.

"Curious!" he speculated in a half audible tone. "Wonder where I am and what's happened?"

The words brought an anxious faced nurse to his bedside.

"Poor boy, delirious again," she commented aloud to herself.

"No, I'm not a particle delirious," protested the injured man. "And I'd like to know where I am if you don't mind telling me."

"Why, you are in the hospital at Manila," replied the nurse, more cheerfully. "You've been here ever since you were wounded, a week ago."

"Wounded?" repeated Addington vaguely. "I don't understand."

"The doctor here will remind you of it," was the nurse's response as a surgeon approached and stood at his bedside.

"Ah, Addington!" exclaimed the latter warmly. "I'm sincerely glad to see such an improvement in your condition. You've had a very bad week of it since that little affair of ours up on the railroad, but you'll mend rapidly from now on."

The speaker's words and face together brought a sudden flood of recollection to the patient's mind. "Ah, I remember it all now," he mused, "all but coming here to Manila! Are the rest of the fellows—the correspondents—also here?"

"No," was the reply. "We came here direct from the scene of the fight. You see, at the last moment you got that unfortunate wound in the head, which, with so many injured already on my hands and the country between us and camp overrun with Filipinos, forced me to continue on to the city."

At this juncture another recollection flashed into Addington's mind, and with it an expression of deep concern settled upon his countenance.

"You say this happened a week ago?" he interrogated.

"Yes. But why all this anxiety?"

"Because of my failure to report the big fight," explained the wounded correspondent. "The other fellows have at least sent in a late account long before this."

Notwithstanding which calamity the surgeon looked down at his patient and smiled serenely.

"If that be the extent of your troubles," he said slowly, "you have nothing further to worry over. In your delirium on the way here you mentioned the report of that battle so repeatedly that I realized it must be of momentous consequence to you. Hence, when I found the copy tucked away in your coat pocket, I took occasion to add a few words relative to your subsequent splendid behavior in our own little fight and immediately upon arriving filed it with the censor. It was cabled even before the official news of the battle was received here."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Case an Exception.

The great lawyer was trying a great murder case. The defendant's nearest friend, a man of much practical sense, though little book learning, sat behind the eminent attorney. The work of securing the jury was in progress, and the state had accepted and tendered to the defense a certain gray haired man.

The defendant's friend leaned over to the lawyer and whispered:

"Take that man, quick!"

The lawyer turned around with a grave and solemn air and said to his adviser in a pompous manner:

"You should be more careful in giving me advice. This is a grave matter. Now, I don't think that man will do. He is old. He has one foot in the grave. He is about to be called into the presence of his Maker, and he knows it. When men reach that age, they are apt to be exceedingly strict and are apt to make a stern judgment between the people of the state and the prisoner at the bar. They hold life something most precious. Do you ever think of these things?"

"No," said the practical individual, "but that man in the box is the uncle of the defendant."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lawyer.

The man was accepted at once. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.—New York Journal.

What Poverty Did.

In a poem on "Poverty," an Arkansas poet says:

Poverty's coming; you cannot shirk;
  Ever around 'tis lurking;
Poverty put my pen to work,
  And poverty keeps me working.

Verily, poverty is to blame for a great many things in this vale of sunshine!—Atlanta Constitution.

Why He Was Wakeful.

"Didn't sleep a wink last night," said the dyspeptic.

"Overwork?"

"No; I heard one of those songs about slumber sweetly, sweet dreams be thine, and the confounded tune kept running through my head all night!"—Washington Star.

True Economy

The difference of cost between a good and a poor baking powder would not amount for a family's supply to one dollar a year. The poor powder would cost many times this in doctors' bills.

Royal Baking Powder may cost a little more per can, but it insures perfect, wholesome food. In fact, it is more economical in the end, because it goes further in leavening and never spoils the food.

Royal Baking Powder used always in making the biscuit and cake saves both health and money.

You cannot, if you value good health, afford to use cheap, low-grade, alum baking powders. They are apt to spoil the food; they do endanger the health. All physicians will tell you that alum in food is poisonous.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

READING THE EYES.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN IN THE "WINDOWS OF THE SOUL."

Their Indications as to Character Are, as a Rule, Remarkably Accurate—Detectives Spot the Liar by a Little Trick of His Optics.

It is little realized in how many things eyes betray their owner. Many people without at all professing to be physiognomists frequently are led to form opinions about their neighbors by purely physiognomical signs. We often hear a man say: "That man Jones is the biggest fool in town. He has the most foolish, expressionless, bovine pair of eyes I've ever seen." Young parents in particular are fond of planning bright futures for their children, basing their judgment entirely "on a most wonderfully intelligent look in our baby Joe's eyes." The proud mother will add, "I am sure he'll some day be a great poet."

Men, more sensibly, will be led in their business dealings by opinions formed in just this way. Few indeed will be found inexperienced enough to repose any confidence in a man having a pair of round, shifting eyes, closely set together in the head and usually accompanied by a pair of narrow, sloping shoulders. This is the make up of a typical sneak thief. But a man not knowing this will still say: "I don't like his looks. He looks too slippery for me."

When the average man, however, having some secret conviction that he is a born physiognomist, tries to form positive judgments about people by mere individual signs, he is likely to err sadly. Many a naturally gifted orator has been pronounced by such a judge as a man given over to dissipation because his full, prominent, saucerlike eye bears some resemblance to an eye full by dissipation. The latter case, however, is easily distinguishable. Physical pleasure has a tendency to draw up the lower eyelid as though to half close the eye. It soon becomes thicker, fleshier and remains pressed up against the eye like a soft cushion, giving this appearance of fullness to the eye, the sign for fluency and great command of language.

Undoubtedly much is told about us by our eyes. Dogs and children have been called natural physiognomists. A dog sometimes will refuse any caresses or tidbits from some stranger and slink off, but will run up to another man equally as strange to him, wagging his tail, and begin to lick his hand. Children also know well who will grant their request and who will refuse gruffly. A 7-year-old boy who went up to a stranger to ask him to do something, when asked why he went to that man when his uncle was by, answered, "Well, because the man had 'yes' written in his eyes."

Many professions apply some trait or other of the human eye to their own particular use. Surgeons and dentists, remembering that some of the most delicate nerves of the human body are in the eye, when giving anaesthetics judge by his eye when the patient is sufficiently under the influence of the drug. They lift the upper eyelid and feel the eyeball with their finger. When the eyeball no longer answers to the touch of the finger, the surgeon feels assured that the patient is sufficiently oblivious to the influence of the outer world for him to begin operations. So, likewise, many forms of poisoning can be told by the condition in which the eye is found. Habitual use of drugs, like laudanum, opium, etc., has a marked effect on the eye, and the unnaturally distended pupil of victims to the influence of such drugs easily "gives them away."

But the most interesting of the eye's "give aways" is its use as an effective detecter of double dealing. A private detective, in a discussion as to how far the eye can be depended upon to detect falsehood, says:

"It is sometimes pretty hard to tell from the manner of a smart, fluent talker whether he is telling the truth or not. Of course in the case of an unskillful, amateur liar the thing is simple. Even the average man, who usually is a pretty poor observer, can determine for himself whether the man lies, for the would be prevaricator usually takes good care to betray himself. He involuntarily seeks to avoid meeting the eyes of his intended victim by averting his face and shifting his eyes. He no more can refrain from acting in his suspicious manner than can a man look straight at some bright light after staying in a dark room for some time. The action of both in avoiding to look at a thing too strong for the delicate nerves of the eye is instinctive and involuntary. But the liar of sufficient practice can acquire enough self control to refrain from showing these telltale signs.

"To detect falsehood in cases of this kind we employ a delicate test, which, in the hands of a clever man, is infallible. We call it the 'eye test.' The sharp detective puts a sudden, direct question to the crook which admits of no equivocal reply and which goes to the root of the matter. As the man tries to answer the detective steadily looks into the pupils of his eyes and carefully observes any changes or movements of the iris. Should the man lie in answering, it will be shown by the muscular twitching of the eye, as if trying to make the aperture of the eye smaller. This is the same movement as results in trying to avoid too strong a light. The eye thus seems to be equally susceptible to beams of truth and to beams of light."—New York Press.

Table Talk.

Rather curiously Roxane in "Cyrano de Bergerac" belongs to the modern type which dates from the days of the Hotel de Rambouillet and has always had its votaries in France. To those precieuses mere conversation was une betise. They liked declamations; discussion, not on the right of woman to the ballot, but whether she should be held a little higher than the angels or consent to be beloved. This phase of preciosity led up to the French salon, where that hothouse fashion of preparing an intellectual bill of fare for guests found its most acceptable phase.

Mme. Campan, whose advice may be said to have formed a whole generation of charming women, used to prescribe the subject of talk for dinner tables, just as certain coteries of women prescribe it today. This was her system: "With 12 at table, talk voyages and literature; with eight, the fine arts, science, invention; with six, politics or philosophy; with four, sentiment, romantic adventure; with two, talk of yourself; egoism belongs to the tete-a-tete."—Ellen Olney Kirk in Lippincott's.

A Race With the Sun.

The London Daily Mail says if an aerial machine were capable of traveling at any rate up to 1,000 miles an hour a traveler in it, starting westward from London at a speed of 660 miles an hour, would arrest the progress of time. If he started at 10 a. m., it would always be to him 10 a. m. Should he find his unending day monotonous, he could reverse his direction and get a quick succession of short days and nights of some six hours' duration, but he could regulate the length by the speed of his machine. Suppose he traveled from London one night at 10 o'clock westward at a speed of 1,000 miles per hour. He would soon experience the sensation of seeing the sun rising in the west where it had set a short time before.

"The young man who gets cheated," said the corn fed philosopher, "thinks the other fellow wonderfully smart, but the elderly person who goes up against it admits himself to be a fool."—Indianapolis Journal.

Books.

When I consider what some books have done for the world and what they are doing, how they keep up our hope, awaken new courage and faith, soothe pain, give an ideal life to those whose homes are hard and cold, bind together distant ages and foreign lands, create new worlds of beauty, bring down truths from heaven, I give eternal blessings for this gift.—James Freeman Clarke.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 22, 1899.

A GREETING.

A Merry Christmas, and many returns of the same, is the JOURNAL'S heartfelt greeting to everybody.

GOOD BOARD OF ALDERMEN.

The city will have a working Board of Aldermen next year. A study of the members discloses much less poor timber than usual among them which seems to assure a capable and successful administration of public affairs.

The City Council, by the provisions of the last charter, were shorn of some of their powers and privileges, but they are still the motor that drives the machinery and the source from whence the "sinews" of government are drawn. In the improved character of the personnel of the Board is found ample justification for that change in the charter which provides for the election at large, or by all the voters, of a majority of the Board, a proof of the wisdom of which was also plainly apparent in last year's Council. Small Ward politics has less opportunity to get in its sinister work under the present system than formerly, and the city is the gainer thereby.

With few exceptions the present Board of Aldermen-elect are firstclass men. They represent the substantial elements of the city. They are capable and honest, and no reason can be seen why they should not give us an intelligent and upright administration in 1900.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

A canvass of the members-elect makes it quite certain that either Charles R. Saunders of Boston, or J. J. Myers of Cambridge, will be the Speaker of the next House. Nearly all agree that Frank P. Bennett of Saugus is out of the race, if indeed he was ever in it.

What the final result will be cannot be foretold with certainty, but this is true, if Myers is elected the House will not be presided over by a Republican, but by a dyed-in-the-wool Mugwump. His membership of the Reform Club ought to condemn him in the eyes of every true Republican.

☞ The Gold Standard Currency Bill was passed by the National House last Monday by 40 majority. Every Republican and 11 Democrats voted for it, and yet George Fred Williams says Free Silver will be the issue next year and must not be abandoned by the Democratic Party.

☞ While standing in front of his troops at San Mateo, Philippines, last Tuesday, Major General Henry W. Lawton was shot by the enemy and instantly killed.

☞ Congressman William S. Knox of this District will please accept our thanks for a copy of the Congressional Directory of the 56th Congress.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Sears—Mining.
F. N. C.—Fancy Ball.
A. Buckman—Rubbers.
C. E. Jennings—Mort. Sale.
E. F. Johnson—Mort. Sale.
Richardson Bros.—Christmas.
Tremont Theatre—"Beckey Sharp."

— "At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

— The days will begin to lengthen next Sunday.

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— Oh, but isn't the town embowered in Christmas greens!

— Suspenders in fancy boxes for gifts 50c to $2.00 at Hammond's.

— Next Monday is Christmas Day. A "merry" one to everybody.

— Next Monday is Christmas: "on earth peace, good will to men."

— Holiday gifts that are useful and pretty at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Mayor Davis has been confined to his house by illness this week.

— The Sons of Veterans will hold their next whist party on Dec. 27.

— Men's fancy trimmed nightshirts 50c-75c-$1.00 at Hammond's.

— The new city government of Woburn will organize on Monday, Jan. 1.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— The annual Police Ball will be given at the Auditorium on Dec. 29.

— Christmas neck wear in endless variety at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Towanda Club's Whist team is doing great work in the League of Clubs.

— The American Hide & Leather Co. will get into their new building by Feb. 1.

— Thanks for "comps" to Policemen's Ball to be given Friday evening, Dec. 29.

— The postoffice will be closed on Christmas Day as usual. See card on the door.

— Mt. Horeb Lodge of Masons held a special communication last Wednesday evening.

— Dr. G. W. Copp of the West Side has a remedy for billiousness that beats them all.

— What a "green Christmas" is said by the old saw to make is not pleasant to contemplate.

— Men's smoking jackets or house coats $5, $8, $10 at Hammond's, an acceptable gift.

— The site of the Beggs & Cobb factory recently burned has been entirely cleared of the debris.

— The grand costume party of Friday Night Club will be given in Lyceum Hall on the evening of Dec. 29.

— Christmas Day Co. G, 5th Regiment, will hold an all day shoot for medals at Brookside Rifle Range.

— The men who will seek office under the incoming administration are already laying pipes at City Hall.

— We are informed that Mayor Davis is busy writing his Inaugural Address. It will be a sound one.

— Christmas neckwear 25c-50c-$1. Immense assortment at Hammond's.

— There are stacks of elegant Christmas raisins and all the et ceteras at Willis Buckman's popular grocery.

— In no former year has this city been so profusely and beautifully adorned with Christmas evergreens as it is now.

— Boy's night shirts fancy embroidered fronts, sizes 12 1-2 to 14, 50c. at Hammond's.

— Note carefully the big offers of Hammond & Son in this issue of the JOURNAL. This is the right time to buy.

— The brass foundry at Montvale will soon be in full operation. It is to be an industry of considerable magnitude.

— The last issue of the N. Y. *Observer* contained a handsome notice of Dr. Doremus Scudder's new Catechism.

— Col. Bill Russell of Beacon street claims that, in the late local political battle, "the colored troops fought nobly."

— "And spices yield their rich perfume" at the Boston Branch, waiting to flavor the Christmas pie, pudding and cake.

— Holly and mistletoe are abundant and beautiful in this city just now. They add to the gay and merry Christmas spirit.

— The JOURNAL was the first to suggest the name of Mrs. Dr. Blake for the School Board. What the JOURNAL says goes.

— The tickets to the F. N. C. Fancy Ball, Dec. 29, Lyceum Hall have been put at a low price to enable everybody to attend. See card.

— Mr. Samuel Cummings, of Cummings, Chute & Co., has about recovered from the injuries received from a falling bale of hay.

— The Boston *Herald's* story about a Police shakeup by Mayor Davis excites a good deal of curiosity. Everybody is on the qui vive.

— Commodore X of City Hall declares, and is willing to make oath to it, that William F. Davis is the best Mayor Woburn ever had.

— There are Christmas gift goods at F. P. Brooks's too. They are very handsome, and it is good to know that people are buying them.

— We shall feel disappointed if Mayor Davis does not designate the JOURNAL as the official organ of the city government next year.

— As has been their custom for years Mr. and Mrs. William M. Wallace have gone to the U. S. Hotel in Boston to spend the winter.

— If you are selecting a present for your friends be sure to look over our large stock of Christmas goods. Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— Next in order comes a neat calendar from Mr. B. T. H. Porter, issued by the Aetna Insurance Co., of which he is the local agent. Thanks.

— The aromatic fragrance of the balsam, pine and fir greets pleasantly the alfactories of the people on these days just before Merry Christmas.

— On Tuesday evening, Dec. 26, if nothing happens to prevent, Camp 66, Sons of Veterans, will be entertained in great shape by Relief Corps 161.

— President E. C. Cottle of the City Council has fully recovered from a recent severe illness. His numerous friends are glad to see him out again.

— The Phalanx Rifle Team had great weather for their shoot at Brookside Range last Wednesday afternoon. Nothing could have been finer for them.

— Rich and elegant gold and silver jewelry, precious stones, beautiful timepieces, chains, brooches, and other fine holiday goods, at Hanson & Co's.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— We are indebted to Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the artist, for a fine photograph of an old house around which clusters many of our pleasantest memories.

— Capt. J. M. Ellis is building the foundation for a residence which Mr. William H. Sherburne, the letter carrier, is about to erect on Page Place for a home.

— Garlands, wreathes, crosses, and Christmas emblems of many kinds are very much in evidence in the windows of private houses and other buildings in our city.

— The Woburn Co operative Bank at their meeting on the evening of Dec. 14, sold $6,700, according to information received by the press from Treasurer Parker.

— The Fancy Dress Ball by Friday Night Club at Lyceum Hall next Friday evening, Dec. 29, promises to be a gay affair. Read the announcement of it in this paper.

— The Lunar eclipse last Saturday evening was a pronounced success. There was not a cloud in the sky, the hour was favorable for observation, and the eclipse was total.

— The First Baptist Sunday School will have a Christmas tree in their vestry Saturday evening at 7 o'clock. Stereopticon views and other attractions for the little one.

— Silk umbrellas all prices, they make a nice present, can be obtained at Richardson's, 431 Main street. Silk initial H'dk'fs at Richardson's. Also a large variety of mufflers.

— Mr. A. Buckman displays a very fine assortment of choice Christmas goods at his popular shoe store. Among them are a plenty of slippers for the minister in great variety.

— Mr. Worthley, the optician, will come here again, on his regular professional visit, next Thursday, Dec. 28. As usual his headquarters will be at the jewelry store of Hanson & Co.

— A few days ago Judge B. E. Bond was called to Thetford, Vermont, by the death of his sister, Mrs. Chester F. Bond, the mother of Miss Emma Bond and Mrs. G. E. Winn of Woburn.

— Linen handkerchiefs in pretty boxes 3 and 6 in a box, 50c. to $3.00 a box, no better gift, at Hammond's.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England—including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Gloves bought for Christmas gifts cheerfully exchanged afterwards if not the right size. Hammond & Son.

— We received a pleasant call from Mrs. Wilson, Assistant Editor of the Winchester *Star*, last Monday. She is busy these days teaching classes in china decorating, at which she is an expert.

— Herbert C. Flagg, freight brakeman on the B. & M., was seriously injured in a train accident between Charlestown and Everett, one day last week, and taken to the Mass. General Hospital.

— The U. S. Postoffice Department have ordained that Jan. 1, 1900, shall be a holiday, consequently the Woburn postoffice will close at 9 a. m. and be open to the public from 6.30 to 7.30 p. m., on that day.

— With Preston as Commissioner, and Crilley as Superintendent, there isn't much danger of the Woburn Water Works going wrong next year. It has got so that Mr. Crilley seems to be a part of the Works.

— The question which agitates the public mind just at present is who will be President of the City Council next year? Ald.-elect Carroll aspires to the position, it is said. There is a plenty of good material to select from.

— It is expected that the School Board of 1900 will organize on Tuesday evening, Jan. 2, 1900. Hon. George F. Bean will be tendered the Chairmanship, but whether he will accept it or not remains to be seen.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Mrs. William B. Mahern cooked a Christmas goose for the Editor of the JOURNAL better than anybody else in the wide world could cook one. As a token of friendship and good will Mrs. Mahern's Christmas goose was a great success.

— Towanda Club will hold their second annual ball at Lyceum Hall on Friday evening, Jan. 12. Their Smoke Talk on Thursday evening last week was a fine affair. Addresses and good music accelerated the speed of the passing hours.

— No store in this city is ornamented so charmingly as that of Hammond & Son. They make a magnificent display of Christmas goods. And then, in the evening, what more beautiful than those wide arches of colored electric lights?

— Monday and Tuesday last were almost summerlike in temperature. A fairly good rain fell on Tuesday afternoon, and during the night that followed the ground froze quite hard. The change to a lower thermometer was agreeable and healthy.

— The Highland Orchestra of this city, consisting of John C. Andrews, Manager, Dora A. Winn, Maud H. Littlefield, and J. J. Hern, have been engaged to furnish music for the annual dinner of the Massachusetts Press Association to be held in January.

— The old Warren Academy will look very nice after the cement coating is all removed and the building painted. It will be a credit to the city. What a fine site it would make, with the Hinckley estate, for a High School! That or the Place property on Salem st. should be selected.

— The new officers of Camp 66, S. of V., are: Captain, Marcus H. Cotton; 1st Lieut. E. E. Foss; 2d Lieut., Fred D. Taylor; Camp Council, E. K. Porter, Frank E. Cotton, L. B. Richards; Delegates, Frank E. Cotton, J. E. Cutler; Alternates, Wallan Williams, Lee Waters.

— The Boston papers show a remarkable aversion to the use of capital letters. For instance the *Globe* prints them "gotham" and the "hub." Both are proper names and according to rule should be capitalized. It has been said that the *Herald* objects to printing the name of the Deity with a capital G.

— The marriage of Miss Gertrude Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel S. Watson of 23 Ward st., N. W., and Mr. Arthur Hall Linscott, son of Schoolmaster Linscott of No. 2 Poole st., N. W., is announced to be solemnized at the Watson home on Monday evening, Jan. 1, the ceremonies to be followed by a wedding reception. The prospective bride and groom are members of prominent Woburn families, and are among the best known and most popular young people in this city.

— Our city churches have caught the Christmas spirit, and their lovely appearance and appropriate services next Sunday will prove it. Decorators are at work on them; the choirs and organists are rehearsing fine Christmas music; and the Sunday Schools are perfecting themselves in the parts they are to take that day.

— The public Evening School has gone out of business for the season. It has been a profitable term, so Supt Emerson and the teachers say, and its results go to show not only its necessity but also its great advantages to the rising generation in this city. No intelligent person can doubt the utility of the Evening School.

— An appeal has been made to President McKinley for the pardon of Patrick J. Foley, who is serving a life sentence for participation in the murder of Duroy S. Foster in Burlington on Sept. 11, 1894, by the parents of the convict who live in County Kerry, Ireland. The petition has been forwarded to Governor Wolcott for consideration.

— It was rather a remarkable incident that Hon. William F. Davis should have been re-elected Mayor of this city on the 50th anniversary of his birthday, Dec. 12. It adds to the interest of this item to state that Mr. Francis A. Buckman was 50 years old on Dec. 17, making him just 5 days younger than the Mayor. They were children together, schoolmates, and have lived and been friends here all their lives.

— Mr. Decker, a prominent East Boston citizen, who has faithfully superintended the tri-weekly sales of the Squire meat goods in Woburn for the last 25 years, in an interview with a JOURNAL reporter last Tuesday, declined to make known the extent of his agency in the late failure of the Squireses and their numerous combinations in Boston and elsewhere. He was free to discuss the failure, but when it came to his part in it mum was the word.

— The person who suffers from chronic dyspepsia will do well to shun the markets in this city from the date hereof until after Christmas. A sight of the great piles of splendid turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens, juicy roasts, tenderloins, spareribs, sausages; the potatoes, squash, turnips, onions, celery, —a sight of these, temptingly displayed, will only aggravate him and his disease, and he had better keep away from them until the markets are all cleaned out.

— Mr. Alvah Buckman, the old and successful shoe merchant in this city, advertises rubbers in this week's JOURNAL, and as his story is an interesting one we call especial attention to it. In the course of a week or two peeple will find out that rubber boots, shoes and sandals are about as necessary as bread, which is called "the staff of life;" that man "shall not live by bread alone," he must, in sloshy weather, have rubbers. Mr. Buckman is selling them very cheap.

— Thursday was a day to conjure by, if anyone knows what that means. The weather simply beat the band for mildness and blandness and pure delight. When we found the Oldest Inhabitant sitting on the banking on the sunny side of the house, smoking his pipe, peacefully and contentedly, he told us that no such weather as we are now having had been experienced by him on the 21st of December for more than 50 years. He said he considered it remarkable. "And so say we all of us."

— A study of the show windows and interior of the great dry goods store of Copeland & Bowser, in their beautiful Christmas garb, pleases and satisfies the artistic eye, but, oh dear! it creates in the artistic heart an increased desire for more money with which to buy Christmas presents. An almost endless variety of beautiful goods are so admirably arranged that the purchaser is put to no trouble to find just the article wanted for a present, while at the same time the tout ensemble produces the most pleasing impressions on the mind of the visitor.

— The East Woburn Christian Endeavor Society gave a fine entertainment last Tuesday evening. Those who took part were; Rev. Mr. Jackson, Madams Albert H. Richardson, Albert D. Carter, Henry W. Huber, Herbert E. Lord, Charles M. Strout, J. Walter Kelley; Messrs. Frye, Weston, Whitehead; Miss Carrie Thoreson, Miss Flora Whitehead. The supper was served by Annie Black, Blanche Nason, Ethel Edmunds, Wallace Hall, Herman Hall, Hadley Robinson, Miss Sanborn, Miss Wooldridge The ushers were Albert D. Carter, Charles Caldwell.

— Annually, for a long while, on the approach of Merry Christmas, it has been the invariable practice of Mr. Gordon Parker, the druggist, to present to the JOURNAL a token, something rare and appropriate, of his "good will" and esteem, which kindness we have always appreciated and been grateful for, and never more so than this year. His thoughtfulness and generous feelings are prized more highly even than the choice Christmas gifts he sends us. This year Mr. Parker's present took the form of a box of "Lenox Chocolate Bonbons," manufactured by Fobes, Hayward & Co. of Boston, who say "this box contains as choice an assortment of the finest Chocolate Bonbons as it is possible to produce," a statement to which we give our unqualified assent. A beautiful box tied up in bright pink ribbons held the delicious and highly prized confections. Our best thanks are returned to Mr. Parker for the Christmas present. Mr. Parker has a whole storeful of beautiful holiday goods.

— Among other things the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston are famous for the high and valuable character of the annual Calendars which they issue for distribution. Invariably the Calendar picture, steel engraved, perfect in design and execution, represents some prominent event or scene in American Colonial, Revolutionary, or National history, and thus, while it pleases the eye and caters to esthetic taste, instructs and improves the mind. Their Calendar for 1900 is a fine example of this. It is called: "King Philip—the Last of the Wampanoags—Signing the Treaty of 1671 with the Massachusetts Bay Colony in the Old Church at Taunton." The scene is admirably depicted by the artist; it abounds in life; and its value is greatly augmented by a brief history of "King Philip's War" that accompanies each Calendar. This historian says: "William Davis, William Hudson, and Thomas Brattle, of Boston, were appointed Commissioners to go to Taunton, inquire into the actual condition of affairs, meet Philip, and come to an agreement with him. The Indian agreed to meet the Commissioners in the meetinghouse—he with his counsellors to be on one side, and the English on the other—and this is the scene depicted in the Calendar for 1900." We are indebted to S. Franksford Trull, Esq., Secretary of the N. E. M. Life Insurance Company, for copies of this elegant and useful Calendar, for which we return thanks. No Calendar will be delivered except on application by mail, addressed to the "Calendar Department, New England Mutual Life Insurance Company," and enclosing ten cents to defray return expenses.

— In the presentation of the "Gibson Pictures" at the Unitarian church last Friday evening Miss Edith Ramsdell proved her superior ability as a purveyor of public entertainments, for it must be confessed that she made a great success of this unique and pleasing affair. "A Gibson Girl," Miss Bertha Stevens, Malden; "A Financial Predicament," Miss Grace Bond, Miss Mae Barker, Percy W. Linscott; "A Little Story by a Sleeve," Miss Marguerite Hutchings, West Medford, William W. Crosby, Ralph F. Goddard; "His Only Child," Miss Helen Ramsdell, Robert J. W. Phinney, William W. Crosby, Ralph F. Goddard, Everett Fraser, Mr. Leathe, J. Winn Brown; "Is a Caddy Always Necessary?" Miss Grace Bond, Chas. M. Wright, Master Tom Brown; "The Only Pebble on the Beach," Clifton Buchanan, Mrs. Heber B. Clewley, Miss Mae Barker, Miss Edith Ramsdell; "The Latest Nobleman," Raymond Aldrich, Miss Bessie Clark, Boston, Miss Grace Bond, Miss Marguerite Hutchins, West Medford, Miss Nellie Winn; "Their Presence of Mind," Miss Florence Yorke, Archie Ralston, W. Fred Davis; "A Hint to Fathers," Miss Nellie Winn, R. J. W. Phinney, Charles M. Wright; "Selecting an Employer," Fred Leathe, W. Fred Davis, Gerry Barker, Percy Lewis, Girard Dodge, Clifton Buchanan, Harry Dimick; "The Education of Mr. Pipp," H. Eustace Smith, Miss Bessie Clark, Miss Bertha Stevens, Percy Linscott, J. Winn Brown. The tableau, "Selecting an Employer," was capitally done. Vocal selections were given by Waldo P. Cutler and Mrs. R. J. W. Phinney; the pianists were Miss Annie Skinner and Everett Fraser, and W. W. Crosby gave cornet selections.

— The wedding and reception of of Miss Gertrude Watson and Mr. Arthur Linscott takes place at the residence of the bride's parents on Jan. 1, 1900.

— Mr. John E. Moore, son of Commissioner Thomas Moore, has come home from Georgetown University, D. C., to spend the holidays with his family.

— Miss Bryant, Miss Menard, Miss Hudson and Hosmer attended the literary meeting of N. E. W. Press Association at the Bellevue Wednesday.

— Handorgans are around in this spring weather.

— Fancy silk and crocheted suspenders at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota has not acquired the information he asked for, but he has been the unwitting agent in disclosing the fact that the Senate stands by the Administration policy in the Philippines by a little more than two to one.

The Coming Man

will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere.

PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

RUBBERS THAT WILL WEAR.

That may seem rather funny to you, reader, especially if you have been wearing out eight or ten pairs during the winter. We are the sole agents in Woburn for the

THISTLE BRAND OF RUBBERS.

They are made in Philadelphia, and we think they will outwear two pairs of any other make of Rubbers, and they cost no more than any other first quality Rubber.

The people have been asking for RUBBERS THAT WILL WEAR, and now we have them why not TRY A PAIR?

A. BUCKMAN, 383 MAIN STREET.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.

WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

City Council.

A meeting of the Board was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 14. In the absence of President Cottle Alderman Brown presided.

The request of the Board of Public Works for $150 to lay a water service from the main in Cambridge street to 183 Lexington street, which was referred to the Finance Committee was recommended. The Treasurer was authorized to hire not exceeding $60,000 in anticipation of taxes. The Telephone Company was granted permission to erect poles on Court and Winn streets. The ordinance giving the Mayor authority to recommend extra pay for the Solicitor, in excess of his salary, was passed to be ordained.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield Ill., makes the statement, that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefitted from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found herself sound and well; now does her housework, and is as well as she ever was.—Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at Parker's Drug Store. Only 50 cents and $1.00, every bottle guaranteed.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

First Church Notes.

Mothers and teachers of young children will be especially interested in the meeting of the Maternal Association, to be held on Wednesday afternoon, Dec. 27, at 3 o'clock. A paper has been prepared by Mrs. J. Grafton Murdock on "The Art of Story Telling." Stories will be related illustrating the myth, Bible, nature, and historical stories, by Mrs. W. W. Hill and Miss Littlefield, a kindergartner of Winchester. The meetings are free to all ladies interested in the care of children.

Now that the so-called "Sulu treaty" has been spread before the public, it is more than ever incomprehensible that such a bother should be made over it by the anti-imperialists.

A CHRISTMAS HELPER.

CHRISTMAS is a season of mutual helpfulness and good will. Possibly this will help you in solving the oftimes puzzling question: "Where can I buy something Useful and not Expensive?"

WHAT 25 cents will buy.

A HANDSOME NECKTIE
PAIR OF WRISTERS
2 LINEN COLLARS
PAIR OF LINEN CUFFS
PAIR OF WOOL GLOVES
PAIR OF STOCKINGS
PAIR OF CUFF BUTTONS
3 GOLD PLATED COLLAR BUTTONS
SCARF PIN
PAIR SILK ARMLETS IN A BOX
PAIR OF SILK GARTERS
2 WHITE LAWN FULL DRESS TIES IN A BOX
PAIR GOOD SUSPENDERS
BOYS' UNDERSHIRT OR DRAWERS
3 COAT HANGERS
PURE LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS
3 CAMBRIC HANDKERCHIEFS
PAIR OF WOOL MITTENS
WHISK BRUSH
BOX PAPER COLLARS OR CUFFS
BOYS' WINDSOR TIE
BOYS' WINTER CAP
INITIAL LINEN HANDKERCHIEF
MUFFLER
2 JAPONETTE INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS

WHAT 50 cents will buy

MUFFLER
FINE NECKTIE
PAIR SCOTCH GLOVES
PAIR GOLF HOSE
PAIR ALL WOOL HOSE
WHITE SHIRT, Laundered or Unlaundered
PAIR BOYS' KNEE PANTS
PAIR LINK CUFF BUTTONS
PAIR FINE SUSPENDERS IN A BOX
UNDERSHIRT OR DRAWERS
FINE LINEN HANDKERCHIEF
PONGEE SILK HANDKERCHIEF
CASAMERE GLOVES
WOOL MITTENS
PAIR CHILD'S KID MITTENS
PAIR SILK ARMLETS IN A BOX
CAP
BOYS' SHIRT WAIST
SCARF PIN
3 DRESS TIES IN A BOX
PAIR SILK WRISTERS
NIGHT SHIRT, Embroidered or Plain
PAIR OVERALLS
WORKING JUMPER
SET SHIRT STUDS
MEN'S STORM "SO WESTER" HATS
DINNER BAG
3 HANDKERCHIEFS IN A FANCY BOX
PAIR FANCY SUSPENDERS IN BOX
BOYS' SILK EMBROIDERED NIGHT SHIRTS
FOUR "ARROW BRAND" LINEN COLLARS

WHAT $1.00 will buy

CLOSE ROLL, FAST COLOR UMBRELLA
BOYS' SWEATER
"GLOBE" SOFT HAT
NOBBY STIFF HAT
WOOL ABDOMINAL BAND
PAIR DOGSKIN GLOVES
A "HATHAWAY" NIGHT SHIRT
PAIR GOOD KNEE PANTS
SILK SUSPENDERS IN A BOX
ELEGANT NECKTIE
UNDERSHIRT OR DRAWERS
STAR SHIRT WAIST
PAIR BUCKSKIN GLOVES
SILK MUFFLER
SILK HANDKERCHIEF
PAIR OF LINK CUFF BUTTONS
LAUNDERED WHITE SHIRT
3 PAIRS FAST BLACK HOSE
SET DRESS SHIRT STUDS
LADIES' "BOSTON" BAG
SILK EMBROIDERED NIGHT SHIRTS
LADIES' FANCY HEMST'C'D PONGEE SILK HDKF.
MEN'S HANDKERCHIEFS IN A FANCY BOX

WHAT $2.00 will buy

SILK GLORIA UMBRELLAS, Fancy Handle
PAIR WORKING PANTS
GOOD HAT OR CAP
CARDIGAN JACKET
SWEATER
UNDERSHIRT OR DRAWERS
CANVAS COAT OILSKIN INTERLINED
PAIR OF LINED DOG OR BUCKSKIN GLOVES
SILK MUFFLER
PAIR BEST KNEE PANTS
BOYS' RUBBER COATS
PAIR SILK EMB. SUSPENDERS IN A BOX

WHAT $3.00 will buy

FINE CARDIGAN JACKET
SWEATER, BEST QUALITY
BOYS' SUIT OR ULSTER
PAIR GOOD PANTS
"WONDERFUL" CANVAS COAT
A "GUYER" HAT
LADIES' OR MEN'S SILK UMBRELLA
TRUNK
BAG FOR TRAVELERS OR LUNCHES

WHAT $5.00 will buy

BOYS' REEFER WITH ULSTER COLLAR
BOYS' "KNOCKABOUT" SUIT
LADIES' UMBRELLA, with Fancy Handle
MEN'S SILK UMBRELLA, Silver Trimmed Handle
WOOL REEFER LAMBS WOOL LINED
BOYS' "JACK FROST" REEFER
SET UNDERWEAR
PAIR FINE PANTS FOR MEN
TRUNK
FINE TRAVELLING BAG
MEN'S HEAVY RUBBER COAT
MEN'S REEFER WITH ULSTER COLLAR
PLAID SMOKING JACKET OR HOUSE COAT

WE ACCOMMODATE ALL KINDS OF POCKETBOOKS.

HAMMOND & SON,

Leading Clothiers. Lyceum Hall Building, Woburn. Established 1851.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have now on sale our line of Goods for the Holiday Season.

We invite you to inspect the same believing it will be of mutual benefit to all. We mention a few lines only:

Raphel Tuck's Cards, Booklets and Calendars, Novelties in Fine China, Glass and Art Pottery, Sterling Silver Novelties, Games, Perfumery, Sachet Powders, and Fancy Soaps.

Handkerchiefs and Fancy Linen Goods and Novelties in nearly every department.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Friday Night Club.

Fancy Dress Ball

LYCEUM HALL,

FRIDAY EVENING, Dec. 29, 1899.

TICKETS, 50 Cents.

☞ On sale at Wilcox's and Parker's Drugstores.

George Ernest Dodge, died in Wittendorf, Bavaria, August 22, 1898.

ERNEST, THE CHRISTIAN ARTIST.

Why do we say that our loved ones have died?
Why do we think of them hidden away?
Why does the shadow of death hide the sun
And light of endless day?

Surely this death is the way into life,
Surely the hand of the Master is strong,
Surely the light shone for him all the way
And sweetest angel song.

Deeply adoring God's hand in His work,
Earnestly seeking the beauty in all,
Manfully striving to give to the world
A response to God's call.

The glory of sunset on land and sea,
He watched with his Artist soul all aglow;
How Germany's landscapes his soul inspired
His works on the canvas show.

Often alone with his God and the stars
He drank in the grandeur of earth and sky,
Heard the voiceful glory of God's great hosts
In songs that never die.

Too much for his strength and his heart of love,
His ceaseless working far into the night;
'Twas worshipful doing for home and God
And two, his joy, his light!

His years were few in the counting of time
When his brush had finished its last strong stroke;
Though at home he was guarded with love's own love,
God summoned—he awoke.

We recall now his boyhood's earnestness,
His pleasant rehearsal of comic things,
Oft seeing the brightness though clouds hung low,
Sought joy that trusting brings.

Dear friends, Ernest is satisfied, fully,
In God's great Art Temple, dwelling at home,
Waiting and watching for loved ones to gather
When God's message will come.

October, 1899.

Before Christmas.

Fond parents, uncles and aunts, the grandmothers as well, and the little ones too, have been thronging the stores and bazaars in this city whereat are kept the most beautiful things for holiday presents, for a fortnight past, to look over, select from, and buy some for the loved ones at home, and yet one fails to note any diminution in size, quality or variety of the Christmas stocks, because as soon as they are broken into the gaps are filled, and they remain intact in all their brightness and beauty.

But this day and evening, and tomorrow until 11 o'clock p. m., will bring sad havoc into those stocks, for there are always people, and many of them, who wait until the 11th hour to buy and carry home the holiday gifts.

The stores and shops all along the streets are resplendent in Christmas and New Year's goods which, viewed in the evening from the sidewalks, by gas and electric lights increased in volume and in many cases splendidly colored, dazzle and charm the spectator. In no other suburban city or town can such lovely spectacles and brilliant scenes be enjoyed.

While viewing these inspiring sights one ceases to wonder that the richest people of Winchester, Stoneham, Reading, Wilmington, and other large and prosperous communities come to Woburn to buy their holiday presents. Woburn is the heart and centre of territory, miles in circumference, of the holiday trade, and the pains which her dealers take, and the money which they spend, to get the best and abundantly supply the demands of the great population dependent on them, entitle them to the rewards and rich aftermath which duty well done secures.

It was the intention of this scribe when he started out on this article to touch lightly, in separate paragraphs, nearly all of the leading dealers in holiday goods and their specialties, but cogitating earnestly while pointing his pencil, the conclusion reached by him was, that it would not be done. Neither time for writing nor space in the paper would admit of the performance of no such hurculean task—there are too many dealers and too many goods to even think of such a thing. In lieu of this we will merely mention the names of the more prominent men and women who are just now as busy as bees doing up packages for their customers:

Copeland & Bowser, L. E. Hanson & Co., Miss Callahan, G. T. Conner, Fitz & Stanley (Boston Branch), L. W. Thompson, J. Leathe, Gage & Co., Caldwell (the great furniture and crockery dealer), Holdridge, F. P Brooks, Mrs. Jennings, Hammond & Son, Moore & Parker, Gordon Parker, Richardson Brothers, E. Prior, Gillette, Buckman (grocer), Geo. Durward, A. Crovo, C. M. Strout, Joseph Linnell, Cuneo & Crovo, Fred A. Hartwell, Legg, McCabe, Nowell, Carleson, A. Buckman and others.

Volcanic Eruptions.

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life and joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them, also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Best Pile Cure on earth Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Police Shakeup.

The following significant and probably officially inspired article from its Woburn reporter appeared in the evening edition of the Boston *Herald* last Friday:

For some reason that has been explained, rumor has it that Mayor Davis is about to shake up the Police Department. Last evening it was the principal topic of conversation on the street. One man said the Mayor will make changes if he sees fit, but the speaker could not say that there is anything amiss in the conduct of the Police Department. It might be the Mayor's desire to wage a more strenuous crusade against violators of the liquor law. In support of the theory that the Mayor is about to make sweeping changes, the summary suspension of two Policemen during the last year, one within a week of election, was cited. It is generally understood that the Mayor has done his utmost to clear Woburn of dives and kitchen barrooms. That Woburn has been benefited through his ceaseless effort is an accepted fact. But Mayor Davis may not be satisfied with the work so far done. Among citizens who have been shoulder to shoulder with the Mayor in his attempt to alter Woburn's conditions are those who hint that the Executive is not thoroughly satisfied with the way in which his instructions have been carried out. Another interesting bit of gossip is to the effect that Mayor Davis will patch up weak places in other departments where he has authority. The Mayor was asked today what he had to say relative to changes in the Police Department. He said he did not care to make known at present what he will or will not do. He admitted that he has given a year's study to the situation, and later will make known the results of his investigations.

Story of a Slave.

To be bound hand and foot for years by the chains of disease is the worst form of slavery. George D. Williams, of Manchester, Mich., tells how such a slave was made free. He says: "My wife has been so helpless for five years that she could not turn over in bed alone. After using two bottles of Electric Bitters, she is wonderfully improved and able to do her own work." This supreme remedy for female diseases quickly cures nerverousness, sleeplessness, meloncholy, headache, backache, fainting and dizzy spells. This miracle working medicine is a godsend to weak, sickly, run down people. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Allen T. Hubbard.

This community were shocked last Sunday to learn that Mr. ALLEN T. HUBBARD had died that morning at his home, No. 46 Mishawum Road in this city, of pneumonia. His illness had been of such brief duration that only a few were aware of it, which intensified the surprise at the news of his death.

Allen T. Hubbard was born at Greenfield, this State, in 1833, and after leaving school learned the trade of a tailor at Concord, N. H. Subsequently he went to Boston, where as a member of the firm of Lane & Hubbard he conducted a large and successful merchant tailoring establishment many years. For the last few years he has done business at 129 Tremont street, Boston, and made his home in Woburn. Formerly his residence had been in Clarimont Park, South End, Boston.

Mr. Hubbard had been twice married, his last wife being Mrs. Hattie E. Dodge, whom he espoused only a few years ago, and who survives to mourn the sudden and unexpected demise of a good husband and kind protector.

Having resided here but a few years, and his business having been in Boston, Mr. Hubbard's circle of acquaintances was not large in this city, but the limited number of people who knew him, and those having more intimate social rerelations with him, have always spoken in commendation of his sterling qualities and respected him for them. The community feel that in the death of Mr. Hubbard Woburn has lost a worthy citizen, and society one of its best and most highly esteemed members.

Mrs. Hubbard need not be assured that the people of this city will deeply sympathize with her in her sorrow.

The funeral was held at 2 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon at the late home of Mr. Hubbard on Mishawum Road. Many neighbors and friends, including a large number from Boston, were in attendance to pay their respects to the memory and virtues of a social and business associate. The religious services were conducted by Rev. Drs March and Scudder of First Church, Woburn, and were very impressive. Fitting tributes were paid to the personal merits of the deceased. A selected Male Quartet from Boston furnished beautiful music for the solemn occasion. The casket bore many flowers, the loving tributes of good friends. The burial was at Woodbrook Cemetery, this city.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhœa. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25 cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefitted.—THOMAS C. BOWER, Glencoe, O. For sale by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G.,
361 Main St.

Christmas Services.

BAPTIST.

Sunday, Dec. 24, 10.30 A. M.

ORGANIST, WM. LOWELL BROWN.

QUARTETTE,

Miss Hill, soprano.
Miss L. A. Woodside, alto.
Mr. Blackmar, tenor.
Mr. Cummings, bass.

Organ Voluntary.		Handel
Anthem.	There were Shepherds.	Eyre
Response.	Lord's Prayer.	Hoyt
Anthem.	Rejoice Jerusalem and Sing, Mr. Cummings and Choir.	Nevin
Postlude.		Smart

4 P. M.

Organ Voluntary.		William Lowell Brown
Singing.	"From out the starry heavens above."	Choir
Prayer.		Rev. Cephas B. Crane
Singing.	"Happy Christmas time."	School
Scripture Reading.		Superintendent
Singing.	"Bethlehem."	Choir
Recitation.	"When Jesus was a Boy."	Elliot DeLoriea
Recitation.		Anna Gage
Recitation.		Anna Gates
Alto Solo.		Miss Woodside
Singing.	"Christmas Bells."	Kindergarten
Recitation.	"The Manger in Bethlehem."	Raymond M. Brown
Recitation.	"The King's Birthday." Dottie Bezanson, Willie Ayer, Evelyn Briggs, Mary Arnott, Marion Lord, Gertie Alexander	
Singing.	a "Christmas Hymn." b "A Christmas Carol."	Primary Department
Recitation.		Carrol Osborne
Recitation.	"The Old Legend."	Helen Sylvester
Singing.	"The Guiding Star."	School
Offering.		
Solo.	"The Gift."	Miss Hill
Reading.	"Jim's Chance."	Mrs. Frank Skinner
Address.		Dr. C. B. Crane
Singing.	Hymn 597, verses 1, 2, in Hymnal.	Congregation
Benediction.		

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST S. S.

6 P. M.

Voluntary.		
Hymn.		
Reading of Scriptures.		
Prayer.		
Chorus.		
Recitation.	Christmas Greeting.	Norman Duncan
Kindergarten.	We bring our little gifts to Jesus.	
Recitation.	The Beggar.	Helen Cummings
Chorus.		
Reading.	The Choir Substitute. Miss Harryett M. Bean.	Anna Sprague
Chorus.		
Recitation.	Under the Stars. Mildred Dimick, Jessie Peppard, Elinor Fowle, Anna Bond.	
Recitation.	Christ at Bethlehem. Joseph Atwood, Eldridge Atwood, Walter Cummings.	
Recitation.	God's Son. Lillian Hill.	Rose Terry
Reading.	The Two Little Stockings. M. Louise Carter.	
Chorus.		
Recitation.	What Shall I Give. Bennie Nichols.	Rose Terry Cook
Recitation.	Christmas Carmen. Stella Eames.	Whittier
Recitation.	Children of God. Esther Bean.	Phillips Brooks
Reading.	The Ruggles's Christmas dinner. by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Miss Harryett M. Bean.	
Chorus.		
Christmas Offering.		
Address.		
Hymn.		
Benediction.		

TRINITY.

Sunday Morning.

Advent Service.

Sunday Evening.

Processional.	Adeste Fidelis.	
Gloria in Excelsis.		Tour's
Magnificat. Nunc Dimittis.		Cruickshank's
Sermon Hymn.		J. O. Martins
Anthem.		J. Stainer
Offertory.		Whitney
Recessional.		Regent Square

Christmas Morning.

10 A. M.

Processional.	Adeste Fidilis.	
Communion Service.		Cruickshank's
Sermon Hymn.	Bethlehem.	
Anthem.		J. Stainer
Offertory.		Whitney
Recessional.		Regent Square

Sunday School festival Thursday evening, Dec. 28, at 7.30.

FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH.

10.30 A. M. Sunday, Dec. 24, 1899.

ORGANIST, F. PERCYVAL LEWIS.

CHOIR,

Stella M. Lincoln.
Mabel C. Davis.
George N. Parker.
Waldo P. Cutler.

Prelude.	Fantasia,	Tours
Anthem.	Ring Forth Ye Bells,	Schnecker
Gloria in Excelsis,		Crotch
Anthem.	The Shepherds,	Schnecker
Anthem.	The Wise Men,	Schnecker
Offertory.	The Heavenly Sons,	Gray
Anthem.	Hail, Royal Babe!	Schnecker
Dresden Amen.		
Postlude.	Grand Chorus,	Salome

The Sunday School Christmas Service will be held in the vestry at noon.

The next vesper service will be at 5 p. m. Sunday, Dec. 31. Music by chorus choir, cornet and organ.

A Sure Cure for Croup.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

A Delightful Reception.

One of the pleasantest social events of the season was the reception given by Trinity Parish of this city to its Rector, Rev. Edward J. Burlingham, on Thursday evening, Dec. 14, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. Franksford Trull on Main street. It was a delightfully successful function, and went far towards knitting together and strengthening Christian fellowship between the members of the church and the public. Mr. and Mrs. Trull and Mr. Burlingham received.

The Ushers were Walter Case, J. Foster Deland, Fred Cramphorn, Frank Ellard and Robert B. Wyman. At the close of the reception refreshments were served. Mrs. Walter W. Case and Mrs. Robert B. Wyman poured, and Miss Helen I. Deland, Miss Beatrice Whitney, Miss Fulda Lauche, Misses Ruth and Josephine Hart served. Selections were rendered during the evening by an orchestra, consisting of Miss Dora Winn, Miss Maude Littlefield, Mr. John Hern and John C. Andrews.

The California Legislature is about to make a new effort to elect a United States Senator. That is to say, it will do so, if enough Republican members pledge themselves beforehand to go into a caucus and abide by its decision.

Installed Pastor.

Last Sunday evening Rev. N. E. Kron was installed Pastor of the Swedish Lutheran church in this city in the presence of an audience that completely filled the church, many people being present from Boston and neighboring towns and cities. The services were of a highly interesting character, and everything passed off in the most agreeable manner.

The clergymen who assisted were Rev. Andrew Carlson of Manchester, N. H., whose sermon was in Swedish; Rev. John W. Ekman of Lowell, and Rev. William Ljung of Waltham.

The choir sang "Watchman on Thy Walls," the choir being composed of Mrs. Esther Kron, Mrs. N. N. Erickson, Misses Fanny Herlitz, Jennie Johnson, Agnes Anderson, sopranos; Mrs. P. O. Carlson, Misses Ingred Person, Maria Ericson, Annie Anderson, Hanna Svenson, Emma Bergman, altos; Carl Carlson, Victor Gustafson, Arthur Johnson, John Johnson, tenors; Pontus Carlson, William Liedman, J. Augustus Johnson, Ernest Anderson, Eric Ekman, bassos.

The male quartet rendered "Jesus Saves." It was made up of Rev. Wm. Ljung, Rev. John Eckman, Rev. E. N. Kron, William Liedman.

Mr. Kron, the new pastor, was born in Sweden, but came to this country at the age of 4 years. He attended public schools at Rockford, Ill.; was graduated at Augustina College, Rock Island, in 1889; Assistant Professor of Languages at Gustavus Adolphus College, St. Peter, Minn., during the two following years, and in 1893 received the degree of A. M. from his Alma Mater.

He studied at Yale philology and philosophy two years, was ordained in 1895, and accepted a call at Harlem, N. Y. There he preached for four years. He has been with the church in this city since August last, and during that period the debt has been decreased at the rate of $100 a month and the membership has gained steadily.

The new pastor is a fine musician, possessing a superior voice, and leads the church choir, which renders excellent music. Mr. Kron's wife was Miss Esther Vikberg of Manchester, Conn.

Bismark's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at Parker's drug store.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

"Arizona," Augustus Thomas's new play, now meeting with great favor at the Tremont Theatre, has much of the dainty literary charm of the author's earlier work, "Alabama," and more of that unctuous, honest humor which he put into his comedy, "In Mizzoura." But "Arizona" has what neither "Alabama" nor "In Mizzoura" possessed; a vivifying, colorful characteristic atmosphere, and a dominating central figure, which is representative of all that Mr. Thomas has desired to express in the matter of locale and character. The company which has helped to make the new play a tremendous success is the most evenly balanced of any that has been seen in Boston since the days of the famous old Boston Museum stock, and the performance it gives nighly arouses the audiences at the Tremont to vehement expressions of approval. Mrs. Fiske will begin an engagement in "Becky Sharp" on New Year's night, when, in addition to a great actress ideally fitted with a part and surrounded, by players who realize the other characters that are associated with Becky in "Vanity Fair," playgoers are promised one of the most elaborate and artistic productions of which the stage has a record.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D B. Johnston of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862 In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

WINCHESTER.

The subject of evening schools is being agitated by the authorities and others. They are a blessing to most large communities.

The new officers of William Parkman Lodge of Free Masons are: W. M., F. E. Belcher; S. W., Edwin A. Symmes; J. W., Benjamin T. Morgan; Treasurer, George A. Barron; Secretary, Thomas S. Spurr.

High School Class '00 will give a dramatic entertainment in Lyceum Hall, on Thursday evening, Dec. 28. Two plays, "A Lion among Ladies" and "Rubber Boots" will be presented. Admission 25 cents; reserved seats 35 and 50 cents.

Mrs. Theodore Wilson is meeting with good encouragement as a teacher of chinaware decorating, and has a nice class of pupils this winter. She is an artist at this kind of painting and an instructor of much more than ordinary merit. The wares which she ornaments with her brush find ready sale in the best families in this town and neighborhood.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant anp safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

Massachusetts continues to furnish some of the most effective advocates of the Currency bill. Representatives Thayer and Lovering both spoke for it in the House on Thursday, and both spoke well. Mr. Thayer's argument caused something of a sensation among his fellow-Democrats. It was a sharp warning that the whole Bay State Democracy is not yet bound to the silver chariot wheels of Bryanism.

The Chattanooga *Times* (Dem.) is in much the same mood as the man who fell to the foot of a ladder and rejoiced, as he rubbed his bruises, that he had no farther to fall. The *Times* remarks, pensively, that there isn't a Northern State which has a Democratic Senator or a Democratic Governor, and concludes that, footing up the situation, there does not seem to be much for the Democratic Party to lose.

A bill that ought to meet the favor of Congress has been introduced by Mr. Gibson of Tennessee. It awards a special medal to "each of the volunteer and regular soldiers and officers who voluntarily remained on duty in the Philippines after their their terms of enlistment or appointment had expired."

Philadelphia won the contest for the next Republican National Convention because it deserved to win. A great, beautiful, hospitable city, with the railroads and hotels of a metropolis. Philadelphia is better equipped for one of these monster gaterings than is any city in the country except New York and perhaps Chicago.

HE COULD FORGIVE HER.

For In His Opinion Mrs. Siddons Did Not Marry an Actor.

Mrs. Siddons, the actress, was born in 1755 at the Shoulder of Mutton inn, Brecon, South Wales, of parents connected with the theater, her father, Roger Kemble, being a strolling manager. The child Sarah, was reared in a theatrical atmosphere, and at 10 she was playing Ariel.

As she grew up she became very beautiful and had many admirers, among whom was Henry Siddons, a young actor in her father's company, who had little difficulty in winning the girl's heart. Mr. and Mrs. Kemble had made up their minds that Sarah should not marry in the profession, in consequence of which they strenuously opposed the marriage, and young Siddons, in a fit of retaliatory humor, composed a song detailing their opposition and his trials, which brought about his speedy dismissal from the company. Sarah left the company, too, and hired out as lady's maid in Warwickshire for two years.

During this time the lovers carried on a lively corespondence and finally, gaining the reluctant consent of the Kembles, were married at Trinity church, Coventry, in 1773, when Sarah was 18.

It is said that Mr. Kemble told her if she ever married an actor it would make him discard her forever. After her marriage he said, "I may forgive you without breaking my word, for you have certainly not married 'an actor,' whatever the gentleman himself may think is his vocation." This is on authority of Lady Eleanor Butler, who knew the persons.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

His Bread Upon the Waters.

Fifteen years ago Carrie Burch was a servant girl in a California household where William F. Hastings was also employed. The girl became ill and had to leave, but had no money. Hastings loaned her $200, and she went away. The years rolled by without the $200 being returned, and Hastings had forgotten the occurrence when he received a letter from a barrister in London stating that an estate of $73,000 had been left him by a Mrs. Hall, formerly Miss Carrie Burch of California. Hastings could hardly believe what he read, but he has the money now, and for his generosity to a strange girl years ago he has become independently rich. When the girl left California, she went to Australia as a nurse and there married a retired English merchant, who died some years afterward, and the widow then returned to London and lived there until her death.—Exchange.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "The Divine Love Story." At 12 M. Christmas Concert by the Sunday School.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "Christian Science. All are welcome.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Christmas Sermon. Sunday School at 12 M. At 4 P. M., Sunday School Christmas Concert. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 7 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Text: Joh. 5. 31-39. Subject: "God's Testimonies About His Son."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 6 P. M., Young People's Meeting.
At 7 P. M. Preaching.
Christmas Day. Morning Service at 5.30 A. M. "Julatta."
Sunday School Festival at 5 P. M.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Bible Reading.
Thursday, at 7.30 P. M., Sewing Circle.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—4th Sunday in Advent. Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Record that God Gave to His Son."
Sunday School at 9.30 A. M.
At 4.30 P. M., Vesper Service. Subject of Sermon: "Things the Angels Desire to Look Into."
Christmas, at 5.30 A. M., Matin Service. Subject: "Immanuel."
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

Married.

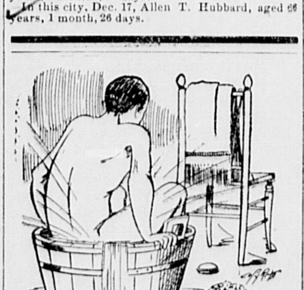
In Boston, Dec. 20, by James O. Fallon, J. of P., George W. Collard of Woburn, and Cassie McCarron of Plymouth.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notice 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 15, Mary Mundy, aged 77 years, 8 months, 12 days.

In this city, Dec. 17, Allen T. Hubbard, aged 66 years, 1 month, 26 days.



THE MORNING TUB

cannot be enjoyed in a basin of limited capacity nor where the water supply and temperature is uncertain by reason of defective

PLUMBING

or heating apparatus. To have both put in thorough working order will not prove expensive if the work is done by

C. M. Strout & Co.
322 Main Street.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.
Beginning New Year's Night,
MRS. FISKE
And Her Admirable Company in
BECKY SHARP
(Founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair")
By LANGDON MITCHELL.
The Dramatic Sensation of the season.
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and other persons interested in the estate of Mary McCabe, otherwise known as Mary McNulty and Mary Fallon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Thomas Salmon, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

CITY OF WOBURN.

Auditor's Department.

All persons or firms having BILLS AGAINST THE CITY OF WOBURN are requested to present the same on or before Saturday, December 23.

As the various Committees on the approval of bills will meet Tuesday, December 26th, POSITIVELY NO BILLS received later than above date will be included in the December order on the City Treasurer.

ALBERT P. BARRETT,
City Auditor.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Albert F. Peck to the Winchester Savings Bank, dated July 14th, 1897, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2580, Fol. 592, and for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D., 1900,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing eight thousand six hundred and fifty-nine (8,659) square feet, more or less, bounded northerly by Pleasant street about seventy-one (71) feet; easterly by land now or formerly of Champney, about one hundred and twenty-two and five-tenths (122 5-10) feet; southerly by land now or formerly of the heirs of John Clough, about seventy-one (71) feet; and westerly by Bennett street, about one hundred and twenty-two and five-tenths (122 5-10) feet, being the premises conveyed to the grantor by Ephraim Cutter, Jr., and Benjamin Cutter, by deed dated Feb. 28, 1896, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2444, Fol 178.

$500 cash deposit required; balance in ten days on passing of papers. The sale will be made subject to any outstanding taxes, tax titles or municipal liens, upon the premises.

WINCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.
By David N. Skillings, its Treasurer, Mortgagee.
Winchester, December 12, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Ann Young of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Owen McDermott, dated December 14, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2521, Page 318, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on

MONDAY, the fifteenth day of January, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, that is to say:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Thorn street; easterly by Washington street; southerly by land now or formerly of one Patrick Garrity; and southwesterly by a private way.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

LAWRENCE MARTIN, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.
Woburn, December 22, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by James T. Judson and Amy S. Judson, husband and wife, both of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in her own right, to Charles E. Jennings of Everett, County and Commonwealth as aforesaid, dated the twelfth day of May in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, and recorded at Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Book 2739, Page 2; for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises described below, on **MONDAY, the fifteenth day of January, in the year nineteen hundred,** at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County and Commonwealth as aforesaid, comprising lots numbered twelve (12), thirteen (13), fourteen (14) and fifteen (15), in Block thirteen (13) on a "Plan of Section A of the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company," dated December 10, 1888; recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2; bounded northeasterly by Jones Avenue, one hundred and forty (140) feet; southeasterly by Chester Avenue, seventy (70) feet; southwesterly by lots numbered sixteen (16) and eleven (11) on said plan, one hundred and forty (140) feet, and northwesterly by Foster Avenue, seventy (70) feet. Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage of about nine hundred and thirty (930) dollars, and any unpaid taxes or assessments.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

CHARLES E. JENNINGS, Mortgagee.
Everett, Mass., Dec. 19th, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Alexander Fotheringham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Bernard Pierce and Rose Fotheringham, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, SS.

PROBATE COURT.

To Timothy Calnan, Guardian of Thomas L., Ellen S., John W., Harry T., and Joseph E. Talty of Woburn, in said County, minors, and to Thomas Moore, surety on the bond given to said Court by said Timothy Calnan, and to all persons interested in said estate.

WHEREAS, John Maloney, surety on said bond, has presented to said Court his petition praying that he may be discharged from all further responsibility as such surety, and that said Timothy Calnan may be ordered to furnish a new bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the twenty-sixth day of December, A. D., 1899, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is ordered to serve this citation by delivering a copy thereof to the said Timothy Calnan and said Thomas Moore, co-surety, fourteen days, at least, before said Court, and by publishing the same once in each week for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Do You Want

To mine for GOLD and COPPER? Write to
H. J. SEARS, Central City, Colorado.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on **Tuesday, January 9, 1900,** at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.
Woburn, Dec. 8, 1899.

Our Show Window

Only hints of the Brilliant

Christmas Offerings

in our store. Come in if only to look. You'll remember the place when you want anything in Diamonds, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Silverware.

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,
409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO., 409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, DEC. 28, 1899.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday Dec. 28, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

For the Holidays

Order a Suit of Clothes and Winter Overcoat from

G. R. GAGE & CO.
Merchant Tailors,
395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

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Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation: — John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer,* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Franksford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Dec. 26. William G. Ward. Subject: "The Novel and the Short Story."
TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.
TUESDAY, Feb. 13. To be announced.

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE,
E. MARIA BEAN,
WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund,** P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.

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Up one flight, on Main street, a very desirable tenement in good order; well adapted for millinery or dressmaking purposes as well as for residence. For view of premises, or any information in regard to the same, call or address
No. 60 Union St., Woburn, Mass.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.
Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.
C. E. COOPER & CO.,
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Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.
Prices and terms reasonable.
APPLY TO
W. H. CUMMINGS,
Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

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Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.
Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by
JOHN LYNCH,
357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.
Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,
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241 Main St., Woburn

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. R. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

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Watchmaker and Jeweler
465 Main St., Woburn.
Clocks called for and delivered.
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The Jolly Girl

Often changes to the jaded woman. "I can't see what's come over Mary; she used to be such a jolly girl," was the remark of a young woman visiting a married schoolmate. Marriage changes a woman. The drains and pains which are so often the sequence of marriage rob her of all vitality. Give her back her former strength and she'll be as "jolly" a wife as she was a maid. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription gives back the lost strength by re-establishing the health of the delicate womanly organs. It dries the drains and stops the pains. It cures ulceration, inflammation and female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

"For two years I had been a sufferer from chronic diseases and female weakness," writes Mrs. Allen A. Bobson, of 1125 Rodman Street, Philadelphia, Pa. "I had two different doctors, and they gave me medicine which only relieved me for a time. My niece advised me to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I concluded that to open a correspondence with you for your advice would be safest, so I did, and have been highly benefited. I find that after taking six bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and five of 'Golden Medical Discovery' and following your advice in regard to local treatment, I am now a strong woman. Accept my sincere thanks for the interest manifested in my case and the happy results obtained."

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter *free*. Correspondence private. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N.Y.

JOURNALISTIC COLORS.

Of course old Bulwer Lytton when he wrote of sword and pen
And affixed the prize blue ribbon to the latter
Had never seen the office of a daily paper when
It was press time and the boys were "short of matter."
The penman cuts no figure in the hustling world of news.
The reporter is a skirmisher, it's true,
For he fights for fleeting items, and he captures interviews,
But his weapon is a Faber number two.

Now, the journalistic underling, whose pencil marks are black,
Is subservient to a pencil mark of blue,
For some high and mighty personage must make a pigeon track
Before a single line of "copy" can go through,
But there's still another color, far above both black and blue.
The man who owns the paper scans it o'er,
And if the staff needs editing he'll take an ax or two
And express his personal sentiments in gore.
—Frank S. Pixley in Chicago Times-Herald.

THE DOGS OF WAR.

On the left of the pup lines of Greek infantry lay on the high, bare hills, firing without intermission. Gray smoke went up and backward from all these lines. Sometimes wounded men came from there and passed the pup as he sat reflecting in the roadway. Directly in his front a mountain battery of the Greeks was roaring, and the horses and mules of the command were browsing the grass in a sheltered place not far from the pup. Some soldiers lay in an upturned furrow of brown trenches.

If the pup had studied the vast green plain on his right, he would have seen black lines and lines still fainter than black, and these lines were all Turks. Frequently a crescendo of hoots and hurtling noises was in the air above him, and the shells crashed as they struck. Moreover, there was sometimes a curious singing of great insects. But for all these things the pup did not care.

He was a little pup, not larger than a kitten, but he was fat and fairly smothered in long white wool, marked here and there with black, and he had every indifference of a fat pup. Two soldiers came that way on their return to the front, and, seizing him, paused. One stooped and offered him gently a bit of hard biscuit, but he had been used to other food, and, with the insolence of babyhood, he scorned the generosity of these men who had stopped under fire to give him assistance. They laughed then and stroked his long hair and went away to their business.

The pup's interest was always the thing directly under his nose. He was really in the battle of Velestino, but what he wanted to do was to waddle in his curious way among the stones of the roadway and smell at them and fall over them whenever he forgot that he was top heavy. Although he was not larger than a cake of soap he had something elephantine in his movement. His little legs were still very weak, and he sprawled and straddled over the road in a way that one would expect of a baby elephant. Once a cavalryman with orders galloped past him, and a hoof of the gray charger missed him by a little, but he didn't care for that either. He was busy with his geological survey.

The Examiner correspondent came along from the firing line at that time and stopped when he saw the dog. The dog had been trying to scratch his near ear with his off hind leg, but he stopped when he saw The Examiner correspondent. They looked at each other in reflective silence. The pup had a crafty eye, and he put his head on one side and surveyed the correspondent with much attention to detail. Another shell came close then, and your correspondent said, "Come on, pup." He took the pup in his arms.

The dog was naturally named Velestino at once. There was a thought in the correspondent's mind of calling him Loot. But then he was not really loot. He was simply a Greek pup deserted by his relatives and friends in a most trying hour, who had accepted the assistance of a correspondent of The Examiner. His home had probably been in one of the stone huts that stood here and there along the road, now all lonely. His owners had probably scuttled out at word of the coming of the Turks. But he didn't care about this either. He simply lolled on the correspondent's arm and blinked fatly at the passing landscape.

When the correspondent arrived where his horses awaited him, he gave the pup Velestino into the hands of his Greek boy and stood and admonished him sternly for five minutes about the inadvisability of losing that pup. The boy grinned and took Velestino in his arms.

Later the pup got under a particularly heavy artillery fire. While the correspondent's party was crossing a bit of plain the Turks opened fire on a nearby house. One would have thought they had opened on the pup, because they came nearer to the pup than they did to the house. There was some excitement. The stragglers in the road scurried everywhere. The correspondent had a bit of trouble with his horse, which had been hurt in the back by some kind of fragment, and when it was all over he looked around for the pup, the two servants and the other horses, and there was none.

Late that night in Volo a knock came to the correspondent's door, and as he called out it opened, and the Greek boy appeared, with a bow and a grin.

"Where is the pup?" said the correspondent instantly.

The Greek boy had brought a large piece of shell which he said had almost killed him, and he exhibited it proudly.

"Where is the pup?"

The boy said he was sure he was going to be killed when he heard the shell, and he now considered his escape to be a miracle. The correspondent arose impressively to his feet. "Where is the pup?"

Well—poor Velestino, poor correspondent!—they were united only to be immediately parted. The boy said that he had brought the pup to Volo and had given it to a man to hold while he unsaddled his horse. The man ran away with Velestino.

There were dispatches to be sent, and the wires were muddled in a way that was simply scandalous. The correspondent left for Athens, reflecting from time to time upon the virtues of his lost pup.

Volo is ordinarily 300,000 miles from Athens. In time of war it is the square of 300,000. Every route is impossible. All the steamers are on war business. All the carriages have vanished. There are no horses. It requires more energy to travel now in Greece than it does to do a three months' campaign. The correspondent struggled as far as Chalkis with phenomenal good fortune. He was taking his breakfast in the restaurant there when he observed a peasant come in and walk toward the rear of the place. This man had a pup inside his shirt, and the little woolly head projected. The correspondent said to his dragoman, "That is my dog." The dragoman laughed. "There are 1,000,000 dogs like that in Greece, sir."

"No, there ain't. I tell you that is my dog."

As the peasant with the pup disappeared through a door in the rear the correspondent and the dragoman rushed after him. In a courtyard they found the peasant delivering the pup to another dragoman, the servant of an English correspondent, but the correspondent took the pup. "It is my dog."

"No, it isn't," said the dragoman of the English correspondent. "I got him at Volo."

"You got him at Volo, did you? Well, I got him at Velestino. He belongs to the San Francisco Examiner, and it doesn't matter what you say, you can't have him."

"Well"—

"Shut up!"

"Well, he has cost me two drams for his food and care. Pay me that and it is all right."

Velestino thus rejoined the correspondent. His hotel bills were paid, and he was invited to some bread and milk. The rounds he fought with his bread and milk were simply too exciting for words. He was not satisfied with putting all of his features in the plate. He waded up to his knees, and his subsequent cargo was altogether out of proportion to his displacement. His shape became suddenly like that of a toy balloon, but it filled him with a sort of glad satisfaction, which was noticeable in his tipsy sailor walk.

On his way to Athens the pup received constant ovations. The Greek boy was on the box, and he elaborated his own experiences and, incidentally, the experiences of the pup. People gazed at Velestino with awe. He was such a wee thing that the correspondent was not sure whether he was going to grow to be a cow or a caterpillar, but the kilted mountaineers that studied him said that he was of the famous shepherd dog breed of the Greeks and was destined to be a big dog.

"Wait until he grows," they said, "and then if even 100 bad men approach your house you need not fear." Looking at Velestino, asleep in a fluffy ball in the carriage, the correspondent rather thought that the number of bad men was over the limit.

At Thebes, while the correspondent lunched, Velestino waddled, or rather fell, around the floor of the cafe. The boys of the village congregated about him, and the Greek child, who thought he had been almost killed, dilated on the experiences of himself and the dog. All these popular honors the pup accepted with his usual sublime indifference. He interested himself in certain surprising physical eccentricities. For instance, every time he tried to run he fell on his nose. When he tried to catch his tail, he fell on his shoulder. In fact, he was so much of a pup that he could fall in almost any direction with equal abandon. These maneuvers were also conducted without regard to the interest and admiration of the populace.

People do not usually talk about dogs, and so, before he reached Athens, he was easily the most famous dog in Greece. In Athens itself he was put up at the best hotel, and the honors he received befitted his social position.

At present he is with your correspondent. He has a personal attendant engaged at a fabulous salary. He is well known here already, and his appearance on the street causes popular demonstration. But he doesn't care.—Stephen Crane in San Francisco Chronicle.

Forecasting the Progress of Invention.

There is another direction in which the airship would be seriously defective, and this is almost always overlooked, and that is in the matter of making landings. Being a large body, it would necessarily be unwieldy, and its motion in any direction could not be arrested in a very short space of time; therefore it could not make a landing within a limited area. In a dead calm it could probably be lowered in nearly a vertical line and thus make a landing in a contracted space, but if the wind were blowing even at a moderate velocity the case would be different. As the wind is always blowing more or less, and as it frequently changes its course in a few seconds, the ship would be tossed about quite lively before it reached the ground. If it came down at the rate of 300 feet per minute, which is a high velocity, and the wind were blowing at the rate of ten miles per hour, the side drift would be three times as great as the vertical descent, and if this were counteracted by imparting a velocity to the ship equal to that of the wind and opposed to it the side drift would be doubled if the direction of the wind should suddenly reverse. It must therefore be evident that to be able to make a landing safely, without running the risk of colliding with church steeples and modern skyscrapers, it would be necessary to have a large open space.—William Baxter, Jr., in Popular Science Monthly.

Confuting an Impossibility.

"I want to see Mrs. Smythe," said the visitor.

"You can't," said the servant. "She has the toothache."

"You must be mistaken," the man replied. "I'm her dentist, and I have her teeth here in this package."—Catholic Standard and Times.

A FAMOUS OLD MINER.

EDWARD SCHIEFFELIN ONE OF TOMBSTONE'S DISCOVERERS.

True Stories of a Most Typical Western Prospector—How the Schieffelin Brothers and Dick Gird Struck It Rich In Tombstone Gulch.

The Pacific coast newspapers have been full of stories about Edward Schieffelin, one of the discoverers of the Tombstone mines, who was found dead in a cabin in eastern Oregon. His remains, according to his wish, now rest upon the top of a granite peak two miles west of Tombstone, A. T. He desired, he said, "to be buried in the garb of a prospector, my old pick and canteen with me, and a monument such as prospectors build when locating a mining claim built over my grave and no other monument or slab erected."

It seems to be generally felt throughout the Pacific coast that this plain, ignorant, kind hearted old pioneer and prospector, who had traveled many thousands of miles in search of new mines, has thus unconsciously made his mark upon our romance and history. That lonely granite cairn in the desert, rising upon the extreme point of a treeless promontory, will long be pointed out as the grave of one of the most famous of American prospectors.

Ed Schieffelin's one great strike yielded him fully a third of $1,000,000. At various times in his adventurous career he plodded painstakingly over the wildest portions of the Rocky mountains and Sierras, he visited Alaska, Mexico, South America and South Africa, but never again found such a mine. When he died, his fortune, at one time said to be over $500,000, had greatly decreased by reason of bad investments and costly expeditions.

The story of the finding of Tombstone, that briefly famous Arizonian mining city, has been told in many different ways, until it is fast becoming one of the most attractive of Pacific coast myths. The simple facts are that late in the seventies the two Schieffelin brothers and Dick Gird were prospecting, sometimes together, sometimes separately, in various districts of Arizona and New Mexico. It was a time of terrible Indian outbreaks, and the Apaches were on the warpath, killing lonely miners and prospectors, attacking the stage coaches and running off cattle. Ed Schieffelin finally wandered into the neighborhood of a disputed claim, the Bronco, where eight men had been shot in various attempts to decide its ownership, and was hired at $2 a day to sit on a hilltop and look out for Indians. One day, while hunting up a stray horse, the hitherto unsuccessful prospector stumbled into what was afterward called Tombstone Gulch and found some copper stained rock on what became the Tough Nut mine. This he sent to Gird for an assay, and soon after sent ore from the Lucky Cuss. When development was begun, a thin vein in granite widened, and promised immense riches. The claims were sold for very large sums, and when the Apaches were driven out capitalists poured money into the district. But the mines did not justify expectations. Tombstone was very far from being a second Comstock. The unlucky Broncho never paid a dollar. The Schieffelin and Gird claims yielded for a time but soon ran out, and the camp sank into decay.

The first time I met Schieffelin, that most typical of western prospectors, was about six years ago. After hearing some of his picturesque prospector yarns I told him about the various treasure expeditions to Coos island and the legends which had caused these excitements. He seized upon the glittering tale of diamond hilted swords, bags of doubloons and bars of gold with the faith of a child and at once offered to fit out a schooner for the islands and to pay my expenses as well as give me a third of the treasure if I would go along to repeat the legend as often as desired. He had prospected for almost everything, he said, except pirate treasures, and he wanted those diamond hilted swords to "put in his parlor."

I did not know at that time the story about his parlor. Having bought a $7,000 house in the town of Alameda, he kept several tons of quartz in one corner, on top of which his old prospecting tools, burro's saddle and camp outfit reposed when not in use. I never heard what his wife thought of this unique furniture, but there is no doubt that the diamond hilted swords would have rested peacefully on the quartz pile, and it was with sincere regrets that I acknowledged to him my entire lack of faith in the picturesque Spanish legend of Coos island.

Schieffelin's Alaska experiences have long deserved a chronicler. He fitted out an expedition years ago and prospected over vast areas of that region. His little steamboat ascended the broad Yukon, and the party wintered in the interior. One man, since dead, Charles Farciot, remained behind when the steamer returned to prospect further. When he desired to return, he built one of the most remarkable little steam engines ever seen on the coast. It was made from a few pieces of pipe and some old cans picked up about the deserted Schieffelin camp, and his only tools were a file and a pocket knife, with a stone for a hammer. He put this rude little engine in the stern of a small rowboat left behind for his use and steamed 2,000 miles without an accident. The outfit was afterward on exhibition in San Francisco and excited the astonishment and indeed the profound admiration of the best machinists, who agreed in saying that Farciot's mechanical genius was of a very high order.—New York Post.

Old Roman Swords.

The Roman swords, before Cannæ, B. C. 236, were pointless and sharp on only one side. After Cannæ the short Spanish sword, for cutting and thrusting, was adopted.

Considerable Appreciation.

"Some weeks ago," says the Memphis Scimitar, "a young man left a small package at the home of a young woman upon whom he was making his first call. She wrote him a note telling him he had left it. He wrote her one telling her it was some edibles and that she might appropriate it to her own use. She wrote again to express her appreciation. He replied to express his appreciation of her appreciation. She retaliated with an expression of her appreciation of his appreciation of her appreciation. At the present time the expression of appreciation is going forward in arithmetical progression as the letters multiply, and as they contain something a little more serious in its nature there promise to be some very interesting complications resulting from a correspondence presumably for the expression of appreciation."

Known by His Works.

"They tell me thet strange feller who wuz to th' dance at th' Corners las' night is an editor."

"Thass right. He got up them dance programmes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Swindling In Morocco.

A late consul who shall here be nameless had a choice collection of coins. He declared they had been stolen. A rich Moor was accused as the culprit or accomplice. The sultan was approached. A compensative sum, 25,000 Spanish dollars, was demanded and paid over to the consul. The Moor and members of his family were immediately thrown into prison, their goods were seized to pay the indemnity, and five of them were practically beaten to death.

It turned out afterward that the more valuable part of the collection said to have been stolen had remained intact in the hands of the consul—that it was more than doubtful whether anything had been stolen. Not long before the consul's death he offered to sell the whole collection to a private gentleman in Tangier. This offer was declined. The consul died quite lately in the odor of sanctity, and after his death the coins were sold by auction.

It cannot be said that any legation was in those days (not so very long ago) wholly free from such malpractices, though I have cited an extreme case. All the consulates and legations have acted unscrupulously in the past. They have robbed the sultan's exchequer, oppressed his subjects and cheated him shamefully on occasion.—Fortnightly.

Keeping Sheep.

It has always been a tolerably well fixed opinion with us that every farmer should keep a few sheep, regardless of the price of wool or the state of the mutton market. The sheep is one of the best kinds of stock for saving feed on the farm that would otherwise go to waste. No other stock will consume so large a variety of the commoner products of the farm and convert them into a marketable shape more readily. No class of stock can be turned out so early in the spring or left out so late in the fall and still do well. No class of stock can make as good use of those rough, broken pieces of land that are found on every farm, which are perfectly useless for every purpose unless a few sheep are kept. No animal is so good a weeder or will keep pasture lands so free from plants out of place as the sheep. No animal will do so well on pasture alone during the pasture season and on light feeding in winter provided they be well sheltered from storms. No animals enrich the fields on which they graze to so great an extent or so completely give back to them all that they take, and no animal furnishes so reliable a source for the farm supply of summer meat.—"Modern Sheep," by F. D. Coburn.

Twelfth Century Manners.

According to twelfth century manners, it was considered more than rude for any one, man or woman, to look aimlessly into space or gaze at the sky for any length of time, and staring about in the street or in church was considered especially impolite. People who desired to be considered well brought up were enjoined not to wave their hands about in the air and not to place their hands upon the head or shoulders of any distinguished personage.

When standing, both men and women were exhorted to place one hand over the other near the waist. A well bred woman, also, when walking out of doors, had to place the thumb of the left hand in the buckle or string by which her cloak was fastened under her neck, while with the two fingers of the right hand she kept the cloak closed.

When on horseback, men were enjoined not to look at their legs, but straight over the horse's head. In a book of the twelfth century we read of a model young woman who "walked nicely and did not look around. She did not speak to her mother nor greet her father, neither would she look at man or woman."

An Ungallant Comparison.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught, on visit to Egypt, met with several humorous experiences. One of them shows that even the Egyptians are not free from an unhappy weakness for saying just the wrong thing at a critical moment.

After an inspection of the troops by the duke outside of Omdurman, to which the duchess had accompanied him on horseback, the girths of her saddle suddenly gave way. There was no way of repairing them, and to enable her royal highness to get back with the least possible inconvenience a sort of sedan chair was improvised from a gun carriage. On this she was carried by Egyptian gunners, who were in charge of a native officer.

On the way the duchess said, "I hope your men will not be tired after carrying me," and was surprised and amused to receive the ungallant reply:

"Indeed, no, madam; you are no heavier than the gun they are accustomed to carry!"

Our sentiments, our thoughts, our words lose rectitude on entering certain minds, as sticks plunged into the water look bent.

After a woman has reached the age of 30 she wonders how many years will have passed before she is 31.—Chicago News.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

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Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

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FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
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FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE.

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CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A TROPHY OF BURGLARY.

Drummer Carries a Gold Watch as a Souvenir of His Deed.

"This watch was part of the spoils of a burglary in which I participated in 1881," said a guest in the St. Charles lobby to a reporter, drawing out a handsome gold timepiece with a curious spiral pattern engraved in heavy relief on the lid. "It was my first affair of the kind, and I regret to say I bungled it and got caught almost immediately. What is the joke, did you ask? There is no joke; it is perfectly true. It happened like this:

"In the fall of 1881, when I was quite young and green, I got a job traveling for a Chicago grocery house, and one of the first places I visited was a small town in northern Ohio. I arrived about 11 at night and went out to take a stroll and smoke a cigar before going to bed. Passing through a side street, I noticed a light in the little jewelry store and also that the door was ajar. That reminded me I had recently broken the mainspring of my watch, and I sauntered in to leave it for repair.

"As I entered a young man arose from the further end of the counter. He seemed startled, which was not unnatural at such a late call, but he regained his composure while I explained the purpose of my visit and told me he had closed some hours before, but happened to remember some things that had been left out of the safe and returned to put them back. When I handed him my watch, I asked him to lend me another to wear in the meantime, and he gave me one at random from a tray on the counter. This is it on my chain now.

"Next morning," continued the story teller, "I was lounging in the hotel office, when the town marshal tapped me on the shoulder.

"'Let me see your watch,' he said.

"I pulled it out mechanically and was at once placed under arrest on the charge of robbing the jewelry store. It seemed that it had been burglarized during the night, and somebody in the hotel had noticed my peculiar looking watch and reported it to the police. It was promptly identified as part of the stolen goods, and, needless to say, my story as to its acquisition was laughed to scorn. I was obliged to admit that it seemed a little gauzy myself, and I can't say I blame the authorities for declining to give it credence.

"At any rate, I found myself in the deuce of a fix. My old watch had been carried off by the thief, and there was absolutely nothing to confirm my statement except the bare fact that none of the other goods was found in my possession. That, however, went for very little, for it was argued that I had had abundant time to conceal my plunder. In my agitation and excitement I must have presented a perfect picture of guilt, and the townspeople came near mobbing me on the way to jail. They kept me there for exactly three hours, the agony of which will dwell with me if I live to be a hundred.

"Meanwhile the sure enough burglar had been bagged in an adjoining town with all the loot, including my timepiece, in his valise, and when I was finally released he was bundled into my cell. If he hadn't been caught, I don't know what might have happened. I don't like to think about it. The authorities made groveling apologies, and the jeweler was especially abject. To placate me he offered to let me keep the new watch in exchange for my old one, and I accepted the proposition. I carry it as a sort of tragic-comic souvenir."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It Was Dewey's Treat.

"In 1886," said Colonel Frank Small, advance agent for a theatrical company, "I was in Washington with Rose Coghlan, playing at what was then Albaugh's Opera House. One afternoon I was in the box office chinning with the ticket manipulator and watching the matinee girls when three ladies came in, followed by 100 children, boys and girls.

"One of the ladies stepped up to the window and said, 'We have just an even 100 children here and here is a check for $25 to pay for the tickets for them.' She handed in a check signed by George Dewey, and the tickets were passed out to the lady. The happy youngsters were soon enjoying the play.

"I didn't know George Dewey from Adam's off ox, and I asked the ticket man who he was. He told me that Mr. Dewey was a navy officer and that it was not the first time he had handled his checks in that way; that once each season anyway the children from some of the several orphan asylums were given such treats by the gentleman, but that he seldom attended a performance himself." — St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Animals That Coast.

"In India, where I was a cornet of her majesty's hussars, I gave a good deal of attention to elephants," said Murray Garde the other night. "What particularly interested me was the bold, original method an elephant has of getting down a hill when the gradient is too steep for walking. He sits calmly down on his hinderlands, you know, pushes off, and, bzz, bzz! he's at the bottom. It hurts, though—the friction, the inequalities of the descent, the tenderness of the hide, don't you know.

"But I only speak of this because the bears of your country remind me of it. The bears of Utah and Wyoming are the cleverest wild animals I have ever seen. They, too, slide down the precipices and the mountains, but they are more tender of themselves than the elephants. They cut bark from a tree with their teeth and claws in strips big enough to be sat upon comfortably, and on these toboggans they coast down the steeps of their wild country without any evil effects. A strange sight it is, I tell you!"—Philadelphia Record.

A Good Reason.

The general passenger agent of one of the Chicago trunk lines received a letter from a Kansas man the other day requesting a pass for himself to Chicago and return. There was nothing about the letter to indicate that the writer had any claim whatsoever to the courtesy he requested, but the railway man thought that perhaps the Kansan had some connection with the road in some way, possibly as a local freight agent. So he wrote back, "Please state explicitly on what account you request transportation." By return mail came this reply, "I've got to go to Chicago some way, and I don't want to walk."—Exchange.

A Bakeshop Machine.

One of the latest appliances for use in a bakeshop oven consists of a machine which takes the whole meat and grinds it, mixes water with it and kneads it into dough ready for the oven.

Open the doors of opportunity to talent and virtue and they will do themselves justice, and property will not be in bad hands.—Emerson.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIII—FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 24.

Text of the Lesson, Isa. ix, 2-7—Memory Verses, 6, 7—Golden Text, Luke ii, 11—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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2. "The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light." The Holy Spirit says by Matthew that there was a fulfillment of this and the previous verse when Jesus left Nazareth and came and dwelt in Capernaum (Math. iv, 13-16). The first verse, according to the R. V., says that in the former time He brought into contempt the land of Zebulun and Naphtali, but in the latter time hath He made it glorious. Sin always brings desolation and affliction, but the presence of Christ brings light and life. Apart from Him is darkness, but He is the Light of the world and also the Resurrection. The prophet, by the Spirit, sees not only the awful reality of the present distress and its cause, but he also sees the glorious future of the nation when a king shall reign in righteousness, the Lord alone be exalted and the people themselves be all righteous (chapters xxxii, 1; ii, 11, 17; lx, 21.) If believers were filled with the Spirit, the ungodly, who live and walk in darkness, would see the light of Christ in our lives (Math. v, 16).

3. "They joy before Thee, according to the joy in harvest." The R. V. says in the first clause, "Thou hast increased the joy." When the Great Deliverer comes, bringing light and life and health, the joy must be increased. It will be everlasting joy. They shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow, and sighing shall flee away. The Lord shall be their everlasting light and their God their glory (Isa. xxxv, 10; lx, 19). Only in the Lord and before the Lord is there true joy, but every believer who is willing to walk uprightly, believing just what God says, may be filled with joy and peace in believing (Rom. xv, 13; Gen. xvii, 1; Deut. xvi, 11; Ps. xvi, 11; Phil. iv, 4). The things which will be true of the nation when the kingdom comes may be true now in the experience of the individual, for when He giveth quietness who then can make trouble, whether against a nation or against a man only? (Job xxxiv, 29.) The secret is in Isa. xii, 2.

4. "For Thou hast broken the yoke of his burden." He shall break all yokes and rods of the oppressor. He who tells us to undo heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free and break every yoke (lviii, 6), how much more will He do this, and all that He asks us to do in His name He is ready to do in us. The only real Christian life is when God works in us both to will and to do the things which are pleasing in His sight (Phil. ii, 13; Heb. xiii, 21). He says to all the weary and heavy laden, Take my yoke upon you and learn of me (Math. xi, 9), the context showing that that yoke was complete submission to His Father's will, a heart that could say under greatest difficulties: "I thank Thee, O Father. Even so, Father."

5. According to the R. V., this verse reads, "For all the armor of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood shall even be for burning." Every association against God or His people shall be broken in pieces, and all their counsel shall come to naught. Therefore it becomes us to say, "I will wait upon the Lord; I will look for Him" (chapter viii, 9, 10, 17). When He comes in His glory for Israel's benefit and to establish His kingdom, it will be with fire and vengeance upon all who persisted in refusing Him (Ps. l, 3; Isa. xxxiv, 8; II Thess. i, 7, 8).

6. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given." This is similar to chapter vii, 14. It takes us back to Gen. iii, 15, and the phrase "the seed of the woman." It is in line also with Mic. v, 2, where He is said to come out of Bethlehem. It is seen fulfilled in Luke ii, 6-14, and the angel said to the shepherds, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour who is Christ the Lord." Another prophecy concerning His youth is found in Hos. xi, 1, "I called my son out of Egypt." Compare Math. ii, 15. The whole story of His humiliation, sufferings, death, resurrection and glorious kingdom is all written in the law, the prophets and the Psalms. The present interval between His rejection and His return to set up His kingdom was not revealed to them as it is to us. Paul speaks of this interval in which the body of Christ is being gathered from Jews and gentiles as a mystery kept secret since the world began, but revealed specially to Him (Rom. xvi, 25, 26; Eph. iii, 5, 6; Col. i, 26). "The government shall be upon His shoulder." The next verse says that it shall be a government of peace, and of its increase there shall be no end and that it shall be upon the throne of David. Now, when we compare this with such passages as II Sam. vii, 12, 16; Acts ii, 30; Jer. iii, 17; Ezek. xxxvii, 21, 22, 24; Dan. vii, 27; Luke i, 32, 33, and remember that the New Testament begins and ends with Jesus Christ as Son of David, it does seem unmistakably plain that this coming kingdom is to have Israel for its center, Jerusalem for its capital, the Lord Jesus Christ for its King and the whole earth as its territory. How comforting to know that where He was once so humiliated He shall yet be so greatly exalted! Then shall the full meaning of each of these great names be seen, and all creation and all creatures shall do Him honor (Ps. lxxii, 11; Rev. v, 9-14). In connection with the name "Wonderful" see Judg. xiii, 18, and remember that the word "hard" in Jer. xxxii, 17, 27, is just the same. "Counselor" suggests Ps. xxxii, 8; xxxiii, 11. The mighty God, the Everlasting Father, declares most powerfully that Jesus is God, the Son is divine, or, as He said Himself, "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" (John x, 30; xiv, 9).

7. "The zeal of the Lord of Hosts will perform this." He who cleansed the temple and caused His disciples to remember that these words were written (John ii, 17) will do it in His time, and all the world shall see. Read and believe Isa. xiv, 24, and be established. Now let Him who is the Peace of God and our Peace rule in our hearts and manage all our affairs and so fill us with His Spirit that zeal to give the gospel to every creature shall consume us and thus His body be completed and the kingdom come (Col. iii, 15; Eph. ii, 14; Phil. iv, 6, 7). If we are only yielded and willing, He will accomplish all His pleasure.

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FORGIVENESS.

I sat in the evening cool
Of the heat baked city street
Musing and watching a little pair
Who played on the walk at my feet.
A boy, the elder, of strong, rough mold;
His sister, a blossom sweet.

When just in the midst of their play
Came an angry cry and a blow
That bruised the cheek of the little maid
And caused bright tears to flow
And brought from my lips quick, sharp reproof
On the lad who had acted so.

And he stood by, sullen and hard,
While the maid soon dried her tear.
He looked at her with an angry eye.
She timidly drew near.
"Don't be cross, Johnny" (a little sob).
"Let me fordive 'oo, dear!"

And the cloud is passed and gone,
And again in their play they meet,
And the strong, rough boy wears a kinder mien,
And brighter the maiden sweet,
While a whisper has come from the heart of God
To a man, a man on the street.
—English Illustrated Magazine.

A MANTRAP CAB.

"Lost!"

I was standing in a room of a west end (London) gambling den watching a party of about 15 players engaged in the game of rouge et noir.

This night my eye had been particularly kept upon a short, dark haired man, evidently a foreigner. He was playing heavily. From his pocket he brought up at first single pieces of gold, then, as he lost—he had terrible luck—he placed down on the table small handfuls of sovereigns. He had just now lost £10 at a swoop. Then he produced a banknote and laid it down.

"Excuse me, sir," inquired the banker, "how much do you shake?"

"One hundred pounds."

"Thank you," remarked the banker politely.

The game went on, and the cards were turned up. With an exclamation the player rose from his seat and pushed his chair back. He had lost once more. As he left the place I followed him. He walked swiftly on for a long time through the now almost deserted streets, for it was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning. At length he came to a house in a dismal street off the Tottenham Court road, in one of the top rooms of which there was a dim light burning, opened the door with his key and entered.

I had an idea somehow that that address might prove useful to me, and I was standing close to the door noting its number when the door suddenly opened and my man again appeared, bareheaded, ghastly pale and breathless.

"Help, help!" he gasped. "She has killed herself—she is dying! I have murdered her—murdered her!"

I dashed in, and, rushing up the stairs, made my way to that dimly lit room, the man following close at my heels. In it, sitting in a chair beside the fireplace, was a woman, young and pretty, but now with her face convulsed with pain. She seemed nearly unconscious and was breathing heavily. On the floor beside her was a small, round, empty bottle.

Sending him to wake up the people of the house and dispatch some one for a doctor, I had in less than five minutes administered an emetic to the girl in the shape of a strong dose of mustard and water.

As she lay there, apparently dying, the man leaned over her, sobbing, tearing his hair and talking in French.

"And that crime was all for nothing. The thousand pounds! I have gambled them away. Annette, forgive me. I thought I should make our fortune. But that scoundrel Repau shall give me money. I will make him."

What had Despard (that was his name) been up to? The arrival of the doctor, who saw to the girl and assured us he would answer for her recovery, brought my stay to an end.

I didn't sleep a wink that night. I had one eye all through the weary hours on Despard's door. About 9 o'clock in the morning he came out, and, I following him, made his way to a house off Leicester square. He was inside an hour, and I discovered from one of the servants that he had called upon M. Belpard, another Frenchman. Was Belpard Repau? I wondered. Naturally enough, I wanted to discover something about him, and letting M. Despard have a rest I transferred my attentions to his friend.

Only a few minutes after Despard had left M. Belpard came out with a bag in his hand. He hailed a cab, was driven to Waterloo station, and took a first class ticket to Southampton. Unknown to him, I saw him off and was then driven back to his lodgings. Inquiring for M. Belpard, I said I was M. Belpard's particular friend, almost his brother. Alas, it was most unfortunate that I had missed him! I would, however, go to his room and write a letter to him.

Shown into Belpard's apartment, you may guess I very quickly examined it when the servant had left me to write that letter. There was nothing particular in the place save a black leather bag which I found under the bed, a common black bag with a mark on the brass part of the handle, the mark of a fire.

An hour later there were keen eyes at Southampton and at London on the lookout for M. Belpard, or, rather, for Repau, for he it was.

For over a week every watch was kept, every search made for that gentleman. All was in vain. M. Belpard had disappeared.

Despard was still at his lodgings. I called on him one day.

"M. Despard," I suddenly asked him, "would you like to earn £100?"

"A hundred pounds!" he gasped. "It would be a godsend—a fortune! We are absolutely starving—Annette, my wife, and I."

"Then," I said, "tell me where Repau is."

"You know all then?" he almost screamed.

"I know a great deal," I answered. "If you make a clean breast of it, tell me all and help me to run down Repau, £100 is yours, and you shall be held harmless."

He paused a moment and then went on: "Repau has acted to me like a scoundrel. I'll tell all."

Thousands of pounds are conveyed daily from the chief London banks to their branch establishments in the suburbs or the city. A branch bank wanting cash sends a couple of clerks to the head office, the money required is placed in black leather bags, a cab (four wheeled) is hailed, the clerks enter with the treasure, and with the windows up are driven away to their branch office.

This practice has for many years past attracted the attention of gangs of clever thieves, and thousands of pounds are often lost in transit.

Shortly before my interview with Despard a sum of £5,000 in gold and £1,000 in silver had been taken.

About 10 o'clock in the morning two clerks from a branch had arrived at one of the biggest central banks, and producing their authority to receive the money the cash had been put into bags, a passing cab hailed, and the clerks and the cash seen safely into it.

They did not arrive at the branch office. Inquiry and search were made for them, and at length the two men were found unconscious, seated in a cab, of which the driver had disappeared in a byroad off Hampstead in the north of London. The bags of money had gone, and what had occurred to them the two clerks could not say. They had ridden on with the windows of the cab up, on their way to the branch office. Then they had suddenly lost their senses.

On examination it was found that the cab was a "make up" one. It belonged to no owner of cabs in London. It was a mantrap, devised for the perpetration of one of the cleverest robberies of modern times, a robbery in which it seemed we should never discover the actors, for weeks passed and no clew to them was found, though £500 was offered privately by the bank for their arrest.

It was by that mark on the handle of the black bag in Repau's room that I was convinced he was one of the thieves. The bag was one of the bank's, and the mark had been placed upon it for identification.

"I will tell you all," said Despard. "Repau was an acquaintance of mine. I was a mechanic. He came to me one day and said, 'Despard, have you heard of that new machine in which they kill cats and dogs?' I hadn't. 'They put them into an almost airtight box,' he went on, 'and pump in poisoned air. They are dead in no time. Despard, you are poor. I have a scheme by which we may make a fortune.'"

In a few words he laid his plot before him—to buy a cab, alter it so that when the windows were closed it would be almost airtight, while through a tube passing into the cab air powerfully drugged might be pumped into the vehicle by an arrangement worked by the driver's foot.

Despard set to work. In less than ten days the trap cab was upon the London streets. For three days it hovered around the bank doors. On the fourth it was engaged.

"The driver was, of course, an accomplice," went on Despard. "The apparatus worked wonderfully. Before they dreamed of danger the clerks were rendered insensible by the drugged air and were being driven to Hampstead, Repau and I following. In a quiet spot the cab stopped, Repau rushed to the door, threw it open, grasped the bags, sprang with them into our trap, and with the driver of the cab we all set off at full speed."

"And what became of the money?" I asked.

"I had £1,000," he answered, "the sham cab driver £400. Repau, like a scoundrel, laid hands on the rest."

"And where is he?" I asked eagerly.

Despard mournfully shook his head.

"I do not know," he replied.

He certainly did not. That reward of £500 slipped through my fingers after all, for Repau, that clever rascal, had shown us so clean a pair of heels that we never came up with him again. I would have given much to have once more met my "very dear friend, almost brother," M. Belpard, alias Jules Repau.—London Sun.

Trade Secrets.

"Quite irrespective of the immense number of workmen who hold trade secrets of their respective employers, few people ever realize what a number of workmen there are who hold small secrets—some of them may consist merely of a knack of doing some particular thing in a peculiar way—of their own, and most rigidly guard these," remarked a well known trades union official.

"I could cite many remarkable cases where workmen, on account of their method of doing some one apparently simple thing, have always been at a premium with various masters, and only the other day I was talking to the head of a great decorating firm about such a man.

"This firm has often, in decorating great mansions and public buildings, to carry out a certain scheme of color, and that one color has to be uniform throughout a great area of covered space. This firm had one man who, if 100 rooms had to be painted, could infallibly mix fresh supplies of color to the exact shade, but during its 40 years of existence the firm never had another workman who could do this.

"I could name for you 100 trades where some one man effects his object with a few strokes where others labor long and patiently, but what I want to impress on the public is that workmen possess and guard far more minor trade secrets of their own than the masters ever did or do."—Pearson's Weekly.

It was 300 years ago—1596—that Sir Walter Raleigh introduced the potato and planted it in the garden of his Irish home at Youghal.

An Unexpected Egg.

The ways of a hen are often original and sometimes mirth provoking, and a Plymouth Rock did novel and amusing things, to the joy of a carload of passengers, on a recent trip from Braddock to Pittsburg. The Pittsburg Commercial Gazette tells the story.

Carrying a hen proudly, a man who was evidently a foreigner got on the trolley car at Braddock. He was drowsy and not quite sober, and he crossed his legs, set the hen on his lap and went to sleep.

Four miles out of Braddock the hen suddenly woke from its own reverie and cackled. Its owner opened his eyes and found himself and his hen objects of interest. He was annoyed, but the passengers had more or less excuse for staring. They had discovered a fresh egg resting snugly on the man's lap.

No one could speak the man's language, but every one was bound that he should know what had happened. Twenty index fingers pointed to the hen, and 40 eyes were turned in the same direction. Finally the stranger lifted the hen tenderly, and the secret was revealed.

Then he was wide awake. With his left hand he held the egg aloft, that all might see; with his right hand he affectionately stroked the hen. Everybody smiled. All at once it seemed to occur to him that refreshments were in order. He grinned at his fellow passengers, tapped the shell on the edge of the seat to open a way to the interior and swallowed the egg.

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Boston & Maine RAILROAD.

Southern Division.

Winter Arrangement.
In effect OCT. 2, 1899.
Passenger Service from Woburn.

FOR BOSTON, 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.15, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38, A. M., 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9.30, 10.30, P. M. **RETURN**, 6.00, 6.55, 7.40, 7.55, 9.10, 10.45, 11.35, A. M., 12.10, 1.06, 2.00, 3.05, 3.44, 4.14, 4.44, 5.14, 5.44, 6.14, 6.19, 6.44, 7.35, 9.05, 10.15, 11.20, P. M.

SUNDAY-To Boston, 9.23, 11.01, A.M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05, P. M. **Return**, 9.00, 11.00, A. M., 12.40, 2.15, 4.00, 5.00, 7.35, 9.00, 10.15, P. M.

FOR LOWELL at 6.33, 8.21, 9.46, 11.11 A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, 10.44, 11.47, P. M. **Sunday** at 9.30, A. M., 5.26, 9.27, P. M. **Return** at 5.43 6.25, 7.04, 7.34, 7.45, 11.00, A. M., 1.40, 4.25, P. M. **Sunday** at 8.45, A. M., 4.25, 5.58, P. M.

FOR LAWRENCE at 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 4.42, 6.42, P. M. **Return** at 6.30, 7.35, A. M., 12.00, 4.55, P. M.

For Nashua, Manchester and Concord, N.H. at 6.33 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42, 6.42, P. M. Sunday, *9.30, 5.26, P. M.

r Greenfield, Peterboro, Hillsboro and Keene, N. H. at 8.21, A. M., 1.33 P. M.

For Amherst, Milford and Wilton, N. H., 8.21, 11.11, A. M., 1.33, 4.42 P. M.

For Warner, Bradford, Sunapee, Newport and Claremont, N. H., 6.33, 11.11, A. M.

For Penacook, Franklin, Lebanon, White River Junction, 8.21, †11.11 A. M., 4.42, 6.42 P. M.

For Tilton, Laconia, Meredith, Ashland, Weirs, and Plymouth, 8.21, 11.11, A.M., 4.42, 6.42, P.M.

For North of Plymouth and on Passumpsic R. R., 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42 P. M.

FOR MONTREAL, 8.21, 11.11 A. M., 6.42, P.M.

*To Nashua only.
†To Franklin only.

WINCHESTER and WOBURN.

Trains leave Woburn for Winchester at 5.55, 6.14, 6.44, 7.12, 7.38, 8.22, 9.00, 10.31, 11.38 A. M., 12.13, 12.51, 1.03, 2.20, 2.56, 4.11, 4.30, 5.04, 5.39, 6.57, 9 30, 10.30 P. M. Sunday, 9.23, 11.01, A. M., 12.05, 2.00, 3.25, 5.02, 5.45, 6.35, 9.05 P. M. Trains leave Winchester for Woburn, 6.25, 7.23, 8.05, 8.15, 9.37, 11.03 A. M., 12.01, 12.36, 1.23, 2.19, 3.24, 4.03, 4.33, 5.00, 5.33, 6.03, 6.33, 7.10, 8.03, 9 33, 10.38, 11.38 P. M. Sunday, 9.21, 11.26, A. M., 1.06, 2.41, 4.26, 5.19, 8.01, 9.21, 10.40 P. M.

D. J. FLANDERS,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

North Woburn Street Railroad.

On and after July 1, 1899, cars will run as follows:

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford, at 5.45win, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win, p. m.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Medford, at 6.30, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and No. Woburn, at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 and every half hour until 10.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, and every half hour until 10.15, 10.45 p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn, 6.30, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00 and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30, 11.00 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave North Woburn for Woburn, Winchester and Medford at 7.15 8.15win, 8.15, and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15win p. m.

Leave Woburn or Winchester and Medford at 7.30 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00, 10.30win p. m.

Leave Winchester for Medford at 7.45, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 and every half hour until 9.45, 10.15 p. m.

RETURNING.

Leave Medford for Winchester, Woburn and North Woburn at 8.00 9.00, 9.30, and every half hour until 10.00 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Woburn and North Woburn at 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, and every half hour until 10.45, p. m.

Leave Woburn for North Woburn at 8.30, 9.00, 9.30 10.00, 10.30, and every half hour until 10.30, 11.00, p. m.

win, Winchester only. Cars connect at Medford for Boston, Malden, Everett, and West Medford.

Cars connect at Woburn for Reading, Wakefield, Stoneham, Melrose, Malden, Everett, Chelsea, Saugus, Lynn and Salem.

Cars connect at Winchester for Stoneham, Reading, Wakefield, Wilmington and Lowell.

JOHN S. BRACKETT, Supt.

Woburn & Reading St., Railroad.

On and after November 18, 1899, cars between Reading and Woburn, will run as follows:

On Weeks Days.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 6.45 a. m., and every hour until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 6.15 a. m., and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Woburn Square for Reading at 8.45 a. m., and hourly until 10.45 p. m.

Returning.

Leave Reading Square for Woburn at 8.15 a. m and hourly until 10.15 p. m.

All cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 6.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wilmington, Billerica and Lowell. 8.45 p. m. to Wilmington only.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 8.45 p. m. connect with cars for Lynnfield, Peabody, Salem and Lynn.

Cars leaving Woburn from 6.45 a. m. until 9.45 p. m. connect with cars for Wakefield, Melrose, Malden and Stoneham. 10.45 p. m to Wakefield only.

☞ All the above connections are at Reading Square.

Reading & Lowell St. Railroad.

Leave Reading Square for Lowell, at 7.15, 8.15, a. m. and every hour until 7.15, then *9.15, p. m.

Leave Lowell for Reading at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 8 30, then 9.30 p. m.

* To Wilmington only.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading at 7.15, 8.15 and every hour until 9.15 p. m.

Leave Lowell at 7.30, 8.30, a. m., and every hour until 9.30, p. m.

All cars from Woburn connect at Reading Square with cars for Lowell.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Lynn & Boston Street Railway.

In Effect Nov. 7, 1897.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden and Chelsea at 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., and hourly until 1.30 P. M., then 2.00, and every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 6.03, 6.33, 7.03, 7.33, 8.03, A. M., and hourly until 1.03, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 6.25, 6.55, 7.25 A. M., and hourly until 12.25, then 12.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham, Melrose, Malden at 9.00, A. M., then every 30 minutes until 11.30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham Square for Woburn at 8.33, and every 30 minutes until 11.03 P. M.

Leave Melrose Station for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.15, A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10.45 P. M.

Leave Malden for Stoneham and Woburn at 8.55, and every 30 minutes until 10.25 P. M.

Cars leaving Woburn at 11.00 and 11.30 P. M., and Stoneham Sq. at 11.27 and 11.57 P. M., run only to Melrose Station, cor. of Main and Franklin St.

J. R. CARRIER, Div. Supt.

Reading and Arlington.

Cars leave Reading for Stoneham, Winchester, and Arlington, at 5.15, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.15, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham, 5.30, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.35, 8 05, and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester, 5.45, 6.10, 6.40, 7.10, 7.55, 8.25, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.55, p. m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham, Wakefield, Reading, Lowell, and Lynn, at 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, and every 30 minutes until 10.45, then 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading at 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.35, 9.05, 9 35, 10.05, 10.35, a.m. and every 30 minutes until 11.05, then 11.45 p. m.

SUNDAYS.

Leave Reading at 7.45 a. m. and every 30 minutes until 10.15 p. m.

Leave Stoneham at 8.05 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 10.35 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Arlington at 8.25, and every 30 minutes until 10.55 p.m.

Returning.

Leave Arlington for Winchester at 8.45, 9.15, 9.45 a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.30 p. m.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham at 8.35, 9.35, 10.05, 10.35, a. m., and every 30 minutes until 11.45 p. m.

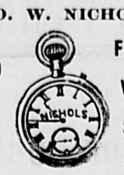
All cars connect at Winchester with the cars of the North Woburn St. Ry. Co. for Woburn and Medford, and at Arlington with the cars of the West End St. Ry. Co., for Arlington Heights, Cambridge and Boston.

People visiting Boston, especially ladies, will find this the most convenient and attractive ride, for at Harvard Square transfers may be obtained to any part of the City of Boston.

W. E. MORTON, Acting Supt.

Business Cards.

EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal and Wood,
377 Main Steet.
Yard, rear of 211 Main street.
TELEPHONE, 52-3.

GEO. W. NICHOLS,
HAS SOLD — AND — REPAIRED


FINE WATCHES SINCE 1865.
Mechanics' Building, 415 Main St.

J. R. Carter & Co.
Coal and Wood,
305 Main Street.

Return Water
from steam or hot water heating cores or raidiators below the boilers can be brought back by gravity alone. I make a specialty of such work. Let me solve your problems. It costs you nothing if I fail.
EDWARD E. PARKER,
No. 8 Middle St., Woburn.
Telephone 28-2.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

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Photographer.
Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
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Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.
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Office and Residence connected by Telephone.
No. of Telephone 48-2.
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Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care of Estates and Collection of Rents.
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Sale, Hack, Livery and Boarding Stables.
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INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.
Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Nurses, can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs. M. JENNINGS 419 Main street, Woburn, Mass.
Also, keeps on hand all kinds of fresh CONFECTIONERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, GLASSWARE, DENNISON'S CREPE and TISSUE PAPER, and other goods.
☞ SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed to be SATISFACTORY.

F. GOWING,
Magnetic Healer.
RESIDENCE:
6 Wyer's Court, Woburn, Mass.
☞ Acute and Nervous Diseases a Specialty.

E. PRIOR,
AUCTIONEER.
Personal attention given to the sale of Real and Personal Estates in Woburn and vicinity.
Office: 373 Main St., Woburn.

Don't forget Xmas

or the place where for years you have seen the best display of Perfumes, Candy and Stationery suitable for this season. The exhibit this year is better than ever.

PARKER, The Druggist.

Banner Ground Floor Studio.

The Best Work in All Varieties known to the art we are prepared to do in the best manner, as we have the finest arranged Studio in this part of the State. Give us a call before going elsewhere and see for yourselves.

F. W. LEGG, 18 Montvale Ave.

Fire Alarm Boxes.

BOX.	LOCATION.
13	Middlesex Leather Co., Conn St. Private.
14	Dow & Co. Cross st. (Private.)
21	Cor. Hart Place and Lowell Street.
23	Cor. Main and Clinton Sts., Central Square.
24	City Almshouse.
25	Cor. School and New Boston Sts.
26	Cor. Main and School Sts., North Woburn.
27	Junction Elm and Pearl Sts., North Woburn.
28	Main St., near Horse Car Stable, No. Woburn
31	Cor. Grove St. and Harrison Ave.
32	Junction Burlington and Lexington Sts.
33	Cor. Cambridge and Bedford Streets.
34	Junction Cambridge and Lexington Sts.
35	Cor. Willow and Bedford Sts. (Cummingsville
36	Cor. Elijah and Winn Sts.
37	Cor. Bedford and Houghton Streets.
38	Cor. Winn and Bedford Sts.
39	Cor. Sturgis and Beacon Streets.
41	Cor. Middle and Washington Sts.
42	Junction Bow and Beach Sts.
43	Montvale Ave. opp. Vernon St.
44	Montvale Ave. opp. Green street.
45	Cor. Cedar and Washington Sts.
46	Central St. opp. School-house (Montvale).
47	Salem St., Walnut Hill.
48	Cor. Montvale Ave. and Maple St.
49	Cor. Montvale Road and Pine Street.
51	Cor. Green and Mt. Pleasant Sts.
52	Eastern Ave., opp. Jefferson Ave.
53	Fowle St. near Highland Station.
54	Cor. Main and Hudson Sts.
55	Main Street near Ash street.
56	Main St., opp. Lake Avenue.
57	Conn St., F. A. Loring's Factory.
58	Cor. Arlington and Carter Sts.
59	Cor. Green and Madison Sts.
61	Main St., opp. Salem St.
62	Cor. Main and Park Sts.
63	Junction Montvale Ave. and Union St
64	Winn street, near Calnan's Shop.
65	Cor. High and Prospect streets,
66	Corner Warren and Sturgis Streets.
67	Cor. Main and Kilby Sts.
68	Main St., opp. Catholic Church.
69	Cor. Pleasant and Canal Sts.
212	Merrimac Chemical Works, North Woburn
512	Pumping Station, Horn Pond. (Private.)
612	Main St. opp. Jones's Stable. (Private.)
912	Beggs & Cobb and J. P. Crane's Factory (Pri.)

SIGNALS.

One blow for test at 11.45 A. M., daily.
Two blows dismiss department.
Three blows call out entire department.
22, once repeated, at 8.05 A. M. and 12.45 P. M. denotes no session of schools.

WOBURN POST OFFICE.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.

On and after March 1, 1899.

MAILS WILL BE DISTRIBUTED AT THE POST-OFFICE,

From Boston and via Boston 7.00, 7.45, 10, 11.30 a. m. 1.10, 2.45, 3.40, 6.30, 7.30, p. m.
From New York direct 7.00 a. m.
From Winchester, Lowell, Stoneham, and Northern via Winchester, 10 a. m., 2.45, 6.30 p. m.
From the North, direct, 7.45 a. m., 6.30 p. m.
From Burlington 9.30 a. m. 5.30 p. m,

MAILS CLOSE AT WOBURN POST OFFICE FOR

Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Western and Southern, 7, 8.45, 10.15, 11.10 a. m., 12.25, 2.45, 4, 5.25, 6.30, 8 p. m. Saturday 8.30 p. m.
For North, direct. 7 a. m.; via Winchester, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Lowell and Stoneham 7, 11.10 a. m., 4.50 p. m.
For Winchester 7, 11.10 a. m., 2.40, 4.50 p. m.
For Burlington 7.45 a. m. 3.45 p. m.

DELIVERIES.

House Routes 7.45 a. m. 2.45 p. m.
Business Routes 7.20, 7.45 a.m., 1.10, 2.45, 6.30 p.m.

MAIL COLLECTED.

6 a. m., and on regular carriers delivery.
Boxes on Main St. from Salem to foot of Summer St., 6 times daily.

Money order office open at 7.30 a. m., closes 7.30 p. m. Saturday 8.00 p. m.
Registry Division open at 7.30 a. m., closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturday at 8.00 p. m.
Money Order and Registry Division not open on Sundays or Holidays.

—SUNDAYS.—

Sunday office open 9.30 to 11.00 a. m.
Mails distributed from Boston and via Boston 10 a. m.
Mails collected at 4 p. m., throughout the city.
Mail closes at 6 p. m., at box outside the post-office.
Mails collected on holidays, 4.00 p. m., throughout the city.

EDWIN F. WYER, P. M.

Business Cards.

George Durward
Meats
— AND —
Provisions
430 Main St., Woburn

DR. LEWIS
DENTIST,
FOWLE BUILDING,
353 Main St., Woburn, Mass

JAMES McDONALD,
Piano-Forte Tuner and Regulator
ADDRESS,
P. O. Box 186, Woburn, Mass
Residence: 6 Broad Street.

L. W. THOMPSON,
(Successor to L. Thompson
HARDWARE!
Farming Tools and Seeds, Painters' Supplies Stoves and Kitchen Ware.
No. 437 Main Street, Woburn.

GEORGE W. NORRIS,
Counsellor-at-Law and Notary,
MECHANICS BUILDING,
415 Main Street, WOBURN.

CIVIL ENGINEER
and SURVEYOR.
H. S. ADAMS: Room 542 Exchange Building, No. 53 State street, BOSTON, MASS.
Residence: Addison street, Arlington, Mass

John G. Maguire,
Councillor-at-Law,
No. 420 Main St., Woburn, Mass.

LONGING FOR THE FIELDS.

Beyond the realm of barter and of pence;
Beyond the closeness of a social clime
Where, like an eager bard enchained by rhyme,
One's freer spirit oft receives offense;
Beyond brick walls and dreary chimneys, whence
The sweat of industry exhales in grime;
Beyond the purlieus of disease and crime
And haunts where honest lives grow hard and tense—

Beyond all these in what tranquillity,
Glad as the skies that over them do rest,
The fields upyield their new mown fragrancy
To winds refreshed on some clear stream's cool breast
Or laden with wood scents and minstrelsy
Of the musicians of the bough and nest!
—William Struthers in Home Journal.

A LOVE STORY.

The house in which this little story came to pass was one of the smallest and humblest in the whole village. The linden tree in the yard was tall enough to spread its protecting arms over the low shingle roof, moss grown with age. Under the eaves and in the ingles good fairies had taken up their quarters, and stable and granary, field and meadow, were blessed with prosperity and growth.

It had always been that way since Hubert and Kathrine came there to live. They brought with them but little more for a dowry than courage and health and strong, willing, working hands, for the little farm was not their own. They had leased it for a term of years. From season to season they prospered, and material bliss came with overflowing hands when a little dark haired girl was added to the flaxen headed youngster. The girl hadn't come in the usual way, like the boy, whose arrival the stork had heralded from the housetop, but suddenly and unexpectedly. In the adjoining parish a distant relative of Kathrine's had died, and fearing no refusal had left her dark eyed baby girl to Hubert and his wife. They were astonished, to be sure, when one morning the mail carrier lifted out of his small country wagon a bundle wrapped in a red checked pillow, with a letter from the dead woman acquainting them with the tiny stranger's mission. Mistress Kathrine was not long at a loss what to do, and she soon persuaded her husband, who shook his head a little doubtfully at first. Their own boy, John, was almost 5 years old. No, the undertaking was not such a momentous one after all, and the old pine cradle that had been stowed away in the garret was brought down into the bedroom of Hubert and his wife.

Thus was little Liz's entrance made. She grew out of the cradle and into short clothes, and soon her little, quick feet pattered over Mother Kathrine's clean kitchen floor and over garden and field. Her long, dark braids flew in the wind, and her bright, brown eyes stole their way into every one's heart. John kept good company with the little sister. In summer they hunted for berries together in the woods, and when the winter came they coasted down the hillside on a little sled the boy had himself built. They climbed the trees and picked the apples from the branches that would not give them up to Hubert's vigorous shaking. When other youngsters troubled the child or made her cry, John came to the rescue and proved an able champion.

The years sped on, and the prosperity and good fortune of the farm grew on apace. The homespun linen in the cupboard was piled up high, and the pennies in the trunk were first turned into silver and then into gold. When the lease ran out, the farm became Hubert's property. He bought adjoining acres and planted them with grain, and the cows and calves in his stables augmented beyond his hope.

"The strange child has brought us luck," Mother Kathrine was wont to say, until she forgot altogether that Liz was not her own flesh and blood.

"John must have the advantage of a better education than I had," declared Hubert, when the lad was 18 years old. "I'll send him to a good commercial college, and I'll keep him there as long as he can find anything to learn."

So John was sent away a good many hundred miles from home. The farmer's boy should see the world. He shouldn't choose his vocation ignorant of its ways, and if he found anything that gratified his tastes better than the simple farm life, Hubert was willing to make the sacrifice and set him up in business.

After three years John came back, ready to settle down and live and work on the farm like his father. He found Liz as much changed as she found him. Before her stood a broad shouldered man. Self consciousness was in the serious face, and the sprouting mustache suited it well. The half grown girl he remembered had blossomed into a beautiful maiden.

Soon after John's return Hubert and Kathrine wondered why their boy and girl, who had been the best of friends all their lives, no longer got along well together. There were little bickerings and differences all the time. When Liz was gay, John was mad, and when he teased her she resented it. When, as was often the case at first, he sat down for a quiet, confidential chat with her, she snubbed him and gave him crusty answers, and when he ordered her about, as men like to do with their women folk, she flew into a rage. Out of their insignificant quarrels came serious difficulties. Mother Kathrine, who in all the years of her married life had been accustomed to even, quiet ways, was distressed over the breaking up of her peaceful household. She mediated, admonished, pleaded. It was all in vain. Father Hubert lost his patience and threatened to box his son's ears and drive him from home if he could not get along with the girl. One morning, after another turbulent scene the night before, Liz came with tearful eyes and pale cheeks to her foster mother.

"Mother," she began, "I have been thinking that father should not have cause to send John away on my account. Let me go out to service myself."

At first Mother Kathrine objected. Then she sat down and studied over her daughter's proposition. Perhaps the child was right. It might do her good to eat the bread of strangers, for a little while at any rate.

It did not take Liz long to carry out her plan. The pretty, well behaved girl found service in a small summer resort in the neighborhood. The male guests took a bit more freedom with the pretty lassie than she liked, and the cook proposed to her about once a week. She refused him peremptorily every time, but at last, tired of his persistence, she decided to go home on Sunday to consult with Mother Kathrine about changing her place. How much homesickness had part in this resolution Liz would not own to herself.

Meanwhile John had been unhampered. It was quiet once more about the place since Liz was gone, but they were not any merrier. The two old people missed the girl every hour in the day, and John's face wore a cloud.

"I think it's time for the boy to marry," said Hubert one day to his wife. "The richest girl in the village is casting sheep's eyes at him. If he wants her, I am sure he can get her, and that would be a great good fortune for our John."

"And we, father?"

"We would have Liz at home again."

The richest girl in the village was a miller's daughter, and John grew thoughtful when the subject of his marriage with her was broached to him by his parents. After a little contemplation he came to the conclusion that the miller's daughter was really a good looking lass, who had always shown fondness for him. In future he would not lose an opportunity to play the agreeable to her.

When Sunday came—the old folks had gone off on a visit—John donned his best clothes, and with the silver mounted pipe in his mouth strolled through the village toward the mill. When he came to the milldam, he paused. Here it was where he had pulled Liz out of the water. What a dear little thing she was then! He crossed the brook and glanced into the garden where the miller's daughter sauntered up and down between her flower beds. It seemed strange and foolish to him all at once that he should go in there and propose to her, and the mill and the quaint little house and big forest behind lost all attractiveness for John. He turned and started for home much faster than he had come away.

On the bench under the linden tree sat a girl in holiday dress. In her hand she held a rose. She arose and came toward him, holding out her hand.

"Good afternoon, John," she said.

"Liz!" he cried and in a moment held her in his arms and kissed her soundly. She pushed him aside a bit, and the hot color mounted from her throat to the roots of her dark hair, but she said nothing and went into the house with him.

Within it was shadowy and cool. The blossoms of the linden tree sent their fragrance through the open window and slanting sun rays danced merrily over Mother Kathrine's shining tin plates on the wall.

The bullfinches sang in the trees and the water splashed gayly as it fell from the spout into the trough. John pushed his chair close to the girl's and laid his arm around her shoulder.

Liz shook her head.

"Liz, we've been such good friends always; but we are not brother and sister after all."

"No, that we are not," answered Liz softly.

"And that's why I think you had better be my wife. Will you, Liz?"

Liz said not a word. With downcast eyes she plucked the rose to pieces that still was in her hand, nodded her head and smiled, as she had been wont to smile. The bullfinch finished his song, the linden tree spent its fragrance, and the sun shone on as if nothing had happened, while the lovers sat in the dusk and waited for the home coming of their parents.—St. Louis Republic.

Lady Beaconsfield.

We do not know enough of that strange and attractive personality, the wife of Lord Beaconsfield, and any contributions to our knowledge of her are very welcome. "Though the good fortune of meeting Lady Beaconsfield," says a writer in Cornhill Magazine, "was mine only once I have a strong remembrance of her. It was in the year she died, but she had then, at 80 years old, very evident remains of the vivacity which Disraeli marked when he first met her in 1832. Seen at a distance, in a dimly lighted room, what first struck me about the small, dark, quick eyed figure was the strangeness of its attire—homage, it might have been, to her Dizzy's early tastes. What I suppose should be called the bodice of her gown was a sort of dark crimson or bright claret colored velvet tunic (but like nothing else that I have ever seen), going high in the neck, and with what I took for an order of some kind fastened upon the left breast. This unusual decoration was puzzling till, on being taken up to her, I saw that it was a framed oval miniature of her husband, probably 'by Ross.' This was her decoration, pinned on the breast in exactly the right place."

Pennies Not Popular.

It is estimated that many hundred pennies are collected by the car conductors in the course of a day, and as they cannot turn them in at the end of their day's work they often have trouble in disposing of them. In speaking of this a cable car conductor said to a reporter: "Women are almost sure to give us pennies, and they often search their pocketbooks for these coins. We usually give a number of pennies back in change when a bill is given us, and we see that women get their fair share. The reason why the company will not receive pennies is because it would take too long to count them all."—New York Mail and Express.

Her Sweet Charity.

When a man is so mean and cranky that nobody wants to have anything to do with him, his wife always says he has a peculiar disposition.—New York Press.

PELTING THE EARTH.

A CONSTANT SHOWER OF METEORS INTO OUR ATMOSPHERE.

Some of the Larger Ones Which Reached the Earth Unconsumed. Fragment of a Comet's Tail—The Intense Cold of Space Felt by Man.

The atmosphere forms an armor which is almost impenetrable to the meteors that are constantly pelting the earth. About 2,000 of these wanderers in space hit our atmosphere every 24 hours. Most of the meteors are small. They come rushing through space, strike the atmosphere, and the friction against the molecules of air heats them to a white heat and sets them ablaze. Sometimes part of one may reach the earth; but, as a rule, they are consumed, and the dust alone, cosmic dust, drops upon the surface.

One of the earliest known meteors fell in 204 B. C. in Phrygia, where for a long time it was worshiped. It was carried to Rome and was supposed to be a messenger from the gods. Livy describes a shower of meteoric stones. The people were greatly alarmed, and the senators were demoralized and declared a nine days' festival to propitiate the gods. There is at Mecca a meteorite which fell in 600 A. D. and is still worshiped by the faithful.

In Chinese literature there is mention of meteors which fell in 644 B. C. The oldest known meteorite which was seen to fall is now on exhibition at Ensisheim, Alsace, Germany. In 1492 it came crashing down through the air with a roar that prostrated the peasantry with fright. It buried itself deeply in the earth. It weighed 260 pounds and hangs today in the parish church.

The Chupaderos meteorite, which weighed 25 tons, fell in Chihuahua, Mexico. The largest meteorite known is the Peary stone, which weighs approximately 100 tons. The stone of Canon Diablo weighs at least ten tons and exploded high in air, the pieces being found all over the surrounding country. In Italy several instances are known of the loss of life from meteorites. A peasant was sitting in his cabin and was killed by an iron mass that crashed through the roof. The act was regarded as a visitation of divine anger.

The city of Milan is perhaps the only one that has been struck by a meteorite. A meteorite of several pounds' weight fell in the heart of that city in the year 1660, on the authority of Paolo Maria Tezzayo, and struck a Franciscan monk.

More remarkable are the falls at sea. That a ship should be struck would seem an extraordinary chance, yet a Swedish ship was so struck, the stone killing two of the crew. On Dec. 1, 1896, the ship Walkamming was sailing from New York to Bremen when her officers noticed a brilliant meteor that appeared to be bearing down on the vessel from southeast to northwest. It passed with a loud roar and hissing sound and plunged into the sea ahead of the ship. That it was a meteor of large size was evident, for a few minutes later the ship was struck by a tidal wave.

Even more remarkable was the experience of the British ship Cawdor, which reached San Francisco Nov. 20, 1897. During a severe storm a large and brilliant meteor was observed rushing down upon the ship, and with a roar and filling the air with fumes of sulphur it passed between the masts of the ship and fell into the sea not 50 feet from the rail.

One of the greatest curiosities possessed by man today is a supposed fragment of a comet in Mazapil, Mexico. The fragment is believed to be a part of the tail of Biela's comet. In 1846 something happened in space. A wreck occurred. Biela's comet may have collided with another comet. In any case, the comet divided, and many living observers remember seeing the two parts gradually separating.

Some fatality pursued one part of the comet, and it met its fate in infinite space, literally went to pieces and became a wreck upon the shoreless sea of space. Astronomers predicted that if the comet itself did not appear in 1872 its wreckage would become visible as shooting stars, and this prediction was realized apparently, as on Nov. 27, 1872, there burst from the heavens a cloud of shooting stars. During the display one piece dropped upon the earth and was secured at Mazapil, Mexico, and was declared to be a part of the great comet.

The average meteorite immediately after its fall is intensely hot, but at least one, which was handled immediately after falling, still held the intense cold of space. A few men can say that they have experienced this. A meteorite exploded above Dhurmsala, Kangra and Punjab, India, in 1860, and a section was picked up immediately by some natives, who dropped it with expressions of pain. The explosion had exposed the interior of the meteor, which had been chilled by the intense cold of space and was so cold that its effect was like a burn. This fragment is now to be seen in the Field museum. Of it Dr. Farington, the curator, said, "This is perhaps the only instance known where the cold of space has become perceptible to human senses."—New York Sun.

Unwelcome Suitor.

"Well, Miss Grace, time was, time is, but time shall be no more."

Miss Grace—Why, Mr. Stacy, I hope you don't intend to remain till the clock runs down! It's an eight day timepiece!—Jewelers' Weekly.

Actually Insulting.

Conductor (hastily)—How old is that child?

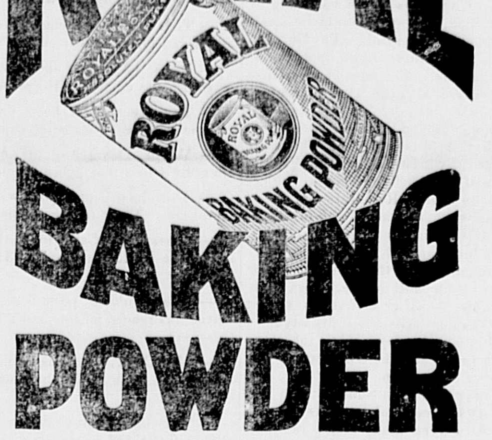
Young Mother (indignantly)—Do I look old enough to have a child old enough to pay fare?—New York Weekly

Old glass bottles, which are more or less useless, are now ground up and employed as a substitute for sand in the preparation of mortar.

Burns' poems have been translated into French, German, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, Bohemian, Danish, Hungarian, Russian and Swedish.

The fear that our kind acts may be received with ingratitude should never deter us from performing such acts.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream of Tartar. Most healthful and efficient of all leavening agents.

Many mixtures, made in imitation of baking powders, are upon the market. They are sold cheap, but are dear at any price, because they contain alum, a corrosive poison.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

OF COURSE IT'S TRUE.

This Story of the Lame Horse and the Young Doctor.

"One reads so many stories about animal intelligence that it would be hazardous for a doubter to express his disbelief in almost any gathering of men at the present day," remarked Dr. W. W. Watkins. "A little instance came within my own observation a number of years ago when I was studying medicine and which convinced me that the members of the horse family at least ought to be credited with the possession of a very considerable quantity of reasoning power. It was the custom for the students at the medical institution at which I pursued my studies to wear a small badge upon their coats to distinguish them from others at the college. A horse belonging to the establishment was used a great deal about the medical department, and the animal seemed to have a special preference for the embryo doctors more than for any other people about the establishment.

"One day, while a number of us were gathered in a little knot upon a small campus in the rear of the college, the animal in question, which used to nip the grass in the location, came toward the group limping very badly. He came to a stop a dozen or more feet from the crowd and, carefully surveying the lot of us, finally made up his mind as to what he wanted to do and without any hesitation limped directly to my side, whinnied, stuck his nose against my body and held up his left foreleg. Looking down, I discovered a large nail imbedded in the frog of his hoof. This had evidently caused the lameness. I then realized the interesting fact that the animal desired attendance. I extracted the nail with some difficulty, and the horse whimpered with relief and walked away. Rather curious as to why the beast had picked me out to attend to his wound, I glanced at the boys and found the solution to the problem. Not one of the group had his medical badge upon his coat but myself. The horse had recognized the insignia, realized its significance and acted accordingly."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

AFRAID OF THE HOODOO.

Why the Street Car Conductor Would Not Cut the Pageant In Twain.

A hearse crossed the track and the motoneer put on the brakes so suddenly that the car nearly stood on its nose. Then he sat down on the front seat to await the passing of the long string of carriages following the black draped vehicle.

A fat man who had nearly been thrown over the front rail by the sudden stopping of the car snorted angrily:

"Why don't you cut across? I've got to catch a train. I can't wait here all day."

"Can't help it, boss. You'll have to wait and catch another train."

"Well, I'll report you to the company. That procession will take five minutes in passing us."

"Report away. I can't help it if the procession takes 20 minutes. You couldn't hire me to run this car across that funeral procession for the best job on the line. That's the worst hoodoo a man could run up against."

"Bah!" said the fat man.

"All right, boss. I know what I'm talking about. One of the best men on this line crossed a funeral procession soon after the trolley system was put in. A live wire dropped on the back of his neck and electrocuted him before he'd gone a block. A little while later another poor fellow cut across back of a hearse. He ran over three children in as many weeks. He quit the road as crazy as a loon. Now the conductor on that same car has lost every cent he had in the world, and his wife and child have died. Bah, yourself! I'd like to see you get off this car and walk across in front of one of those carriages. I'll bet you'd be catchin your last train in this world pretty quick. Jest hop off and try it now."

But the fat man only shifted uneasily about on the hard car seat and waited silently until the last carriage had passed.—New York Telegram.

AN ARTFUL DODGER.

The Story of a Stolen Watch and a Truly Penitent Thief.

Being rich and proud, the old railroad magnate would give a reasonable fortune if this incident in his career had never become public. He had left his office one afternoon, and in front of the building found a crowd, attracted by a passing procession. He was pressing his way through when stopped by a brilliantly handsome young woman whose face wore a troubled look. She wanted to reach a street in the northwestern part of the city and was at a loss what route to take. He gallantly helped her out of the crush, put her on the right car and told her where to get off. Wanting to know the time a few minutes later, he dove into his watch pocket, only to find it unoccupied. A little profanity was followed by a chuckle, for the watch taken was a cheap affair he was carrying while his timepiece was being repaired.

He had never suspected the beautiful young lady, but the next day she appeared in tears and restored the stolen watch. She was sorely pressed for money, had no one to whom she could go for help and had yielded to a momentary impulse. But her conscience gave her no rest until she repented and made restitution. She had thrown herself on his mercy, and the old gentleman was deeply moved. He insisted on her taking $50, to be returned if she was ever in a position to repay, otherwise to be regarded as a gift. Overcome by a joyful reaction, she almost fainted and would have fallen but for the support of her benefactor. When she was gone, he felt as a man who had done a good deed and was on the best of terms with himself. He even looked in the glass to smile congratulations at himself. There he discovered that his big diamond pin was gone. The long pocketbook was missing from the inside pocket of his coat. With a weak hand he reached for his own $500 chronometer, and that, too, had vanished. He told no one but his wife, whom he swore to secrecy. That is how the affair got out.—Detroit Free Press.

Trouble Caused by an "I."

Editor Clugston of the Spiketown Blizzard looked out of the front window of his office, hurriedly grabbed his hat and darted out through the back door, says the Chicago Journal.

The last issue of The Blizzard had contained a personal item to this effect:

"Our young friend, George Corbinson of Thatchersville, was in town again last Sunday. Rumor has it that he will soon lead to the altar a beautiful belle of Spiketown. George is one of the sold young men of our neighboring city."

Editor Clugston had written it "solid young men," but he knew it would be of no use to try to explain the mistake to the large, athletic young woman who was approaching the office.

And so when Miss Euphorbia Lickladder, the acknowledged belle of Spiketown, walked in at the front door a few moments later and inquired in a deep, tragic voice for the editor, Mr. Clugston was emerging from a back alley 2½ blocks away and making for the open country.

Rewarded the Rogue.

Von Moltke was an early riser and loved early risers. Once, while roaming around his Silesian estate at daybreak, he found a peasant woman bearing on her back a sack of potatoes which she had just dug, making a load heavy enough for a mule. "Here's a thaler for you," said the great field marshal. "You see, the early bird catches the worm." Afterward he found out that she was a night thief who had ravaged his fields persistently, but whom his steward had never got up early enough to catch.

Boils.

A person suffering with boils should eschew pastry, gravies and every kind of meat excepting lean mutton. The boils may be brought to a head by using a warm poultice of camomile flowers or boiled white lily root, by fermentation with hot water, or by stimulating plasters.—Good Housekeeping.

The Woburn Journal

FRIDAY, DEC. 29, 1899.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Both last Sunday and Monday were observed as Christmas in this city, as elsewhere over the land. On Sunday the churches were in holiday garb for the celebration of the day, and good music, appropriate to it, was heard in all of them. The evening was devoted to Christmas concerts by the Sunday Schools, some of which however were not so well attended as they would have been but for the pouring rain that sat in not long before the hour for the concerts to open. This untoward event kept children and adults away from the churches and gave a thin appearance to some of the audiences. The services were generally good.

The churches were gaily decked in evergreens, holly with its bright red berries being in some cases the post of honor. Christmas carols were sung by the children, and at the forenoon meetings the ministers retold "The Old, Old Story" to attentive and appreciative congregations. The musicians seemed to be imbued with the true Christmas spirit.

The weather on Monday was glorious, but it was not real Christmas weather. Christmas without snow, frost, and sleighbells, is not a subject to enthuse over. Reindeers harnessed to wheel vehicles loaded with presents; Santa Claus, in his shirtsleeves, without his fur coat and cap, riding over the roofs and down the chimneys of the houses in an automobile, does note create an inspiring Chirstmas scene; but such must have been his style of traveling last Sunday night, for there was no snow, and the temperature was far above the freezing point.

Monday was like Sunday with the religious services and concerts left out. That there were many family reunions and fat Christmas feasts in this city that day is probable; but as a newspaper reporter has no open sesame to private hearthstones and family festival boards, he can shed but little light on that part of the Christmas programme here. There were too, most likely, hearthstones on which no cheerful fire blazed, and tables with scanty garnishings, empty stockings, and burdened hearts; to these Christmas brought but meagre cheer.

But considering what it commemorates and stands for; considering its social pleasues, its gifts, good cheer, and the happiness of the little ones, the glad merry Christmastide is the best holiday in all the year round.

CONTEMPLATED CHANGE.

It has been an open secret for some time past that the administration of the Police Department in this city has been far from satisfactory to Mayor Davis. He has, it is said, thought that his orders for the suppression of vice have not been strictly obeyed, and that there has been a reprehensible lack of vigilance and promptness on the part of police officers in the discharge of their duties which calls for reform in the Department. The report current all over the city that beer was on top, in large quantities, at the Armory during the late city election, is supposed to have strengthened the Mayor's determination to make an overhauling at Police Headquarters.

The story is now circulated that Mayor Davis proposes to depose Chief McDermott and to put in his place Mr. Frank E. Cotton, bookkeeper at Russell's on Beacon st. This report, taken in connection with the *Herald* interview last week, looks plausible, and not a little omnious for the Chief.

As if to give a stronger claim of probability to the above rumors it is added that the Mayor will not reappoint Chairman Blake of the License Board when his term expires next spring, but has concluded to fill the vacancy by the choice of Mr. Percy Linscott of North Woburn. The Mayor was highly incensed at the action of the Board last May in persisting to grant licenses to applicants against his earnest remonstrance, and he has not forgotten that unpleasant affair. Mr. Linscott is the most influential Republican in the Sixth Ward, and he is also an earnest and consistant opponent of the liquor traffic. Thus he and Mayor Davis will be able to work together on the most amicable and effective terms for the suppression of lawlessness in this city.

Whether these reports are true or not, their extreme probability warrants belief in them.

THE DELEGATES.

Already the newspapers are discussing the question of delegates to the Republican National Convention which is to be held at Philadelphia on the 19th of next June. Our State will be entitled to 30 delegates, four at large, and 26 from the Congressional Districts. There will also be chosen 30 alternates.

The names already mentioned in this District and likely to receive consideration are: Hon. William S. Knox of Lawrence, who has also been mentioned for one of the delegates at large, William T. Kimball of the same city, Hon. Frederick Lawton of Lowell, William Adlin of Andover, W. H. I. Hayes of Lowell, and others.

Should Judge Edward F. Johnson of Woburn desire the honor he will doubtless receive strong support in the convention.

☞ The Great and General Court of Massachusetts will meet on the first Wednesday of January, 1900, which, if our almanac is not in fault, will be next Wednesday. The Speakership of the House will be settled at a Republican caucus to be held on Tuesday, Jan. 2. We hope and pray that J. J. Myers will not get it, and that Charles R. Saunders will.

☞ The Lovell Arms Company of Boston made an assignment last Tuesday. They were connected with the Globe Bank that failed a few days ago, and with the Squire companies, whose failure was a severe blow to some large Boston business concerns. Speculation did it.

The adoption by the Government of the orignal Spanish name of Puerto Rico and the official dropping of the hybrid name of Porto Rico is worth noting.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

H. M. Aldrich—Citation.
Richardson Bros.—Goods.
Andrew Cone—Salesmen.
Five Cents Sav. Bank—Notice.

— Saturday was another elegant day.

— Who is to be Fresident of the Council?

— Frank A. Locke, piano tuner, see card on this page.

— New Year presents at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Tuesday morning was one of the coldest of the season.

— The city schools are enjoying their holiday vacation.

— There was a fine rain last Sunday evening. It was needed.

— Get your Shoes Repaired at Leathe's. Taps sewed on.

— Mr. F. P. Brooks has been at his old home in Ashby this week.

— The days have lengthened three minutes. Quite a little addition.

— It was 12 degrees above yesterday morning, the coldest of the season.

— The streets have been too dusty at times this week for solid comfort.

— Mayor Davis and the Madame ate their Christmas goose out of town.

— This has been a poor winter for plumbers. Their turn will come next.

— Caps, Caps, Caps, in all the leading shape at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— The Woburn postoffice beat its Christmas record for business all hollow this year.

— Mr. C. M. Strout is squarely on his feet again and doing business at the old stand.

— The decorations at the Baptist church last Sunday were very beautiful and artistic.

— Kindergartens are a part of the public school system in Boston; why not in Woburn?

— Canvas coats wool lined water proof sleeves $3.00 at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— There is considerable scarlet fever in this city. In some families several children are sick with it.

— Ald. B. H. Nichols won a good fat turkey at the Towanda Club bowling match last Saturday night.

— We are in receipt of a handy little calendar from Mr. Charles B. Leathe, card and job printer at Norwood.

— The College boys now in this city will soon return to the various institutions of learning to which they belong.

— As usual just before the installation of a new city government considerable anxiety pervades City Hall these days.

— Towanda Club will give their second annual ball on Jan. 12. Music will be furnished by the Boston Cadet Orchestra.

— Supt. Wallis of the Electric Light Co. has a fine new dwellinghouse at Winchester. We are sorry to lose him as a citizen.

— This evening Friday Night Club will give their great Fancy Dress Ball in Lyceum Hall. It is bound to be a grand affair.

— Have you bought one of our $1.25 umbrellas steel rod paragon frame and are warranted fast black at Richardson's, 431 Main st.

— Mr. E. J. Gregory of Boston, a former Woburn resident, spent last Wednesday in this city. He is in the real estate business.

— Benjamin Champney's sale of his painting in Boston last week was quite successful. It was a handsome exhibition of fine pictures.

— The stores were not stripped of holiday goods at Christmas time. There are a plenty left for New Year presents in all of them.

— Presumably Supt. Emerson is farming in Northern New Hampshire this week. At anyrate, he is not seen in these parts just now.

— Police Ball tonight. Dress coats and white gloves will be all the rage. It is the annual ball in aid of the Police Association fund, a worthy object.

— Charles R. Rosenquist, 36 Green st. Woburn, sells New Sewing Machines for $10.00 and up. Any first class make for $30.00. Call or write.—tf.

— It was the remark of everyone that the Christmas decorations and trimmings of the stores and shops in this city were finer this year than ever before.

— It may be a little in advance, slighly premature, as some would say, but all the same, we wish everybody a Happy New Year, and many returns thereof.

— Capt. Edward E. Parker has a change of card in this issue of the JOURNAL to which we direct attention. The Captain is an expert in his line of business.

— Anthony Kerrigan, who recently died at Manila, belonged to Capt. L. E. Hanson's Company and enlisted here for the war. He was well known in this city.

— The last lecture in the Burbeen Free Course will be given on Tuesday evening, Feb. 13, by Russell W. Porter, whose subject will be "Summer in the Arctic."

— Administrations may come and Administrations may go but John Connolly, Janitor, and Edward Simonds, Messenger, are City Hall fixtures and will remain so forevermore.

— It is fourteen miles from Schenectady to Troy, but it is a great deal more from Springfield back to Woburn, where the Empire Stock Company was formed.—*Boston Transcript.*

— We have received from the well known Boston firm of Winslow, Rand & Watson, the wholesale tea and coffee merchants, a very fine calendar for 1900, for which we return thanks.

— The Stationary Engineers Association have elected the following officers: President, F. E. Strout; Vice President, Elma Sopher; Secretary, Edward P. Pollard; Financial Secretary, Walter Dutton; Treasurer, Wallace W. Ward; Conductor, P. J. Woods; Doorkeeper, Everett Perry.

Carpets.

Our business has been the selling of Carpets and Rugs for considerably more than three-quarters of a century—since 1817, to be exact.

Our stock is at all times by far the largest in New England — including many choice private patterns which we control exclusively.

Our prices are invariably at the lowest point.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
CARPETS AND UPHOLSTERY,
658 Washington St. (opp. Boylston St.), Boston.

All goods delivered FREE at residences in Woburn.

Insure your Property in Solid Companies!

S. B. GODDARD & SON,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agency
New Savings Bank Building, Woburn, Mass.
Telephone No. 31-2.

Assets of Companies represented over Thirty Millions.
Losses promptly adjusted and paid at this office.
Boston Office—No. 93 Water Street.

— Holiday neckwear in all the leading styles at Richardson's, 431 Main street.

— It is expected that the Fancy Dress Ball at Lyceum Hall this evening will be the gayest affair of the season. Beauty and gallantry will reign supreme.

— Philip McCarron, the driver, keeps the steamer horses looking fine this winter. They are a big pair of chaps but as supple as colts. Driver McCarron is proud of them, and well he may be.

— The New City Government will be installed at 3 o'clock next Monday afternoon in Lyceum Hall. The ceremonies are expected to be quite impressive. The Mayor will read a long Inaugural Address.

— Wakefield people are trying to exterminate the English Sparrow. We didn't dream of their being so far behind the times. Exterminate the E. S! It can't be did. And why should anybody want to get rid of them?

— The New officers of Crystal Fount Lodge, Odd Fellows, are: S. E. Kendrick, N. G.; T. A. McLean, V. G.; A. L. Perham, R. S.; A. J. Foster, P. S.; O. M. Brooks, T.; H. S. Dickinson, Trustee for 3 years.

— Next Monday the postoffice will close at 9 o'clock in the morning and remain closed until 6 p. m., when the doors will be thrown open and remain so until 7.30. This is by order of the P. O. Department at Washington.

— We have received a neat card of invitation from Mayor Davis to attend the Inaugural ceremonies of the new city government at Lyceum Hall next Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock, for which he will please accept our thanks.

— House To Let, centrally located at 12 Walnut street, 100 feet from Main street. House contains 12 rooms and bath, steam heat furnished. Possession given at once. Apply to A. L Richardson & Bro., 431 Main street.

— Stoneham G. A. R. Post, 75, will be visitors at the grand installation ceremonies of Burbank Post, 33, on Thursday night, Jan. 4. Burbank must make extra provision for this visit, for Stoneham people are great trenchermen.

— The prospect for a good ice crop is not flattering. The dealers are growing just a bit anxious, but they need not, for there will be a plenty of the article and opportunities to fill their houses between this and the ides of March.

— It is fair to presume that many new resolutions will be made next Monday, many pledges signed, many new leaves turned over. Here's hoping they will all stick and hang on until the beginning of the 20th century, if no longer.

— The case against a big Italian named Antonio Barbett for assault on James Creighton at North Woburn last Sunday evening came up in the District Court yesterday morning but was postponed to next Tuesday on account of Creighton's inability to leave his bed.

— Next Monday is New Year's Day, the first in the year 1900, also the first of the last year in the 19th Century. Whoever lives to see its anniversary will witness the advent of a new Century, the 20th, a fact not easy to realize. How true it is that "time flies like a weaver's shuttle!"

— The Barker Lumber Co. of this city, one of the largest in the county, have furnished 3-quarters of a million of lumber for the big new leather factory of Beggs & Cobb at Winchester. They keep a heavy stock of all kinds of lumber and have every modern facility for handling it.

— The new School Board will organize next Monday evening. The three new members will be broken in, at least they will be put through the first degree. It may be that Mrs. Adams will be elected Chairman. She held the position some time ago, and made a fine presiding officer.

— When the 15 Aldermen of the City of Woburn assemble in Lyceum Hall next Monday afternoon, January 1, 1900, how many of them can stand up and say that in 1642, the first Board of Selectmen of Woburn, seven in number, were Edward Johnson, Edward Converse, John Mousal, William Learned, Ezekiel Richardson, Samuel Richardson and James Thompson? That the first Representative was Edward Johnson, who served in that capacity 28 years, and for 30 years was Town Clerk? Not half of them, we'll be bound to say.

— Read carefully the change in L. E. Hanson & Co's card.

— Worthley, the optician will make his next visit here on Jan. 25.

— It is as good as settled that William E. Blodgett is to be President of the next City Council.

— Relief Corps 84, will hold a Social Assembly at G. A. R. Hall on Jan. 12. Tickets, men's 35 cents, women's 10 cents.

— The next Assembly of the series conducted by the Rifle Team of the Mechanic Phalanx will be given on Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, at the Armory.

— Henry R. Simonds, provision dealer of Winchester, living at 118 Main street, was killed at the Centre crossing in Winchester about 8 o'clock Wednesday evening by attempting to cross the tracks after the passing of an extra freight and being struck by the 7.30 passenger express out from Boston.

— The residence of Deacon E. E. Thompson on Montvale ave. was the scene of a pleasant Christmas reunion last Monday. Children, children-in-law, and grandchildren filled the house and did ample justice to a large fat Christmas turkey with trimmings and all that go to constitute a fine holiday dinner.

— The hook and ladder house on Montvale avenue is fit to live in once more after expending $2,000 in alterations and repairs. It is presumed that Charley Buckley, the driver, feels more comfortable than he did while occupying the old shell of a building that was liable to fall down on him at any moment.

— Mr. Willis L. Varney, junior and managing member of the wideawake and successful jewelry firm of L. E. Hanson & Co., went to South Berwick, Maine, last Sunday morning to spend Christmas with "the Old Folks at Home," in other words, with his relatives and friends down there. He returned Wednesday noon.

— The birthdays of Mr. Robert P. Turnbull and his daughter, Miss Carrie E. Turnbull, fell on the same day, Dec. 15, and to honor the occasion Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ruggles gave a fine party on that evening at the Turnbull home, 16 Plympton street. A large number of people were present and the party was a very happy affair.

— The interval between Christmas and New Year's Day is worse even and harder to endure than the season familiarly known as "'twixt hay and grass." It is a time of reaction after the fever of the greatest holiday in the calendar, a relaxation of the nervous system, characterized by personal and business dullness, and dead loads of warmed over Christmas victuals. Sunday quiet can't hold a candle to it.

— There will be Vesper services in the Unitarian church at 5 P. M., Sunday, Dec. 31, with the following programme;

Prelude. — Handel
Anthem. O Lord, open Thou our lips. — F. H. Lewis
Cornet obligato by Mr. W. W. Crosby.
Hymn. Tune, Germany.
Anthem. And there were shepherds. — F. H. Lewis
Solo parts by Miss Bond, Miss Ramsdell, Mr. George N. Parker, and Mr. Cutler.
Hymn. Tune, Temple.
Cornet Solo by Mr. Crosby.
Hymn. Tune, Duke Street.
Postlude. Hallelujah Chorus. — Handel.

— Woburn people, lovers of art, should not fail to visit Victorian Corridor in the old Providence Depot in Boston and see Mons. J James Tissot's great paintings illustrating the Life of Christ, exhibited under the auspices of the American Art Association of New York, represented by Major J. B. Pond. The paintings will remain in Boston only until January 7. The corridor is open to visitors from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m, and on Sundays from 1.30 to 10 p. m.

— James W. Feeney was found drowned in Town Meadow Brook early on Monday morning. He was about 33 years old and lived near Rag Rock. It was supposed that in crossing the Meadow late Saturday night he became bewildered and left the footpath, and in some way fell into the water, which was only a few inches deep where he lay. As soon as found Undertaker Lawrence Reade was called and took charge of the body. There were indications that Feeney made a struggle to save himself, but failed.

— There are at the present time 36 inmates of the City Almshouse, which is about the number there last year at this date, and an average of the year. Mr Fezette, the Master, conducts the institution in a businesslike manner, and under his management many important improvements have been made. He is popular with his boarders, and enjoys the confidence of the Board of Overseers of the Poor. In short, he is the right man in the right place.

— It is only 11 above at the JOURNAL Weather Bureau this morning. That is the coldest yet.

— The L. C. S. and Alliance of the Unitarian church will meet Thursday afternoon, Jan. 4. Supper at 6.30 followed by speaking on "The Bright Side of Professional Life" by members of the professions. Tickets 25 cents. All invited.

— Last Monday the employees of the Woburn Electric Light, Heat & Power Company presented Mr. Louis R. Wallis, Treasurer of the Company and General Superintendant of the Works, with a fine handsome bookcase, which was most gratefully and graciously received. It was a neat Christmas present, all the more acceptable for being a surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Wallis. The Treasurer in return did the handsome thing by the generous donors.

— No surer sign of good luck could have come to the City Hall incumbents than the visit of the screech owl that warbled his Christmas carols from the limb of a tree on the Common last Monday evening. The weird music scared the men at Police Headquarters and attracted a large company of surprized listners, but no sweeter melody ever fell on the ears of officeholders, for they knew it meant good fortune to them. And after that the little owl spread its pinions and disappeared into the dark and gloom of night. He is not a bird of evil omen, but a prophet of good, and in ancient times was the especial favorite of Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom.

— A fine evening was vouchsafed for the lecture in the Burbeen Free Course Tuesday, and it was taken advantage of by a large and attentive audience. William G. Ward gave "The Novel, and The Short Story," a subject which he made exceedingly interesting by masterly handling. Naturally one wouldn't expect to get a great deal of satisfaction out of such a theme, but those who heard Mr. Ward found that it was filled with the best and most nourishing and palatable kind of meat. The next number will be given by Robarts Harper on the evening of Jan. 9, whose subject is to be: "Round the World in a Man o' War," fully illustrated.

— The South End Social Club have elected officers as follows: President, John W. Lyons; Vice President, Terrence J. McManus; Recording Secretary, William H. Murray; Financial Secretary, John H. Dunnigan; Treasurer, Patrick H. Martin; Auditors, George F. Mylett, George H. Bogart, William Marshall; Board of Investigation, George F. Mylett, William E. Sweeney, George H. Bogart, John H. Dunnigan, Patrick F. Walsh; Board of Directors, Terrence J. McManus, Frederick W. Bartlett, William L. Jones, James W. Martin, John J. Ryan; Sentinel, William H. Hogan. The Club will give a social in their hall on Friday evening, Jan. 12.

— As regularly as the years roll round and Christmas makes its annual appearance our esteemed friend, Mrs. Mary Jennings, lays a fine Christmas offering on our table. Many and many a time we have been the happy recipient of her generous bounty, which has always been appreciated and felt grateful for. Mrs. Jennings did not forget us this year, but remembered us more liberally than ever, if possible. Her present was nice, appropriate and on a large scale. The only mistake she made was not sending a jobbing wagon with them in which to take the goods home, and also in entertaining an idea that the Editor of a country newspaper needed a pocketbook. We thank the good woman for her kind thought of us and her highly appreciated gifts.

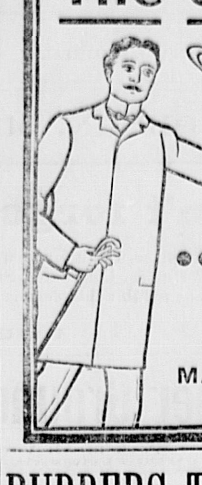
— It is the opinion of not a few people who profess to carry artistic eyes in their heads that the location of the Rumford monument is a mistake. It is too large for the grounds, or that particular spot on them, and its tendency is to dwarf the Library building. Many think that the proper place for it would have been in front of the rotunda, or women's Reading Room, facing up street, where its appearance would have been more in the nature of a complement to the building than it now is, and where its size and boldness would have detracted less from the rare beauty of the noble structure which holds one of the largest and best public libraries in the State. In other words, many persons think that that structure, erected at a cost of $100,000, ought not to be made to "play second fiddle" to the monument, or any other addition to the beautiful grounds. "When doctors disagree who shall decide?" The Trustees.

— A delightful Christmas party was given last Monday afternoon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs Charles H. Taylor, 23 Pleasant street, in honor of Marion, the 3-years old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Taylor, and a company of her juvinile friends. The guests were; Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Marion and their children Clara and Harold, Mrs. D. L. Smith and daughter Dorothy of Watertown, Mrs. E. B. Sullivan and daughter Mildred of Roxbury, Mr. Everett Cummings of West Medford, Mrs. Agnes Champney, Mrs. Bessie Lesquereux, Mr. Sherman M. Burton, and both Editors of the JOURNAL. The children formed a procession, marched to the parlor, and seated themselves in front of a large Christmas tree, the branches of which were laden with presents, which Mr. George H. Taylor proceeded at once to distribute among the guests, young and old. Every person received a Christmas gift, and some of them many. Mr. Charles H. Taylor tuned up a melodophone which furnished fine music for the occasion and contributed to its pleasures. The distribution of the presents gave rise to a great deal of merriment, and the party, from first to last, was a lively and happy one.

When Mr. Gladstone was chided for "throwing away the Transvaal," he asked his critics whether, if they had a serpent in their hands which was about to inflict a poisonous bite, they would not be inclined to throw it away. The simile is recalled at the present time as evidence of Mr. Gladstone's sagacity.

The fact that Yale has gained only six students in a year must make them feel bluer than ever at New Haven.

The Coming Man



will unquestionably continue to wear clothing of our make, just as the man of the present now does.

In quality of materials, in "style," and in excellence of fit and finish our

..Clothing

certainly is not surpassed anywhere.
PRICES are always moderate.

MACULLAR PARKER COMPANY,
400 Washington Street, BOSTON.

RUBBERS THAT WILL WEAR.

That may seem rather funny to you, reader, especially if you have been wearing out eight or ten pairs during the winter. We are the sole agents in Woburn for the

THISTLE BRAND OF RUBBERS.

They are made in Philadelphia, and we think they will outwear two pairs of any other make of Rubbers, and they cost no more than any other first quality Rubber.

The people have been asking for RUBBERS THAT WILL WEAR, and now we have them why not TRY A PAIR?

A. BUCKMAN, 383 MAIN STREET.

Fires.

Last Tuesday evening the foundry and machine shop of F. S. Bassett & Co. at No. 5 Conn street was totally destroyed by fire with all its contents. The fire companies were promptly on the ground and succeeded by hard fighting to save several buildings in close proximity to the shop. Chief Littlefield and the men did excellent work. The origin of the fire was not discovered and conflicting stories concerning it were told. The buildings have before this been damaged by fire, but never entirely consumed. A horse, wagon and harness were rescued from the burning barn. The loss was $23,000 and insurance $18,000.

The alarm from box 36 at 5.53 Wednesday evening was for a fire caused by an overturned lamp in the house of John Sullivan on Elijah street. Damage slight.

The alarm from 58 at 8.45 Wednesday evening was for a fire that totally destroyed a shed and partially burning the dwellinghouse of Hugh Rooney situated off Garfield Ave.

A Narrow Escape.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada E Hart, of Groton, S. D "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God, I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at Gordon Parker's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

Christmas Tree at the Baptist Church.

The children of the Baptist Sunday School were given a rare treat last Saturday evening. From 7 to 8 a most interesting collection of stereopticon views were shown including scenes from our own and foreign lands, picturesque and ludicrous groups, and closing with the face of the popular pastor, Dr. C. B. Crane, which received a most cordial and hearty greeting. Messages were frequently received over the telephone that Santa Claus was on the way and at last his arrival was announced. On hearing the news all made a grand rush for the right-hand corner of the vestry where stood a large chimney with ample fire-place, making a very convenient entrance for the jolly saint. Sure enough, down he came in the expected way, but he had left his reindeers on the roof. He received a noisy but enthusiastic greeting and made his way to the centre of the vestry where stood the crowning joy of the evening a beautiful Christmas tree, its graceful branches laden with gifts for all the young people. Each scholar in the kindergarten, primary and intermediate departments received a gift, a bag of candy and an orange. It was a most enjoyable time for everyone present.

A Sure Cure for Croup.

Twenty-five Years' Constant Use without a Failure.

The first indication of croup is hoarseness, and in a child subject to that disease it may be taken as a sure sign of the approach of an attack. Following this hoarseness is a peculiar rough cough. If Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is given as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the croupy cough appears, it will prevent the attack. It is used in many thousands of homes in this broad land and never disappoints the anxious mothers. We have yet to learn of a single instance in which it has not proved effectual. No other preparation can show such a record—twenty-five years' constant use without a failure. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

The Modern "Junius Letters."

"An American Mother" will conceal the identity of one of the most prominent women of the day in the authorship of a series of singularly frank articles about to begin in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. The articles will deal with the vital questions entering into modern American womanhood, and the directness of their character is in a way revealed in the title of the first article, "Have Women Robbed Men of Their Religion?" which the writer boldly answers in the affirmative. The series will then go on and deal with the exact conditions prevailing in girls' colleges, revealing an unusually keen insight, and drawing some emphatic deductions which will awaken unusual interest.

The war correspondents are said to be having a hard time with Gen. Buller.

HALLET & DAVIS CO.
179 Tremont St.
WOBURN OFFICE:
Moore & Parker's, 375 Main Street.
Telephone: Oxford 630.

Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R.

At 7.30 o'clock Thursday evening, Jan. 4, the officers of Burbank Post, 33, G. A. R., will be duly installed at their Hall, No. 424 Main street, this city.

The occasion will be honored with the presence of Comrade John E. Gilman, Commander Department of Mass. G. A. R., accompanied by Past Dept. Commander, Joseph W. Thayer, who will install the officers of the Post for the year 1900.

The official ceremonies will be followed by a rousing, old-fashioned Camp Fire, with an appropriate programme of song, speech and story. It is intended to make the occassion a notable one in the history of the Post.

Commander Bernard Fletcher, and Adjutant Albert P. Barrett, in behalf of the Post, have sent out a large number of invitations to people here and abroad to come and witness the ceremonies and partake of the abundance of good cheer which will be provided for them.

The Commonwealth, the City, the Press, and the other branches of society, will be represented and respond to toasts.

It is the intention of Post 33, to make this a red letter day, or night, and an occasion to be marked by a white stone.

Adjt. Barrett says it is expected the grand time will be kept up all night.

Woman's Club.

The last meeting of the Woman's Club was held in Music Hall, Dec. 15

"Current Events" were concisely given by Mrs. Clara N. Kelley. The lecture for the afternoon, Subject: "Beacon Lights of the Century in England," was read by Miss Frances J. Dyer. Miss Dyer divided the great men of the century into three groups; statesmen, literary men, and reformers.

The lives of such men as Pitt, Fox, Peale, Gladstone, Wordsworth, Burns, Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Livingstone were briefly touched upon.

Incidentally many important facts in English History were narrated.

The next meeting of the Club will be Jan. 5. Business meeting at three o'clock followed by an hour of story telling for the children at four o'clock. Mrs. Elizabeth G. Rutan will narrate the stories. Each member may bring one child as her guests. Refreshments will be served.

The date of Gentlemen's Night has been changed to Jan. 12.

L. B. B., Clerk.

My son has been troubled for years with chronic diarrhœa. Some time ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefitted —THOMAS C. BOWER, Glencoe, O. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

First Church Notes.

The Sunday School of the First church of Christ in Woburn will hold a Social and Entertainment in the church vestries on Jan. 1, 1900 Social from 6 30 to 7.30. Entertainment by a celebrated Boston impersonator from 7.30 to 8 30, followed by light refreshments. All present members of the school over 13 and all past members are very cordially invited.

In reply to many inquiries the announcement is made that copies of Rev. Mr. Scudder's catechism may be found at the drug store of Mr. F. P. Brook's.

The First church is planning a special service for Sunday evening at 7 o'clock to close out the old year 1899. Miss Trecartin has kindly consented to sing. Dr. Scudder will preach. Don't fail to take this in.

Gordon Parker, druggist, guarantees, every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and will refund the money to any one who is not satisfied after using two-thirds of the contents. This is the best remedy in the world for la grippe, coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough and is pleasant and safe to take. It prevents any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia.

MISS BANCROFT
WILL RESUME
PIANO-FORTE INSTRUCTION
☞ Class Lessons if desired.
12 Franklin St., Woburn.
Tuesdays and Fridays at 153 Tremont Street, Boston.

Miss Maude H. Littlefield,
VIOLIN INSTRUCTION,
79 Prospect St., Woburn.
Miss Maud H. Littlefield wishes to announce that she will receive pupils desiring violin instruction after Oct. 1, 1899.

MISS IRMA G. TAY,
Private Instruction
— IN —
Modern Piano Playing.
56 Bow St., Woburn, Mass.

MISS NELLIE E. PLATTS
Will receive pupils in Piano-forte Instruction
ADDRESS:
87 Montvale Avenue, WOBURN

MISS DORA ALLINE WINN.
Pianoforte Instruction,
6 Highland St., WOBURN.

Boston Blend
Coffee
25c. per lb.

If you think you are getting Mocha and Java Coffee at a low price you are mistaken. If you buy

Boston Blend

you do not get Mocha and Java but you do get a pure, mild, aromatic, and fine flavored Coffee, better than nine tenths of the Coffee sold today as Mocha and Java.

Try a pound of the best Coffee sold for the money. You will like it.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House
351 Main Street.
FITZ & STANLEY.

It is tolerably certain that both houses of Congress will feel that this is not the time for passing any declaratory resolution regarding the Philippines which could possibly be interpreted as giving aid and comfort to men who are resisting the authority of the United States.

When the House again assembles, the last vacancy, with the exception of the seat claimed by Mr. Roberts, will have been filled through the recent election in the Seventh Kentucky district. The House contains 185 Republicans, 164 Democrats and eight Populists and miscellaneous.

The dispatches about a Fenian invasion of Canada are sheer rubbish. It was tried two or three times a generation ago, when the Fenian organization amounted to something, but a few United States Deputy Marshals sent the invaders home from the border.

Maine, the most maritime of all our States, has waited long to organize her naval reserve, but it ought to be a good one. The Pine Tree State always had a great reputation for seamenship, and she doubtless has, relatively, more practical sailormen today than any State in the country.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

SALVATION ARMY.—Meetings every evening at 8 o'clock. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. and 3 and 8 P. M. No. 26 Montvale Ave.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.—Services at G. A. R. Hall, Savings Bank Building, Sunday morning at 10.45. Subject: "God." All are welcome.

UNITARIAN.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Time as Opportunity." Sunday School at 12 M. Vespers with Sermon at 5 P. M. Annual Meeting of the Ladies Charitable Society with Supper Thursday evening.

METHODIST.—Preaching by the pastor Rev. F. Woods at 10.30 A. M. Sunday School at 12 M. Epworth League Meeting at 5.45 P. M. General Prayer Meeting at 7 P. M. Class Meetings Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Friday at 7.30 P. M.

CONGREGATIONAL.—At 10.33 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Sunday School at 12 M. Christian Endeavor at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Grand Closing Service of the year. Singing by Miss Trecartin. Sermon by Dr. Scudder. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST.—At 10.30 A. M. preaching by Rev. C. B. Crane. Subject: "Make Room for Him." Sunday School at 12 M. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting at 5.45 P. M. At 7 P. M., Service of Praise and Preaching. Subject: "I Thirst." Fifth in Series of Scenes from Calvary. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.45 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN.—Sunday after Christmas. Preaching by the pastor at 10.30 A. M. Subject: "The Nazarene."
Sunday School at 9 30 A. M.
At 7 P. M., Christmas Festival of the Sunday School.
At 9.30 P. M., New Year's Wake.
Wednesday, at 7.45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Rev. N. E. Kron, A. M., Pastor.

SCANDINAVIAN EV. FREE CHURCH.—At 10.30 A. M., preaching by the pastor. Subject: "Waymarks."
Sunday School at 12 M.
At 7 P. M., Special Service for Young People.
At 10 P. M., New Year Watch.
Wednesday, 7.30 P. M., Prayer Meeting.
Friday, at 7.30 P. M., Service in the Congregational Church, Winchester.
Ludwig Akeson, pastor.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL.—Sunday after Christmas.
Morning Prayer at 10.30.
Sunday School at 12 M.
Evening Prayer at 7.
Music by the Vested Choir.

Married.

In this city, Dec. 20, by Rev. Doremus Scudder, Benjamin Edwards and Minnie L. Bonnell, both of Woburn.

In this city, Dec. 24, by Rev. Hans Rebane, John Yanawitz and Emma Granbitz, both of Woburn.

In Somerville, Dec. 24, by Rev. C. B. Crane, Cyrus F. Lamb of Woburn, and Margaret E. Fuller of West Somerville.

In this city, Dec. 26, by Rev. N. E. Kron, August Akeson and Annie C. Nelson, both of Woburn.

Died.

Date, name, and age, inserted free; all other notices 10 cents a line.

In this city, Dec. 21, Abraham M., son of Benjamin and Sarah Benjason, aged 6 months.

In this city, Dec. 21, Earnest Bickford, aged 17 years, 4 months, 27 days.

In this city, Dec. 22, Frank T. Meehan, aged 26 years, 2 months, 7 days.

In this city, Dec. 23, Thomas, son of Thomas and Mary Connolly, aged 1 month, 5 days.

In this city, Dec. 23, James H. Feeney, aged 31 years.

In this city, Dec. 27, Mary A. Buckman, aged 85 years, 3 months, 2 days.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We have now on sale our line of Goods for the Holiday Season.

We invite you to inspect the same believing it will be of mutual benefit to all. We mention a few lines only:

Raphel Tuck's Cards, Booklets and Calendars, Novelties in Fine China, Glass and Art Pottery, Sterling Silver Novelties, Games, Perfumery, Sachet Powders, and Fancy Soaps.

Handkerchiefs and Fancy Linen Goods and Novelties in nearly every department.

COPELAND & BOWSER.

Swedish Lutheran Church Notes.

The early service on Christmas was attended by more people this year than ever before.

Tuesday evening Mr. August Akeson and Miss Annie Nelson were united in marriage at the parsonage.

Thursday evening the pastor attended a Christmas festival in the Swedish Lutheran church in Boston. He sang two solos and gave a short talk.

Members of the church and a few others had made up a handsome purse for the pastor. It was awaiting him on the pulpit and at the end of the sermon the pastor rendered his thanks.

Next Sunday evening the Sunday School will have charge of the festivities, which will begin promptly at seven. At the close of this festival all who can do so, are invited to await the beginning of the New Year in the vestry of the church.

Spain's Greatest Need.

Mr. R. P. Olivia, of Barcalona, Spain, spends his winters at Aiken, S. C. Weak nerves had caused severe pains in the back of his head. On using Electric Bitters, America's greatest Blood and Nerve Remedy, all pain soon left him. He says this grand medicine is what his country needs. All America knows that it cures liver and kidney trouble, purifies the blood, tones up the stomach, strengthens the nerves, puts vim, vigor and new life into every muscle, nerve and organ of the body. If weak, tired or ailing you need it. Every bottle guaranteed, only 50 cents. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Boston Theatres.

THE TREMONT.

An important event in the Boston theatrical season will be Mrs. Fiske's production at the Tremont on New Year's night, of her new play, "Becky Sharp," founded upon Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," by Langdon Mitchell. This is the most elaborate production ever made by this distinguished actress—and all of her productions of recent seasons have been notable—as well as one of the heaviest ever seen in this country. There is a unanimity of opinion that in "Becky Sharp" Mrs. Fiske has a character perfectly suited to her. This character is one that stands out above all others in one of the greatest novels ever written—a novel that literally throngs with strong characters. There is no actress on the stage today—and there seems to be no record of any actress—so peculiarly fitted to give a mental as well as a physical picture of Becky as Mrs. Fiske. Her triumph in the role is a natural corollary from her gifts of mind and person. Mrs. Fiske's company numbers fifty-one persons, and there are more than thirty speaking parts in the play. The "extra people," as they are called in the parlance of the theatre, appear in the great scene of the ball of the Duchess of Richmond, a historical function that the reverberations from the artillery at Waterloo turned into a scene of panic. Mrs. Fiske, instead of employing "supers," has as her figurantes trained actors and actresses.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Cut or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Photographic Illustrations.

The success which the *Boston Journal* is achieving in the printing of half-tone photographic illustrations in its daily editions is attracting marked attention among newspapers and the general public as well. It is a method of illustration which many daily papers have recently tried and in which practically all have failed.

The problem of printing half-tone cuts on fast presses and on paper of the usual newspaper quality has proved too much for them. The success which the *Journal* has made is therefore the more conspicuous. The *Journal* is giving much attention to the news of the English-Boer War, and is illustrating that news with remarkable effect.

As a cure for rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnston of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Gordon Parker, druggist.

Converted at Last.

Senator Hale of Maine, the most earnest and most persistent opponent of the war for liberation, now very frankly accepts the situation in Cuba as he had already accepted the situation in the Philippines. Mr. Hale gives his fellow-Senators to understand that he agrees with them that the Cuban people should be intrusted with self-government as soon as practicable, and that this is very soon. Incidentally, Senator Hale's action is a pleasant tribute to the successful Cuban policy of President McKinley and his Cabinet.—*Boston Journal.*

General Joe Wheeler.

Joseph Wheeler is one of the Brigadier Generals newly confirmed. This means that he steps down one grade from the Major Generalship of Volunteers, which he held in the war with Spain—as, indeed, do Gens. James H. Wilson and Fitzhugh Lee. This was necessary in the reduction of the army from 250,000 to 100,000, for a certain number of men there can be but a certain number of general officers. But no complaint has come from Gen. Wheeler. He still has his chance to serve his reunited country, and it is all the same to him.—*Boston Journal.*

The announcement that England will not divert any more of her troops from India to South Africa except in some emergency, not now foreseen, will relieve a growing sense of insecurity among British residents and officials in India.

Gen. Lawton's solemn words of warning have silenced the outcry of all but one or two of the most violent of "anti-imperialist" newspapers.

WINCHESTER.

This is Ladies Night at the Calumet Club.

The Congregational church give a Social tonight.

The Hill Schoolhouse has been torn down and thus another old landmark disappears.

One of the most useful institutions in this town is the Nursing Association. It will also be the largest if all who need nursing (wet and dry) become its patrons.

Mrs. William G. Bean, Mrs. Rufus Crowell, Mrs. George A. Fernald and Mrs. W. Eugene Wilde will be the matrons at a select dancing party to be given in Lyceum Hall on the evening of Jan. 2.

Waterfield Lodge, Odd Fellows, Monday evening last week, elected the following officers: Noble Grand, J. C. Adams; Vice Grand, W. S. Stinson; Secretary, W. F. Foster; Financial Secretary, J. A. Hersey; Treasurer, F. S. Scales; Trustee for 3 years, J McLaughlin.

Aberjona Council, Royal Arcanum, have elected the following officers: Regent, A. W. Rooney; Vice Regent, Dr. H. L. Shepherd; Treasurer, F. A. Parshley; Collector, F. S. Scales; Secretary, W. F. Foster; Orator, John Fredette; Warden, Charles Lawson; Sentry, F. H. Swan. The officers of this Council will be installed on the evening of Jan. 16.

Following is a list of the new officers of Court Chambly, 122, Foresters of America; Chef Ranger, Louis Chamberland; Sub Chef Ranger, John Grenier; Treasurer, Edgar Goddu; Fin. Sec., Joseph Roy; Recording Sec., Arthur Sussier; Senior Woodward, Elzeard Mitchelin; Junior Woodward, Francois Lacasse; Senior Beadle, Charles Laforte; Junior Beadle, Charles Laforte; Junior Beadle, Alphonse Belange; Trustees, Joseph Larivee, Louis Hubbard, Ermenegile Normandin.

That Throbbing Headache

Would quickly leave you, if you used Dr King's New Life Pills. Thousands of sufferers have proved their matceless merit for Sick and Nervous Headaches. They make pure blood and strong nerves and build up your health, Easy to take. Try them. Only 25 cents. Money back if not cured. Sold by Gordon Parker, Druggist.

Burlington.

The Christmas Concert which was postponed from last Sunday on account of the rain will be held next Sunday evening.

The Annual Festival of the church and congregation will be on Wednesday evening, Jan. 3, at the church. Supper will be served at 7 o'clock. There will be a Christmas tree for the children, music and other exercises. After supper will be the sale of pews for the year 1900.

The fastest miles ridden by bicyclists during the past season were the result of mechanical pacing. In four instances a steam tandem was used, in one instance a motor tandem and in the other a locomotive.

England stands for "the open door" in the far East, but she naturally objects to it at Delagoa Bay, especially as it opens quite directly into the Transvaal.

M. Deroulede, the poet-agitator, ought to be highly pleased. He has insisted that he wanted to be sent to prison, and he has received two sentences, one to three months for insulting the President of France, and one to two years for libeling the Senate.

It is a curious manifestation of the anti-British feeling prevailing just now in Holland that an English weekly in Amsterdam, called the Anglo Dutchman, has been forced to suspend until quieter times.

The more you study the relief work done in Puerto Rico since the midsummer hurricane the deeper must be your conviction that the islanders are fortunate to be under the control of our Government.

It appears that it was not a State law but a city ordinance regulating department stores which the Illinois Supreme Court recently pronounced unconstitutional.

The war in South Africa is having the same effect in England in the restriction of gifts to ordinary charities which the Spanish War had in this country, but on a larger scale.

The Democratic National Committee will meet in Washington Feb. 22.

The Italian Government is in a twitter of satisfaction over the reports of gold discoveries in Erytherea.

Spanish Are Charitable.

The Spanish are among the most charitable people on earth. Without a poor tax, Spanish communities of 50,000 self supporters feed a pauper population of 5,000 or more.

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

If your face is rough and burning, buy a bottle of our unexcelled

WOBURNA LOTION.

It is soothing, healing and cooling; no toilet is complete without it.

F. P. BROOKS, Ph. G., 361 Main St.

THE ARCTIC MOSQUITO.

It Is About the Most Terrible Insect Pest In the World.

"Nothing that has ever been written about the arctic mosquito begins to come up to the real thing," said a guest in the St. Charles corridor the other evening. "I went up the Yukon river in the summer of 1896, representing the Alaska and Dominion Trading company, and we struck mosquitoes as soon as we got into the hills. They are twice as large as our familiar bayou species, and their sting is like the prod of a hot needle. They sweep along the valleys in dense clouds, and if they catch a man unprepared they are liable to blind him before he can escape. I heard stories of children being stung to death and can readily believe them.

"Whenever we went ashore we wore heavy hat nets and took the utmost precaution, but were certain to suffer more or less. One of our party cut the tongues out of his shoes, and a narrow line of sock was exposed under the lacing. Next day he was bitten there at least a hundred times, and his feet were so terribly inflamed that the shoes had to be cut off.

"Another man, a fireman in the boat crew, got drunk on Alaska whisky one afternoon and lay down to take a nap in a corner of the engine room. I noticed him a little later and was horrified at the solid brown mass of mosquitoes that had settled on a small exposed section of his cheek and throat. In an hour his face was swollen out of all resemblance to anything human, he was unable to swallow and was burning with fever. It was a week before he was able to be about. I saw a number of cattle near Fort Hamilton that had been made stone blind by stings near the eye.

"The arctic foothill mosquito is without doubt the most terrible insect pest in the world."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

HUMBLED THE SENATOR.

He Tried to Assert His Independence, but Failed Miserably.

The writer remembers a good many years ago when the late Ezekiel Clarke was a member of the state senate from Johnson county. It is well known that the senator or member from Johnson county is always expected to get a large appropriation for the state university. To fail would be political death. Senator Clarke was anxious to succeed and during the early part of the session voted for everything. If another senator had a bill, all he had to do was to go and whisper in Ezekiel's ear, and he would vote "aye."

One day, however, Ezekiel came into the senate with hair cut and a clean shave. He sat upright in his seat and began to slaughter right and left. State Senator George F. Wright looked across to where the senator from Johnson was sitting and inquired what change had come over the senator from Johnson county. The other senator replied that the appropriation bill for the state university had now passed both houses, and the senator from Johnson was going to make up for lost time.

Clarke kept on punching heads until the senator from Jefferson, Moses A. McCoid, rose and solemnly introduced a bill for an act entitled "An act repealing the appropriation for the state university." A broad smile passed around the room, and everybody except the senator from Johnson saw the joke. But the spirit of levity passed away from Senator Clarke. He at once assumed his humble attitude, and the other boys voted him as usual during the remainder of the session.—Des Moines Capital.

The Architect.

One must wonder why it really is that so little is said or thought about architecture, the grandest, the mother, of all arts, a great, a most useful, science, one in which a greater revolution has lately taken place and in which more progress has been made, with more stupendous results, than in any other, remarks a writer in The International Magazine.

Was it not Richelieu who, paraphrasing an ancient writer, said: "If it is versatility you seek, go find an architect. He must be an artist, or his buildings will offend the eye; an engineer, or they will crumble into trouble; a lawyer, or he will get his patrons into trouble; a doctor, or his buildings will be hygienically unfit to live in, and, last, but not least, he must be a gentleman, or we will have nothing to do with him."

Time to Give Up.

An Iowa judge recently related an amusing incident that had occurred in his court when a colored man was brought up for some petty offense. The charge was read, and as the statement "The state of Iowa against John Jones" was read in a loud voice the colored man's eyes bulged nearly out of their sockets and he seemed overcome with terror and astonishment. When he was asked if he had anything to say or pleaded guilty or not guilty, he gasped out:

"Well, yo' honah, ef de whole state o' Iowa is ag'in dis one pore niggah I'ze gwine to give up right now!"

Dew.

Teacher—How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?

Boy—Well, you see, the earth revolves on its axis every 24 hours, and in consequence of this tremendous pace it perspires freely.—London Tit-Bits.

Tonics.

Willie—Pa, what's a tonic?

Pa—It's something you take to brace you up.

Willie—Well, what's teutonic—something to brace you too much?—Harper's

CAR HORSES HARD TO GET.

The Demand Is Now So Small That the Trade Neglects Them.

One of the most curious effects of the general replacing of horses by electricity and cable traction for drawing street cars is being experienced by one of the extensive car lines in this city which still uses horses. One would suppose that, since the only lines in the whole country which continue to use horses now form but a very small percentage of those which used them five years ago, these lines would have a much wider range of choice and could get horses of a grade superior to the general run of those which used to be offered to them. Remarkable as it may seem, this is the exact opposite of the truth.

The New York city line referred to runs in direct competition with the cable lines of the upper west side, and its managers, who recently purchased it, determined as soon as they came into possession to place upon it a superior lot of horses, and in this way improve its running until mechanical propulsion could be introduced. Orders were sent out to buy the needed horses. Much to the surprise of the managers, it was discovered that there were almost no street car horses of any kind to be bought.

The explanation of this situation lies in the fact that since the demand for street car horses almost ceased the trade machinery by which they were gathered has fallen into disuse. A few years ago the street car horses were one of the most important features of the horse market. They were animals of a standard grade and of almost stable price, and every part of the country contributed its quota. The street car horse had to be big and able and sound of limb and wind, but it might be of any age. Few lasted long enough in the service to make the question of a few years more or less of any consequence. The demand was constant, and the price never varied in New York more than from about $125 to $150 each. Dealers could always count upon getting this price and getting it promptly, and as a consequence every horse which would answer the purpose was a safe investment at a little smaller price, and a clean profit of $10 a horse was regarded as a fair margin in handling them.

Horses of all sorts, which lacked the qualities of speed, beauty or youth, but possessed the other requirements, were quickly sorted out from the markets of the whole country, and every big dealer was always able to gather droves of car horses as fast as the companies needed them. The trolley has superseded the car horses, and car horses are no longer quoted as staples in the market. The companies which still use them are obliged to go out and search the market and buy them one by one instead of simply sending out an order for 100 or 200 or 500 and getting them as readily as they would so many loads of hay or grain.—New York Sun.

Greco-Egyptian Painting.

The remarkable series of portraits found in Egypt are described in The Monthly Illustrator and the methods of the old artists employed.

The methods of these ancient days were totally different from those of the present day and were evidently vastly more durable. Panels of wood were used to paint on—sycamore and cypress—also panels of papier mache, and occasionally they were formed by gluing three thicknesses of canvas together. These panels were usually about 14 inches long by 7 inches wide. The artist used liquid wax instead of oil to mix the colors, which were made not from vegetable, but from mineral substances and were of marvelous brilliancy and permanence—blue powdered lapis lazuli, green malachite, red oxide of iron, etc. The colors were laid on in patches, somewhat after the fashion of a mosaic, and afterward blended with an instrument called the cestrum, which appears to have been a lancet shaped spatula, long handled, with at one end a curved point, at the other a finely dentated edge. With the toothed edge the wax could be equalized and smoothed, while the point was used for placing high lights, marking lips, eyebrows, etc.

The final process, which gives the name encaustic to this kind of painting, was the burning in of the colors. This was done by the application of a heated surface to the panel, though George Ebers believes that in Egypt the heat of the sun was probably all that was needed to complete the artist's work.

The Eye of a Child.

Who can explain or fathom the wondrous instinct of the child? Lying in the arms of its nurse, in its carriage or elsewhere, its large, round, wondering eyes roam over a sea of faces till suddenly its features break into a sweet smile, a baby laugh dances in its eyes, perhaps the tiny hands are extended, and the little body gives a bound as though it would throw itself through space. What has happened? It has recognized a friend, nothing more and no less. It makes no mistake. Wiser, perchance, in that moment of inexperienced helplessness than it will be years afterward, when the world and its inmates have been studied in the light of instruction and experience, its love offering is seldom if ever mistakenly presented. By what power is this child love directed? By what subtle influence does it see and know what in after years it may strive in vain to discern?—Good Housekeeping.

Life In the Suburbs.

"I suppose you know Jinks, who lives out in your suburbs," said the new acquaintance pleasantly, in an effort to be agreeable.

"I know of him," returned the suburbanite coldly, "but the fact is we don't move in the same class."

"No?"

"Oh, dear, no. I go home two trains ahead of him at night and come down one train later in the morning."—Cleveland Leader.

BILLS OVER A CENTURY OLD

They Show Tea to Have Been a Cambridge Student's Favorite Drink.

There is a bill for groceries, etc., furnished for an undergraduate at Cambridge in the year 1788. The bill contains one or two items of furniture. Apparently the undergraduate took over rooms already furnished at a valuation, and certain articles had to be bought new, such as a hearth brush, a pail, a mop and a "Holland gotch." One knows not what this means, but it cost 2 shillings 9 pence (43 cents).

The undergraduate would seem at first sight to have consumed tea in a most reckless manner. On Oct. 24 he is charged 2 shillings for Hyson and 1 shilling 6 pence for Congo. On Nov. 1 he is charged 2 shillings for tea and on the same day, which looks odd, 6 shillings 6 pence for tea. On the 9th of the month he buys a new teapot, the old one, one supposes, worn out with hard service. However, this tea lasts him till the end of the term, so that his tea costs him for the two months no more than 11 shillings, or $2.75, and as the price of tea at this time varied from 8 shillings to about 25 shillings we may conclude that he got through no more than a pound during the term.

In other words, this young man took for breakfast a slight repast of weak tea and bread and butter. Dinner was then served at 12, so that breakfast was only what the Indians call a "chota hazri." On sugar he spent 4 shillings, which means six pounds at 8 pence a pound. On candles he spent 24 shillings 8½ pence, or about 3 shillings a week. He burned wax candles, mold candles and "wax twist." Salt was a shilling a packet. On two occasions he bought sand. Was, then, the floor of his room sanded? It would seem so.—St. Louis Republic.

SOME COVETED SCRAWLS.

Rare Autographs For Which Immense Prices Have Been Paid.

The most prized autographs in the world are those of Shakespeare. Only seven are claimed to exist, three signatures to his will (each with a different spelling), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful) and one in a Tudor translation of Montaigne. This last is in the British museum and cost over 3,000 guineas.

One thousand guineas was the price given by the late Mr. Alfred Morrison of Carlton House terrace for an autograph letter written by Marie Stuart to the archbishop of Guise. This and two other letters (one to the pope and the other to the king of France) were written by the unfortunate queen of Scots on the morning of her execution. The letter to the French king was destroyed during the days of the terror, while that to the pope is still preserved at the Vatican.

The well known bookseller Bernard Quaritch gave £1,000 for an autograph of Columbus, which was exhibited at the World's fair at Chicago. A Chicago autograph dealer is said to have offered to give $100,000, or over £20,000, for a genuine autograph of Shakespeare if brought to him within a year of making his offer. It was a safe bluff, for since the tragic fate of Chatterton no forger has cared to tackle the quaint scrawl of the Bard of Avon.—Collier's Weekly.

Jimmy and the Baby.

Jimmy's mother kept cows and sold milk. Jimmy himself had nothing to do with the cows, though sometimes he used to carry the milk pail to his mother's customers. The customers all liked Jimmy, with his round, freckled face and bashful grin, and they used to ask him how business was, for, although Jimmy was only 13 years old, he had a business. He made coffins—baby coffins—and sold them to the undertaker. They were nice pine coffins, with all the edges carefully joined. Jimmy received 50 cents for each one.

One day Jimmy stopped at the house of one of his mother's customers to leave some milk. A little boy met him at the door.

"We've got a new baby!" said the little boy. "Would you like to see it?"

Jimmy nodded. The little boy's aunt laughingly led Jimmy to the cradle where the new baby was. Jimmy gazed at the infant for some time, speechless with admiration or some such emotion.

"What do you think of it, Jimmy?" asked the aunt.

Jimmy grinned.

"I guess I'll have to make a nice little coffin when I go home," he said.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Boers Great Pioneers.

The Boer is the ideal pioneer. From the days of the great trek, in 1837, and even before that he opened up countries hitherto unexplored by a white man. A great deal of fuss has been made of mighty travelers, English and foreign, who have traversed Africa, to the vast pecuniary benefit of their publishers and with no small meed of fame to themselves, but there was scarcely one of the old voortrekkers and hunters of the forties and fifties who did not accomplish feats of endurance, pluck and lengthy travel which were ten times as trying.—London Mail.

Successive Waves.

The following waif is going the rounds of the state press: We are told of a young lady in a neighboring town who waved her hand at a stranger, and in three days they were married. Two days later the young lady waved a flatiron at her husband, and the next evening he came home waving a divorce.—Nashville Banner.

SALESMEN.

High rated factory appoint on uncovered ground. Free samples. Some with us many years. Corporation, P. O., 1371, New York.

Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank.

Incorporated A. D. 1854.

BENJAMIN HINCKLEY, President.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer

Open daily, 9 A. M. to 12 M., 2 to 4 P. M. Saturday evenings, 6 to 8

NOTICE.

The regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Woburn Five Cents Savings Bank will be held at their Banking Rooms, on **Friday, January 5th, 1900**, at 7.30 P. M., to hear and act on the reports of the Treasurer and Auditors, and to transact such other business as may legally come before said meeting.

E. E. THOMPSON, Clerk.

P. S.—Money deposited on or before Saturday, January 6, will draw interest from January 1, 1900.

E. E. THOMPSON, Treasurer.

Woburn, Dec. 26, 1899.

THE MORNING BATH

cannot be enjoyed in a basin of limited capacity nor where the water supply and temperature is uncertain by reason of defective

PLUMBING

or heating apparatus. To have both put in thorough working order will not prove expensive if the work is done by

C. M. Strout & Co.

322 Main Street.

TREMONT THEATRE BOSTON.

Beginning New Year's Night,

MRS. FISKE

And Her Admirable Company in

BECKY SHARP

(Founded on Thackeray's "Vanity Fair")

By LANGDON MITCHELL.

The Dramatic Sensation of the season.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by Albert F. Peck to the Winchester Savings Bank, dated July 14th, 1897, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2580, Fol. 592, and for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, will be sold at public auction, upon the premises, in Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on

Monday, the 8th day of January, A. D., 1900,

at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, and therein described as follows:—A certain parcel of land, with with the buildings thereon, situated in said Woburn, containing eight thousand six hundred and fifty-nine (8,659) square feet, more or less, bounded northerly by Pleasant street about seventy-one (71) feet; easterly by land now or formerly of Champney, about one hundred and twenty-two and five-tenths (122 5-10) feet; southerly by land now or formerly of the heirs of John Clough, about seventy-one (71) feet; and westerly by Bennett street, about one hundred and twenty-two and five-tenths (122 5 10) feet, being the premises conveyed to the grantor by Ephraim Cutter, Jr., and Benjamin Cutter, by deed dated Feb. 28, 1896, recorded with Middlesex So. Dist. Deeds, Lib. 2444, Fol 178.

$500 cash deposit required; balance in ten days on passing of papers. The sale will be made subject to any outstanding taxes, tax titles or municipal liens, upon the premises.

WINCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.

By David N. Skillings, its Treasurer, Mortgagee.

Winchester, December 12, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale — OF — REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed, given by Ann Young of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to Owen McDermott, dated December 14, 1896, and recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book 2521, Page 318, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction upon the premises, on

MONDAY, the fifteenth day of January, 1900,

at two o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, that is to say:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon standing, situated in said Woburn, and bounded as follows, namely:—Northerly by Thorn street; easterly by Washington street; southerly by land now or formerly of one Patrick Garrity; and southwesterly by a private way.

One hundred dollars in cash will be required of the purchaser at time and place of sale. Other terms will be announced at the sale.

LAWRENCE MARTIN, Assignee and present holder of said mortgage.

Woburn, December 22, 1899.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage given by James T. Judson and Amy S. Judson, husband and wife, both of Somerville, in the County of Middlesex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in her own right, to Charles E. Jennings of Everett, County and Commonwealth as aforesaid, dated the twelfth day of May in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, and recorded at Middlesex South District Registry of Deeds, Book 2739, Page 2; for breach of the conditions contained in said mortgage, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises described below, on **MONDAY, the fifteenth day of January, in the year nineteen hundred**, at four o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage, namely:—A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in Woburn, in the County and Commonwealth as aforesaid, comprising lots numbered twelve (12), thirteen (13), fourteen (14) and fifteen (15), in Block thirteen (13) on a "Plan of Section A of the Woburn City Land and Improvement Company," dated December 10, 1888; recorded with Middlesex South District Deeds, Book of Plans 59, Plan 2; bounded northeasterly by Jones Avenue, one hundred and forty (140) feet; southeasterly by Chester Avenue, seventy (70) feet; southwesterly by lots numbered sixteen (16) and eleven (11) on said plan, one hundred and forty (140) feet, and northwesterly by Foster Avenue, seventy (70) feet. Said premises will be sold subject to a prior mortgage of about nine hundred and thirty (930) dollars, and any unpaid taxes or assessments.

Terms made known at time and place of sale.

CHARLES E. JENNINGS, Mortgagee.

Everett, Mass., Dec. 19th, 1899.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Alexander Fotheringham, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Bernard Pierce and Rose Fotheringham, who pray that letters testamentary may be issued to them, the executors therein named, without giving a surety on their official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the second day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioners are hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this sixth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss

PROBATE COURT.

To the heirs-at-law, next of kin and other persons interested in the estate of Mary McCabe, otherwise known as Mary McNulty and Mary Fallon, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased.

WHEREAS, a certain instrument purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased has been presented to said Court, for probate, by Thomas Salmon, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him, the executor therein named, without giving a surety on his official bond;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the ninth day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all known persons interested in the estate, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

MIDDLESEX, ss.

PROBATE COURT.

To the devisees, legatees, and all other persons interested in the estate of Margaret Farmer, late of Woburn, in said County, deceased, testate:

WHEREAS, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant a letter of administration, with the will annexed, on the estate of said deceased not already administered, to Henry M. Aldrich of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, or some other suitable person;

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Lowell, in said County of Middlesex, on the sixteenth day of January, A. D., 1900, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the WOBURN JOURNAL, a newspaper published in Woburn, the last publication to be one day, at least, before said Court, and by mailing, post-paid, or delivering a copy of this citation to all devisees and legatees named in said will, seven days at least before said Court.

Witness, CHARLES J. MCINTIRE, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this twenty-second day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

S. H. FOLSOM, Register.

NOTICE.

Friends will please remember the Pound Party for the benefit of the Woburn Home for Aged Women which is held the first week in January. During the entire week donations will be very thankfully received at the Home.

ROSANNA B. TIDD, Secretary.

Do You Want

To mine for GOLD and COPPER? Write to H. J. SEARS, Central City, Colorado.

First National Bank OF WOBURN.

The Annual Meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Woburn, Mass., for the election of Directors, and the transaction of such other business as may legally come before them, will be held at the Banking Rooms, on **Tuesday, January 9, 1900**, at 4.45 o'clock, P. M.

G. A. DAY, Cashier.

Woburn, Dec. 8, 1899.

Fine Watch Clock and Jewelry Repairing

L. E. Hanson & Co., Jewelers,

409 Main Street, Woburn.

Eyes Examined Free

N. T. Worthley, Jr.,

The well-known Eye Specialist, will be at his branch office at the

Jewelry Store of L. E. HANSON & CO., 409 Main Street, Woburn,

THURSDAY, JAN. 25, 1900.

And may be consulted free of charge by all persons whose eyes trouble them in any way.

MR. WORTHLEY is the regular consulting eye specialist at many leading schools and colleges of New England. As he has been consulted by many hundreds of the people of this vicinity since his branch office was established here five years ago, his work is too well-known to require commendation.

Remember the date and place, Thursday Dec. 28, at Hanson & Co.'s Jewelry Store.

Eyes Examined FREE.

For the Holidays

Order a Suit of Clothes and Winter Overcoat from

G. R. GAGE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

395 Main Street, - - - - - - Woburn

..FREE.. Public Lectures

— IN THE —

CITY OF WOBURN

TO BE GIVEN BY THE

Burbeen Free Lecture Fund.

Founded Oct. 7, 1892, by Leonard Thompson, Esq., and Incorporated Nov. 18, 1892.

Members of the Corporation:—John W. Johnson, *President;* Miss Maria E. Carter, *Vice President;* William R. Cutter, *Clerk and Treasurer,* Mrs. E. Maria Bean, William R. Cutter, Edmund C. Cottle, *Directors;* Mrs. Jennie K. Adams, Edmund C. Cottle, S. Frankford Trull, *Trustees;* Frank W. Graves, John G. Maguire.

Seats will be held for Season Ticket Holders until 7.55 o'clock each evening. After that hour vacant seats will be given without tickets to all adult comers.

The Course of the eighth season will consist of six Lectures, as follows:

TUESDAY, Dec. 26. William G. Ward. Subject: "The Novel and the Short Story."

TUESDAY, Jan. 9. Robarts Harper. Subject: "Round the World in a Man-o'-War." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Jan. 30. John C. Bowker. Subject: "The Transvaal." Illustrated.

TUESDAY, Feb. 13, 1900. Russell W. Porter, Subject: "Summer in the Arctic."

The Course of the season will be held in the

AUDITORIUM.

Doors open at 7.30. Lectures to begin at 8 P. M.

EDMUND C. COTTLE, E. MARIA BEAN, WILLIAM R. CUTTER, } Directors.

Address all communications to **The Burbeen Free Lecture Fund**, P. O. Box 516, Woburn, Mass.

Woburn, Nov. 7, 1899.

"GOT A GRIP"

on the public's confidence in selling

GROCERIES

that are FIRST CLASS, and we intend to keep it, by upright dealing and well chosen stock.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN, Central Grocery,

433 Main Street - - WOBURN

Telephone 133-2.

To Let.

Up one flight, on Main street, a very desirable tenement in good order; well adapted for millinery or dressmaking purposes as well as for residence. For view of premises, or any information in regard to the same, call or address

No. 60 Union St., Woburn, Mass.

Low Rents.

HOUSE No. 650 Main Street, 8 rooms, ($12.50) twelve dollars and fifty cents per month.

Also, HOUSE, No. 16 Wyman Street, 6 rooms, ($8) eight dollars per month.

C. E. COOPER & CO., 415 Main Street.

— AT —

Linnell's Market

Quality Comes First,
Then Price Follows.
We act on this thought.
We aim to carry only first-class goods.

406 Main Street, Woburn

Telephone, 14-2.

A. L. HOLDRIDGE,

— DEALER IN —

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS, SKATES, SEEDS, ETC.

421 Min Street, WOBURN.

For Sale.

Houses and Lots, Nos. 14, 15, 16, 17, 20 and 22 Cleveland Avenue. Also, Lots Nos. 11, 13, 24 and 26. Said houses have gas and all modern conveniences.

Prices and terms reasonable.

APPLY TO

W. H. CUMMINGS,

Cleveland Ave., Woburn Mass.

DOMINION LINE Royal Mail Steamers

Largest and fastest Steamers sailing from Boston to Europe.

Tickets to and from all parts of Europe for sale by

JOHN LYNCH,

357 MAIN ST., WOBURN, MASS.

Saloon Berths can be secured in advance.

Dr. C. H. BUSS,

DENTIST

385 Main St., WOBURN

TELEPHONE 6-3.

LAWRENCE READE,

Sexton of St. Charles Church.

Undertaker & Funeral Director,

241 Main St., Woburn

Mail Orders Solicited. We send you 100 billheads for 75c.; 100 bus. or calling cards 50c.; 100 statements 75c.; 100 Dennison tags 50c.; 100 noteheads 75c.; 100 envelopes 50c.; 100 gummed labels 35c. We pay all transportation charges. Have your copy PLAIN and UNMISTAKABLE. C. B. LEATHE, Printer, Norwood, Mass.

JOHN ARNOTT,

Watchmaker and Jeweler

465 Main St., Woburn.

Clocks called for and delivered.

Fine Watch and Clock Repairing.

Get Your Printing Done At This Office

What Is It?

A man who has been running a race with steam and electricity for years, finds himself suddenly stopped. It seems as if a cold hand clutched his heart. His brain whirls; he can hardly see. "What is it?" he asks himself as the attack passes.

If his question meets a right answer, he'll be told that his seizure is a warning to pay more attention to his stomach, which is already deranged by irregular meals and rich foods.

Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition. It eliminates from the blood disease breeding poisons. It makes the blood rich and pure, and furnishes a foundation for sound, physical health.

"About ten years ago I began to have trouble with my stomach," writes Mr. Wm. Connolly, of 535 Walnut Street, Lorain, Ohio. "It got so bad that I had to lay off quite often—two and three days in a week. I have been treated by the best doctors in this city, but got no help. Some said I had cancer of the stomach, others catarrh, others dyspepsia. Then I wrote to you for advice. You advised the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets.' These medicines I have taken as directed. I commenced to get better from the start, and have not lost a day this summer on account of my stomach. I feel tip-top, and better than I have for ten years."

Keep the bowels healthy by using Dr. Pierce's Pellets. They don't gripe.

THE CAT.

Speak very pleasant to the cat
Remember, if bereft
Of one life, which is dear to her,
She only has eight left.

And then suppose that life is sad—
And often it is so—
Think tenderly how you would feel
With nine to undergo.

Good friends, to cheer a single life,
That were a deed well done.
Remember, he who cheers nine cats
Cheers really eighty-one.
—Boston Woman's Journal.

A GAME OF POKER.

"No, I don't play poker any more," said a big westerner who came into an up town clubhouse the other night with some friends who had been showing him the town. Somebody had suggested a little game of draw as an appropriate wind up of the night's diversion.

"Why, how is that?" exclaimed one of his friends. "You used to play a stiff game. You haven't sworn off, have you?"

"N-no," said the westerner, still serious. "I have not sworn off, but there is no excitement in the game for me now. The last game I played was too exciting."

The thrilling story thereof runs as follows:

"It was a dozen years ago, when I was a tenderfoot, with the usual allowance of freshness and ignorance of frontier perils. We used to call it brashness, and I was certainly brash. I roamed around the country rather for the better part of a year, with a more or less vague purpose of settling somewhere, but not caring much where.

"I was well down toward New Mexico when there was a rumor of Indian troubles, and I heard that a company of United States troops were on the march toward one of the principal villages where the redskins were particularly sullen.

"I had been out hunting for a week with a couple of fellows I had met in one of the towns, when we got the news from a stranger who came into our camp late at night and asked for supper. He admitted when we questioned him—not too closely, for inquisitiveness is at a large discount on the plains, but casually—that he was a scout in the government employ and was on his way to join this company.

"'There's likely to be some pretty warm work,' he said when we asked a little more, 'for if the red devils are not on the warpath now they will be in a day or two, and you fellows will do a smart trick if you turn back.'

"Turning back, however, didn't seem very attractive to me when there was so much excitement ahead. I promptly remarked that I thought I would go on with the scout and offer my services to the captain in command. I told you I was pretty brash at the time, and I had no knowledge of military affairs. My notion was that the captain would be glad of a recruit, or, at least, that he would make no objection to my going with him.

"I noticed that the scout looked at me a little curiously, but he evidently thought it was not his business to educate tenderfeet, and he only grunted. My two companions were as fresh as I was, and we told the scout we would go along if he had no objection.

"'It's a free country, and I reckon you can travel wherever you like,' he said, with a grin that I understood better afterward.

"We started before dawn and had thirty odd miles to go to strike the trail where the company was expected to camp that night. There were still some ten miles to go, when, as we were rounding a small hill, the scout suddenly leaped from his horse and called to us to do the same.

"He had seen Indians, and, to cut it short, we camped that night in a place where the scout said that four men could hold out for awhile even against the hundred or so in the party that had surrounded us. It was a certainty, though, that we would all lose our scalps unless help came, for there was no water to be had, and the Indians knew it and made themselves comfortable just out of range of our rifles.

"The scout didn't say much for a long time, but we could see that he was thinking as hard as any of us, and we were all pretty busy at it. There didn't seem to be anything to suggest, or at least there was nothing that I could think of, excepting to make a dash and try to break through.

"Nobody said anything in reply when I spoke of that, and the scout gave me a look of disgust that made me angry enough, but shut me up all the same. Finally he said:

"'It's just this way: These devils have caught us and they know it. They won't make a rush, for they know we will shoot, and an Indian will never risk being shot if he can get his man without. We can't fight our way out. There's too many of 'em. And we can't stay here any longer than we can live without water.'

"I asked him if the captain wouldn't make a search for him, and he said the captain didn't know he was coming. 'He's on his way south,' he said, 'and the trail he is on is ten miles to the east of us. There's only one thing that I see, and that means certain death for somebody, I reckon. It's certain death for all of us, though, if something ain't done.' I asked him what it was, and he said:

"'If one man can make his way southeast far enough so that the noise of the firing will reach the company, the captain will send a searching party. It all depends on how far the man gets before he is killed. If we all ride out, we will all be killed. If one man goes, the others may stand a chance.'

"We all looked at one another in silence for a good while. My blood ran cold at the idea of riding out alone into that pack of fiends, but I realized that our only chance was for somebody to go, and I knew life was as sweet to the others as it was to me.

"Instinctively we began first talking about the way the man who should go should maneuver to best advantage before raising the question who should be the man. It took only a few minutes, though, for the scout to give his advice, which was for one to ride out, waving a white handkerchief. He was to keep to the eastward and ride as hard as he dared toward the Indians, looking sharply for the weakest point in their line toward his right. He should then make a dash and ride as hard as possible until it was all over, firing as often as he could.

"Then we had to decide who should go, and I supposed, of course, that we would draw lots, but one of the men spoke up unexpectedly:

"'Whoever goes,' he said, 'doesn't want to start for some hours. The scout says just after daybreak is the best time. What is the matter of settling this thing with poker? We can play freeze out, and three games will settle it, the winner dropping out each time."

"The proposition caught me. You know I used to pride myself on my poker. After a little hesitation the others agreed. The man who proposed it had the cards, and we counted out 600 coffee beans for chips and began playing on a blanket folded and laid on the ground.

"You would think the details of a game like that would fix themselves in the memory so that I would be able to tell you every hand I held and every bet I made, wouldn't you? Well, I can't. In fact, I can't tell anything about the first game excepting that I was the first man to lose all his chips. I had played often enough for what I thought were high stakes, but the thought that I was playing for my life rattled me completely, and I really believe I bet at random.

"Whatever I did I lost, and the man who had proposed the game won out. He was shot in a gambling house three months later—had an extra ace in his sleeve, I believe, or something like that.

"The next freeze out, between three of us, was a comparatively short one. It did not take more than 20 minutes for the scout to gather in all the chips, but, short as it was, I managed to get myself together a little, though I was still full of the thought of the value of the stakes—a thing which, I have noticed, always interferes with my play.

"When the third game began, however, I pulled myself together with a most tremendous effort and really became as cool as I ever had been before at a game of cards. The man I played against this time was a young Englishman whom I had grown to esteem highly in the short time I had known him. His people at home never heard this story, and I hope they never will. They know that he was killed by the Indians and that he was on a hunting trip, but they never heard of his last game of cards nor of the way he rode to his death.

"We had each 300 beans, and half a dozen hands were dealt before either of us got cards to bet on. Then on my deal I caught three deuces and made it 50 to play. He looked at his cards and raised me 50, which I covered. He drew one card and let it lie without looking at it, while he watched me.

"I saw him looking, of course, and I am more glad than I am of almost anything else I ever did in an almost useless life to think that I made the worst play I ever saw made. I liked the man well, as I said, and some impulse that I couldn't understand then, and can't explain now, told me to leave the thing to chance and to give him a little the better chance.

"I had played with him before, and I was certain that he was drawing to a flush, and somehow I felt that he had filled it. Of course I should have drawn to the strength of my hand, but I didn't. I drew one card only, holding up an eight spot to my deuces, and I shoved all my beans into the pot without looking at my draw.

"He gave me one look, in which I read a perfect appreciation of what I had done, and without a word and without lifting his fifth card he pushed his chips forward.

"Then my nerve gave out. I grew as white as death, I know, though no one ever told me so, and I actually could not lift my cards. His nerve never shook, though, apparently, and he turned his fifth card over as he laid it on the blanket. They were all clubs.

"He looked at me, and I swear I saw regret in his eyes. I tell you he was a man. Then I managed to turn my hand over. I had drawn the other eight."

The westerner stopped. He drained his glass and then said:

"Waiter, bring another bottle and bring me some whisky besides. This stuff doesn't go to the right spot." Then, after he had had his drink, he said:

"You don't wonder, do you, that I don't play poker any more?"

"No," said his hearers, "but finish the story."

"Oh, there isn't much more to it. At least that is the end of it, as I think about it. The Englishman shook hands with us all and rode away. We watched him until he fell, and he must have gone fully three miles. A good many Indians fell before he did, for he was a clever shot. Later in the day the company came to our rescue, and I am glad to say a good many more Indians paid for his death with their own."—New York Sun.

Armor For Millionaires.

Four American millionaires have recently had made in Sheffield, England, steel vests and coats which are warranted to secure them immunity from death in ordinary cases of attempts at assassination. The armor is of chain mail, so light that when one has worn it a week or two it is no incumbrance to him and strong enough to turn a dagger or sword thrust, though it would not stop a bullet. A number of English statesmen have been using this armor since the days of the Fenian riots.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Queen's Messengers.

The four queen's messengers always travel incognito. They wear their badges of office out of sight, suspended round their necks, and are always most reluctant to display them to emphasize their authority and the importance of their mission. The badge is a small, exquisitely modeled silver greyhound.—London Standard.

THE BAXTER FAMILY.

On those nights when the theaters and the like find no favor with me I linger in Uncle Reuben's dim lit place until the last grateful guest has gone, and, sipping the "madeery," listen through the long hours to the quaint old darky's stories of his people and his south—queerly told old tales of hot passions, heart conquests, harsh days, happy nights and all that life which was at once the color and character of the time now dead and gone forever out of the sunlight and into the shadow of Dixie.

In all the years of his life in New York I do not think Uncle Reuben has ever quite reconciled himself to his environment, and there is the tone of affection and admiration in his voice when he speaks of those Baxters who had been his masters. All the Baxter women were angelic, all the Baxter men were brave. Reuben was himself a Baxter if you asked him for his lineage.

Uncle Reuben's restaurant was almost deserted the other evening at the late hour when I dropped in for a baked bass and a bottle of his "madeery." The old negro came shuffling forward at my entrance and, with a "How d'ye do?" began to spread the snowy cloth.

"Whut kin I sarve yuh tuhnight, suh?"

"One of those fish, Uncle Reuben; the way I like it."

"Yes, suh," and the order went into the kitchen, Uncle Reuben returning as soon as he had given his directions for the cooking.

"Been outen thu city, suh?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Wes' Ten'see, maybe?"

"No; North Carolina."

"No'th Ca'lina? Wuz yuh meetin any folks down thah by thu name uv Bonwell?"

"I hadn't that pleasure, Uncle Reuben. Do you know anybody in Carolina?"

"Yes, suh. Least I know some folks whut cum fum thah. Thu Bonwells wuz Ca'lina folks' 'fo' they come tuh wes' Ten'see. They is mixed up wiv thu Baxtahs—kindah married amongst 'em, yuh know, an thu Baxtahs bein my folks, uv co'se, I mus' know thu Bonwells. Yuh see, thu Bonwells cum ovah fum No'th Ca'lina long time ago an settle in wes' Ten'see, an wantin tuh be thought well uv in thu county, they nachully git tuh know thu Baxtahs. Thu two families been mo' less togethah evah sence. Pow'ful nice folks is thu Bonwells; only kindah hasty."

"Hasty?"

"Yes, suh, yuh knows; hasty 'bout sayin things 'bout people an hasty 'bout reachin fo' they pockets. Mos' evah bit uv trouble in Obion county used tuh have a Bonwell in it. Gwine tuh take long time fo' tha' bass, suh" (apologetically).

"Then tell me about the Bonwells."

"Yes, suh. Yuh see, suh, they wuz these kin uv folks whut wuz allus roun at thu wrong time, allus gittin intuh trouble whut they couldn't keep outen. Uv co'se they didn't mean no harm, but yuh know how it is. A gemman, he gits insulted by somebody, an he des got tuh fight. Tha's thu way thu Bonwells. They had so much trouble tha' aftah while they des kindah got in thu habit uv it, an when one uv 'em got shot 'r shot somebody, nothin wuz said fam'ly roun, so they all say it mus' be 'cept between thu 'mediate frien's an relatives. But they wuz allus nice folks."

"Some of them in jail, I reckon, Uncle Reuben?"

"No, suh, no, suh, not as I knows. Some uv 'em in Texas an some in New Yawk, but none in jail. Jail is built fo' niggahs an po' whites."

"Some of the family in New York, you say?"

"One uv 'em. He do me thu honah uv dinin wiv me onct in while. Thah ain' many uv 'em left anywhah now."

"One of the old families passing away, eh?"

"Yes, suh; passin way. Thah nevah wuz a great numbah uv thu Bonwells, an thu habits uv which I spoke sho ain' fittin fo' long livin. They commence tuh thin out 'bout thu time thu Benedicts moved intuh Obion. Them Benedicts wan't thu bes' people, but they wuz pow'ful many. They had thu same habit as thu Bonwells, an, bein mo' uv 'em, they had it mo'.

"'Twan't long aftah thu Benedicts moved in that thu Bonwells found it out. Thu two fam'lies had some diffunce 'bout a hog mark, an both sides got hasty. Tha' wuz thu beginnin, an it went on an on until thah wan't many uv thu Bonwells lef' in wes' Ten'see. I thought yuh might have met some uv 'em in Ca'lina.

"Uv co'se in thu affaihs I'm tellin yuh 'bout lots uv Benedicts stopped talkin, but thah mus' have been a big spring uv 'em up in thu middle counties whah they come fum, 'kase evah time a Benedict had a fun'ral, two mo' new Benedicts come tuh thu sarvices. Tha's mighty disheartenin tuh a fam'ly like thu Bonwells, who is pow'ful nice folks wiv a fault 'r two. Thu Benedicts kep' gittin mo' an mo' plenty, till by an by they got tuh 'lectin sheriffs an judges an othahs. Then thu Bonwells sho wuz disencouraged.

"Scuse me, suh, I reckon yuh bass mus' be 'bout sweetenin." Uncle Reuben hurried away to the kitchen and returned with the dish. He split the sides away from the spines of the fish, arranged the condiments at my elbow with that show of kindliness which he always took on when he had served a friend with a masterpiece, and I began the feast. The bass was excellent and the "madeery" good. Possessed with peace, I listened while the reminiscent old darky talked of war.

"Is he des as yuh like 'im, suh?"

"All right, uncle. Go on with the Bonwells."

"'Bout thu las' one uv thu Bonwells tha' I knows uv wuz Mistah Har'y. He wuz a nice gemman, like his maw an paw whut I knowed, an he wuz hasty. None uv thu Bonwells evah saw thu inside uv a cotehouse 'cept Mistah Har'y, an it mus' have been putty hahd on him. Nigh as I kin onderstan 'bout tha' fum ma frien's is tha' Mistah Har'y got hasty at a barbacue whah thu gov'nuh uv thu state wuz gwine tuh speak. Some uv them Benedicts mus' have said sumpin tuh him, an thah wuz some shootin. Some Benedicts wuz hurt mo' less, but whut wuz mighty onlucky fo' Mistah Har'y wuz tha' a bullit hit thu gov'nuh in thu ca'f uv thu leg.

"Thah wuz a Benedict sheriff an othahs uv 'em roun, an somebody had tuh git 'rested 'bout tha' bullit. Co'se it wuz Mistah Har'y. Thah wan't no tryin tuh fin' out whose bullit it wuz—might have been one uv them Benedicts yuh know—but Mistah Har'y didn' have many uv his frien's wiv him. 'Twan't long befo' evahbody in thu county know Mistah Har'y shot thu gov'nuh. W'en a county is takin keer uv a big man like a gov'nuh, 'tain't nice tuh have him shot. So Mistah Har'y had tuh go tuh cote an stan a trial des like a po' white man. Thu gov'nuh didn't have nothin tuh do wiv it. It wuz des them Benedicts. "'en thu jedge say Mistah Har'y mus' go tuh thu penetentry, I reckon Mistah Har'y mus' have made his 'rangements tuh go tuh heil fust, but des then thu gov'nuh he send down wud fum thu cap'tal beggin Mistah Har'y's pahdon fo' gittin in thu way uv his bullit, an tha' settle it. Mistah Har'y didn't go tuh no pententry."

"What became of him, Uncle Reuben?"

"Them Benedicts is 'sponsible for Ten'see losin a mighty nice gemmen. He's thu one whut's in New Yawk.

"I hopes thu bass suit you, suh."—Charles E. Trevathan in New York Journal.

One Must Be the Superior.

In any living organization the supreme power never dies. The king never dies, and against the possibility of the president dying we have made an elaborate provision, which sufficiently speaks for the danger it seeks to avoid. But in the slow moving action of the huge organisms that we call nations and governments there is time enough for kings and presidents to sleep, to be off guard; whereas, in the rapid movements of ships and the frequent sudden vicissitude of sea life the captain—the captain's power—cannot sleep. It is plain to say his person must. No more than the proverbial switch tender can he, as a habit, be on duty 20 hours out of the 24. Hence arises the necessity for the watch officer, who is in charge of the deck and vested while so with all the captain's power for the conduct of that which goes on on deck or pertains to the direction. He holds this control not because he is the captain or lieutenant by grade and title, but because of the office he is then filling. Is this considered an extravagant claim—unlimited?

And as it is on deck so it is in the engine room. The man in charge there, himself in his sphere, exercises a control as absolute as the captain and the officer of the watch—like them absolute, like them limited. But there are two on duty at the same time—the deck officer and the engine officer, the directive and the motive forces. The unity of result demands that they be not independent. One must be the superior, and it must be the one who has charge of the directive force, as that which is the more essential to the safety and government of the vessel; not because the one man is superior to the other man, but because the one power is more important than the other.—Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., in North American Review.

OLD TIME SWEETNESS GONE

Molasses Is Now Made Into Rum and Brown Sugar Can't Be Bought.

"The old fashioned molasses is rapidly disappearing as an article of commerce," said a prominent grocer, "and in its place have come a number of sirups which are more costly and by no means as satisfactory, especially to the little ones, who delight, as we did when we were young, in having 'lasses on their bread. Most of the molasses goes into the distilleries, where it is made into rum, for which, notwithstanding the efforts of our temperance workers, the demand is constantly on the increase, especially in the New England states and for the export trade. The regular drinker of rum will take no other liquor in its place if he can help it. It seems to reach the spot more directly than any other dram.

"The darker brown sugars have also disappeared, and they are not likely to return, owing to the methods of boiling and the manufacture. Granulated sugar is of the same composition, as far as saccharine qualities are concerned, as loaf, cut loaf cube and crushed and differs from them only in that its crystals do not cohere. This is because it is constantly stirred during the process of crystallization. The lighter brown sugars taste sweeter than the white, for the reason that there is some molasses in them. Housekeepers have difficulty these days in finding coarse, dark sugars, which are always preferred for use in putting up sweet pickles, making cakes and similar uses. As they cannot get brown sugar any more, it may be well for them to remember that they can simulate brown sugar by adding a teaspoonful of molasses to each quarter of a pound of the white granulated sugar. This combination does as well in all household recipes that call for brown sugar as the article itself, and besides it saves them a great deal of hunting for brown sugar, which, as said before, has disappeared from the market."—Eastport Sentinel.

Both Wrong.

The Toronto Saturday Night tells of a man who kept a ferret being obliged to go into the country, leaving the cage with the ferret in charge of a neighbor till he should return.

The neighbor incautiously opened the cage door, and the ferret escaped, whereupon the owner brought a claim against him for damages.

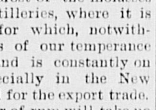
The following was the decision of the learned magistrate before whom the case was brought.

"No doubt," he said to the neighbor—"no doubt you were wrong to open the cage door, but"—turning to the owner, "you were wrong too. Why did you not clip the brute's wings?"

The Franks took their name from the francisques, or battleaxes, which they threw with deadly effect.

Age is a matter of feeling, not of years.—George William Curtis.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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VICTORIA'S REGAL RIGHT.

Why the Niece of William IV Was Called to the Throne.

Several newspapers, in explaining to their readers how Queen Victoria came to succeed William IV, say it was because she was his niece. That is the truth, but only half the truth, for William IV had nephews and other nieces. George III's first, second, third and fourth sons were respectively the Prince of Wales, afterward George IV, who died childless in 1830; Frederick, duke of York, who died in 1827, also without children; William, duke of Clarence, who died William IV, June 20, 1837, without lawful issue, and Edward, duke of Kent and Strathearn and earl of Dublin, who died Jan. 23, 1820, aged 53, leaving as the sole issue of his marriage with Princess Victoria of Leiningen a baby daughter, now Queen Victoria. The queen succeeded William IV not because she was simply his niece, but because she was the only child of the brother next to him in the order of succession.

Had Queen Victoria had a brother she would in all probability not have been a personage of historical celebrity, save in the contingency of succeeding him. Her rights were those that devolved on her from her father. At the time she succeeded to the throne her uncles—the Dukes of Cumberland, of Sussex and Cambridge—were living, younger brothers of her father and junior to him in the line of succession in the order named. The Duke of Cumberland, who became king of Hanover on the death of William IV, was a man of such despotic temper and principles that all England cherished the Princess Victoria as standing between it and his succession to the throne. He had lawful issue, as had the Duke of Cambridge.

The Duke of Sussex, a most estimable man, married twice, but these unions being repugnant to the provisions of the royal marriage act, his children were barred from the line of succession. From the revolution of 1688 rose the Jacobite party, made up of those who supported the cause of James II, his sons and descendants. The picturesque modern Jacobites do not recognize Queen Victoria, despite the fact that her succession is due to her Stuart blood, for she is a direct descendant of Elizabeth, daughter of James I, to whose heirs the title to the throne devolved by the act of settlement on the death of Anne.—Boston Transcript.

Deafness In School Children.

The fact that myopia is frequent among school children is well known. It is not so well known that impaired hearing is also frequently met with. The children thus affected are often accused of being lazy and inattentive, when in reality their ears are at fault. Helot shows that these cases are quite common, are easily recognized, are generally curable and when cured a large number of children are transformed, so to speak, both from a physical and a moral standpoint. According to Weil of Stuttgart, the proportion of school children with impaired hearing is 35 per cent; according to Moure of Bordeaux, 17 per cent. Helot agrees with Gete and other aurists that the proportion is 25 per cent, or one-fourth. All the children in a class should be carefully examined, and these semideaf pupils will always be found among the poor scholars. The cause of infirmity is to be sought for—nasopharyngeal catarrh following measles, scarlatina, whooping cough, adenoid vegetations, hypertrophied tonsils, etc.—and normal conditions are to be restored by appropriate treatment. — Popular Science News.

Humbert's Generosity.

King Humbert's generosity in charitable works is said to be fabulous. A petition hardly ever remains without an answer. His majesty spontaneously gives presents to those persons to whom he does not wish to grant subsidies. These presents are generally of two kinds—a golden clock with the royal arms or a brooch set in diamonds. His jeweler supplies him each year with 500 clocks and 1,000 brooches. King Humbert never goes to the theater save on the occasion of an official solemnity. He says that he finds no pleasure in artificial life.

"I play a part every day," he says, "in the political and official comedy. What can the other comedians teach me?"—Rome Letter.

Origin of a Name.

The origin of the name Fife is not known. One historian tries to show that it comes from the Celtic word veach, a Pict, and means that the district was inhabited by Picts, but that is obviously absurd, as Fife was not specially the home of any of the Pictish nations. The tradition that finds greatest favor is related by a monk, who states that the first known possessor of the district which has since grown into the kingdom of Fife was one Fifus Duffus, a famous chieftain whose date is lost in the mists of antiquity.

France Compliments the English.

An Englishman, though generally thick skinned, does not take in an indifferent way the revilements he receives from a major part of the French press. An article in Macmillan's Magazine entitled "French and English" complains of the treatment:

In their loudly expressed loathing of the unknown country across the channel they forget their legitimate revenge, and they would pretend to fold the German to their breast, as they long since welcomed his beer, if by the pretense they could put another insult upon the loathed island. For them the Englishman is a veritable bogy—a composite monster, with the maw of the ostrich, the beak of a hawk, the claws of a tiger, the manner of a clergyman and the cunning of an ape. This terrific creature, says the French journalist, roams up and down the world, impelled only by the lust of plunder and of blood, but he is happiest when he is robbing the honest Frenchman of his due or cajoling the mild mannered Beligan (on the Kongo) into the forfeiture of his ivory. Above all, this shameless hybrid is alert. If the sun never sets on his empire, his eye never closes in sleep, and ever from beneath his drooping lid he espies some fresh occasion for ruin and outrage. To his impious ingenuity no limit is set. He is capable of organizing the manufacture of dynamite and of betraying his own plot that France may tremble for the safety of her czar. Not long since a halfpenny print, in search of a headline, announced the murder of the sultan, and, declared the Parisian journals, the falsehood was plainly invented by England, that monster personified, with the deliberate intent to shake the peace of Europe.

A Sleep Inducer.

Hicks—Did you hear about Macklin? They called the Rev. Mr. Dulley to his bedside last evening.

Wicks—You don't mean to say he is in a dying condition?

Hicks—Oh, no; only a bad case of insomnia.—Boston Transcript.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON XIV—FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, DEC. 31.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Ps. cviii, 2—Commentary Prepared by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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LESSON I.—Joy in God's house (Ps. cxxii). Golden Text, Ps. cxxii, 1, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." It is always right and pleasing to God to consider the Jews and Jerusalem. First offerings and first efforts for them bring sure blessing, according to verse 6 in connection with which see the command in Isa. lxii, 6, 7. Remember that God's way is always, The kingdom first, then all else will be added (Math. vi, 33).

LESSON II.—Haman's plot against the Jews (Est. iii, 1-11). Golden Text, Rom. viii, 31, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" In all the Bible we see the conflict between the devil and his agents and God and His people. The adversary often seems to triumph, and so it will be till the kingdom comes, but the Lamb shall overcome, for He is King of kings and Lord of lords (Rev. xvii, 14). Let us be comforted by the assurance that God Himself is a hedge and a wall of fire about His people, and none can touch them without His permission (Job i, Zech. ii).

LESSON III.—Esther pleading for her people (Est. viii, 3-8 and 15-17). Golden Text, Ps. xxxvii, 5, "Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Esther fasting and praying and taking her life in her hand on behalf of her people is suggestive of Him who laid down His life for us, suffering in our stead.

LESSON IV.—Ezra's journey to Jerusalem (Ezra viii, 21-32). Golden Text, Ezra viii, 22, "The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him." Ezra's trust was in the Lord God, the God of heaven, and looking to Him alone he set forth on the long journey, and God took special care of them and delivered them from the hand of the enemy. When any one relies wholly on the Lord, He will show Himself strong for them (II Chron. xvi, 9), but their heart must be right with Him seeking only His glory.

LESSON V.—Psalms of deliverance (Ps. lxxxv and cxxvi). Golden Text, Ps. cxxvi, 5, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The lessons in Esther and Ezra suggest these songs of praise for deliverances. Difficult places in our lives give God opportunities to show His power. When people are at their wits' end (all their wisdom swallowed up). then He bringeth them out of their distresses (Ps. cvii, 27, 28 and margin).

LESSON VI.—Nehemiah's prayer (Neh. i, 1-11). Golden Text, Neh. i, 11, "Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day." Here again we are reminded of our Lord Jesus as we see Nehemiah forgetting himself and his position and bearing the burden of his poor, afflicted people in Jerusalem ready to go to them and bear affliction with them if only he might help them. In chapter ii, 4, 5, we see the possibility of praying even while talking to a person, and of relying upon God for the words we speak.

LESSON VII.—Rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem (Neh. iv, 7-18). Golden Text, Math. xxvi, 41, "Watch and pray." Nehemiah having obtained the favor of the King, came to Jerusalem and encouraged the people to rebuild the walls. They took hold with a will, and the wall was finished. The enemies did not fail to get in their work of persevering hindrance and discouragement and plotting to overthrow, but Nehemiah's reliance upon God gained for them the victory.

LESSON VIII.—Public reading of the Scriptures (Neh. viii, 1-12). Golden Text, Neh. viii, 3, "The ears of all the people were attentive unto the Book of the law." The greatest thing on earth is to know God, and there is no way to know Him but by His word. He saves us, that we may willingly obey Him (Isa. i, 18, 19) and thus be abundantly blessed.

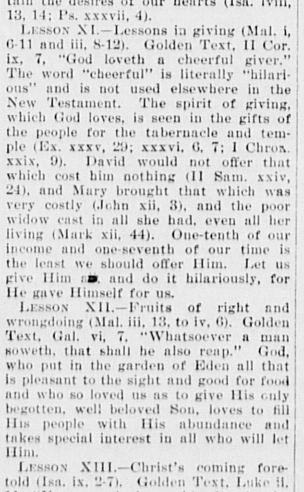
LESSON IX.—Woes of intemperance (Prov. xxiii, 29-35). Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1, "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." The great deceiver and murderer and father of lies has many devices, by means of which he seeks to ruin body and soul, but strong drink is one of his best destroyers, for when he gets a person filled with drink they are so completely under his influence he can do what he will through them.

LESSON X.—Keeping the Sabbath (Neh. xiii, 15-22). Golden Text, Ex. xx, 8, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." In this busy world not many people find time to get acquainted with God, so He has graciously given us one day in seven on which He may specially reveal Himself to those who desire to know Him, and He tells us that if we will conscientiously give Him the whole of this day we will learn to delight ourselves in Him, and doing so we shall obtain the desires of our hearts (Isa. lviii, 13, 14; Ps. xxxvii, 4).

LESSON XI.—Lessons in giving (Mal. i, 6-11 and iii, 8-12). Golden Text, II Cor. ix, 7, "God loveth a cheerful giver." The word "cheerful" is literally "hilarious" and is not used elsewhere in the New Testament. The spirit of giving, which God loves, is seen in the gifts of the people for the tabernacle and temple (Ex. xxxv, 29; xxxvi, 6, 7; I Chron. xxix, 9). David would not offer that which cost him nothing (II Sam. xxiv, 24), and Mary brought that which was very costly (John xii, 3), and the poor widow cast in all she had, even all her living (Mark xii, 44). One-tenth of our income and one-seventh of our time is the least we should offer Him. Let us give Him all, and do it hilariously, for He gave Himself for us.

LESSON XII.—Fruits of right and wrongdoing (Mal. iii, 13, to iv, 6). Golden Text, Gal. vi, 7, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." God, who put in the garden of Eden all that is pleasant to the sight and good for food and who so loved us as to give His only begotten, well beloved Son, loves to fill His people with His abundance and takes special interest in all who will let Him.

LESSON XIII.—Christ's coming foretold (Isa. ix, 2-7). Golden Text, Luke ii, 11, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." As truly as He came once in great humiliation to suffer and die for our sins, so surely will He come again in glory as King of Israel and King of kings, and the whole earth shall be filled with His glory. The church, His body, will meet Him on His way and return with Him to reign over the earth.



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SHE GAVE HER HEART TO ME.

Cupid, one day, in idle quest,
Fitted a dainty dart
And aimed it at Priscilla's breast,
To strike Priscilla's heart.

Clean through it went; no heart was there.
Said Cupid, "I believe
Priscilla's just the girl to wear
Her heart upon her sleeve."

But there, alack, it was not found!
"Aha," cried Cupid, "note
Her frightened air! Now, I'll be bound,
Her heart is in her throat!"

Failure again. On slender chance
He one more arrow shoots,
Assuming, from her downcast glance,
Her heart was in her boots.

Foiled, Cupid threw aside his bow.
"She has no heart," said he.
(He did not know that long ago
She gave her heart to me).
—Pearson's Weekly.

LOST ELOQUENCE.

She was a queer little woman; there was no doubt about it—a little dowdy creature, barely five feet high, with a small face and a big forehead and wistful gray eyes that always seemed to be asking questions; such a contrast to her brother, the big, handsome archdeacon, who gained all hearts with his charming manners and winning smile and won golden opinions from everybody for his eloquent sermons.

His sister lived with him, and people rather pitied him on that account. Miss Merrifield was so shy, so difficult to get on with. She never had a word to say for herself and apparently had no ideas beyond district visiting and needlework.

One of the greatest of the archdeacon's many admirers was the dean's daughter, Ella St. Clare. Ella was a beauty, and she knew it.

Moreover, she was an heiress, for her mother, who had died when Ella was quite a child, had left her a considerable fortune, which was to come into her sole possession as soon as she attained her majority.

She had enjoyed the command of this money for some three years now and had hitherto shown no inclination to share it with anybody else.

Artillery officers from the neighboring garrison had come and gone and had laid themselves and their gorgeous uniforms at her feet in vain. Ella was nothing if not strictly ecclesiastical, although, of course, ordinary vicars and curates were as little eligible as artillery officers. Moreover, she worshiped intellect, and the average man is, generally speaking, hardly to be described by the term intellectual.

The hero of Ella's day dreams was one who would sway the hearts of thousands with his eloquence and gain a world wide reputation by reason of his brilliant and unusual talents.

It was unfortunate that she could not get on with Miss Merrifield. With youthful impetuosity Ella had decided after her very first interview with the archdeacon's sister that the latter was "an impossible old person" whom it was not worth taking the trouble to know. Ella thoroughly understood the art of dressing well and could not understand or sympathize with poor Miss Merrifield for never having acquired it.

The year after the Merrifields came to Roxton the bishop lost his young wife under very sad circumstances. They had only been married a short time, and she died of a rapid decline.

On the Sunday following the funeral the archdeacon was announced to preach, and it was generally expected that he would make some allusions to the sad event. Nor were these expectations disappointed. The text was, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee," and from this the archdeacon preached a sermon which went straight to all hearts. There were no fine phrases in it, no vague speculations on the glories of the hereafter, no quotations from the poets. The words he spoke were very simple and direct and such as the poorest could understand, but their pathos and tenderness thrilled and touched those who listened till the whole congregation seemed to have but one heart, throbbing with keenest sympathy.

As the archdeacon came out through the cloisters afterward on his way to his own house groups outside made way for him in reverent silence, and it was almost a shock to them to hear the same ringing, musical voice which had just thrilled them in the cathedral addressing Miss St. Clare with a request that she would come to tea with himself and his sister the following afternoon.

Less than a fortnight afterward her engagement to the archdeacon was announced, a piece of news which gave unusual satisfaction, as it justified everybody's expectations.

Poor little Miss Merrifield, who had seen what was going on from the very first and had shed many secret tears at the thought of parting from her idolized brother, schooled herself to receive the announcement with the requisite manifestations of pleasure, and, as Ella declared afterward, "really congratulated me quite prettily."

A few days after, however, Ella surprised her in tears, leaning over her little old fashioned davenport, with a bundle of manuscript paper before her, which she thrust away from her when she perceived her future sister-in-law.

"I believe your sister is writing a novel," Ella said to her betrothed afterward.

The archdeacon started and frowned. "Impossible," he said curtly.

Ella laughed. "Why impossible?" she demanded gayly. But, as Mr. Merrifield made no reply, with her usual tact she changed the subject.

The wedding came off in due course and was as brilliant and successful as could have been wished.

Miss Merrifield was for once in her life nicely dressed, Ella herself having chosen her costume and superintended the making thereof, but she looked smaller and more fragile than ever. She made no violent demonstrations of grief at parting. Her big, handsome brother, his face radiant with happiness, put his arm around her and bent down to kiss her, while Ella took both hands in hers.

"Goodby. We will write to you from Paris."

"Goodby, dear brother and sister. God bless you!" she replied.

Ella was touched. The tears sprang to her eyes, and she bent down and kissed Miss Merrifield with genuine tenderness.

The honeymoon was over, and the bride and bridegroom were returning. They arrived in England one delightful summer evening and traveled direct to London. When they reached their hotel, a letter was put into Mr. Merrifield's hands briefly announcing his sister's death the day before. She had gone to bed in her usual health, and when her maid went to arouse her the following morning she found her dead.

Ella was sincerely sorry, but she grieved more on her husband's account than her own. Perhaps deep down in her heart there was a feeling of relief, though she hated herself for it when she saw how terribly stricken and overcome the archdeacon was on learning of his bereavement.

"Like all very intellectually and highly strung characters, he has a most affectionate and sensitive nature," she explained to their many inquiring friends.

Months passed, and the archdeacon began to recover his spirits, but some subtle change had come over him. His sermons were no longer what they used to be. Whereas formerly he "spake as a dying man to dying men," he now uttered trite and commonplace aphorisms, which fell vaguely on the ears of those who listened.

The delivery was the same—the voice deep, full and musical, and the gestures simple and graceful—but the subject matter, alas, how different was it! What had become of the beautiful, poetical thoughts? Where were the strength and pathos and tenderness which had characterized the archdeacon's former discourses?

People began to whisper among themselves of the change and assigned as the cause the shock of the news of Miss Merrifield's sudden death, but to Ella the thing was bitter in the extreme. When she came out of the cathedral after her husband had preached, instead of a murmur of rapturous approbation there was now silence. It was positive torture to her to listen to him. Her heart beat and her cheeks grew pale whenever she saw him ascend the pulpit, and she fancied that people looked pityingly toward her. She became so sensitive upon the point at last that on the occasions when her husband was going to preach she used to make some excuse for remaining at home.

The climax came when the archdeacon was requested to preach a special sermon when a new bell was hung in the tower.

The cathedral would be graced by the presence of royalty on that occasion, and Ella could not conceal her anxiety. For a fortnight beforehand Mr. Merrifield used to shut himself up in his study every morning after breakfast, while his wife kept watch and ward and permitted no one to disturb his meditations.

When the day came, he was not ready at his usual time, so Ella went to his study and knocked at the door. Receiving no answer, she entered and found her husband sitting by the writing table with his face buried in his hands.

"Are you ready, dear?" Ella asked softly. "It is time we started."

He lifted his head and looked at her strangely.

"Come here, Ella," he said hoarsely. "I want to tell you something."

She was alarmed and went hastily over to him, laying her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you ill, dearest?" she asked anxiously.

He made an impatient movement, and she drew her hand away.

"I know that you have noticed, as everybody else has noticed, the wretched falling off in my sermons lately," he said abruptly. "God knows I have tried hard and done my best"— He broke off abruptly, and there was a long pause. "I never wrote a line of them, Ella," he resumed at last. "She wrote them all—yes, all. I was only her mouthpiece." And he pointed to the photograph of his sister, which stood upon the table among his books and papers.

Ella reeled. The shock was too great. She could not utter a word either of comfort or reproach, and, turning away, she stole silently out of the room.

The archdeacon never recovered his lost gift, and people used to speak of it as a singular instance of the effect of grief upon a sensitive and tender heart.

There is a tablet to the memory of Miss Merrifield which was placed in the cathedral by her brother, but the inhabitants of Roxton will never be aware of how great and noble a soul once dwelt among them in the person of the archdeacon's sister.—Quiver.

Prince's Five Shilling Piece.

The Prince of Wales was one day in an elementary school on his Sandringham estate, and in his usual genial way held up a 5 shilling piece, saying:

"I will give this to the scholar who can tell me the difference between him or her and myself."

After a pause a bright looking little lad stood up and said:

"I think I can, sir."

"Well," was the prince's reply, "what is it, my boy?"

"I am waiting for your crown, sir, and you are waiting for your mother's."

Needless to add, he got the money and amused the prince immensely.—Golden Days.

Short and to the Point.

"I sent 50 cents for those original directions for furnishing summer bedrooms."

"What reply did you receive?"

"I got a printed slip which said, 'Take out everything but the bed.'"—Chicago Record.

Showing Him How.

"You young scoundrel!" said the father, seizing his disobedient son by the hair. "I'll show you how to treat your mother."

And he at once proceeded to show young hopeful the way by banging him across the ears two or three times and then shaking him until his hair began to fall out.